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THE BRITISH

CONTROVERSIALIST,

AND

LITERARY MAGAZINE:

DEVOTED TO THE IMPARTIAL AND DELIBERATE DISCUSSION OF
IMPORTANT QUESTIONS IN

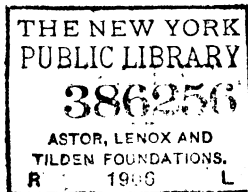
RELIGION, PHILOSOPHY, HISTORY, POLITICS,
SOCIAL ECONOMY, ETC.,

AND TO THE PROMOTION OF SELF-CULTURE
AND GENERAL EDUCATION.

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"MAGNA EST VERITAS, ET PRÆVALEBIT."
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NOY WEN
JULY
YEAR

PREFACE.

TIME, with haste has silent brought round again a halting day, and calls us to a reckoning once more. Promise and performance rise together for comparison, and self-criticism becomes the duty of readers and of conductors alike. How have the months gone with us in our intellectual career, and what gains have now we garnered from the Past for behoof of the Future? What efforts have we made, and how have we progressed with our several schemes? Have we written with honesty and earnestness? Have we read with thought and care? have we perused, and marked, and determined upon the contributions brought before us with a due sense of responsibility, and a settled love of truth and truthfulness? Well will it be if the soul's "summer of gladness" come to us on thoughtful reflection!

The spirit in which the work of the contributors and the conductors of this serial has been done is only to be judged of by the fruit of their labours; and this the reader has before him, and of this he is the privileged critic. Against his decision there is no appeal. Let our aim, however, be distinctly understood and our work be judged by the ever-presiding intent of its conductors. The educative influence of controversy, the keenness of interest it evokes, the energy of intellect to which it stimulates, and the habit of weighing evidence and balancing reason with reason to which it trains, are accepted by them as indubitable as well as invaluable. They believe that the search for truth is the duty of man, and that the universe is so constituted that if truth is indeed honestly and persistently sought, men will ultimately discover the way of its attainment. But they hold also that, as a general rule, honest controversy clears the light around a truth, and brings not only itself, but its various correlations more distinctly before the mind. Those who hold the truth need not fear investigation; those who may be holding error as truth ought to welcome it. No opinion should advance a claim that men ought to accept for itself without seeking a reason for their having faith in it. "If the opinion is right," by denying to men the opportunity of examining its reliability, men "are deprived of the opportunity of exchanging error for truth; if wrong, they lose what is almost as great a benefit, the clearer perception and livelier impression of truth produced by its collision with error." In this belief it is the aim of this serial to subject the various topics of thought, as they arise, to impartial

and painstaking controversy, and the *Debates* in this volume will be found to be exemplifications not only of the utility, but of the power of discussion to set opinions more strongly, because contrastedly, before the minds of thinking men.

To further the self-culture of the earnest and thoughtful forms another portion of the main purpose of our Magazine. The variety of the leading papers, the subjects chosen by their author, and the style in which he treats every topic that he touches, must commend them to the diligent study of all who love reflective writing and philosophic thinking. The department entitled *Toiling Upward* contains both encouragement and warning to those who desire to fulfil the true designs of their lives. *The Reviewer* has been diligently accommodated to the promotion of self-improvement in the reader. In *The Essayist* and *The Poetic Critique*, scope is given for effort in the practice of literary culture, and in the *Debates* an opportunity is afforded for the expression of earnest convictions and logical views. The *Inquirer* supplies a means of asking from a wide constituency, counsel, help, and information, and forms already a concise and unique library of reference. *Our Collegiate Course* has somewhat narrowed its sphere of late, but additional width of aim will be imparted to it in immediately succeeding volumes. *The Eloquence of the Month* forms permanent records, not only of ably expressed thought, but of that sort of thought which initiates and constitutes history. As a supply of rhetorical examples for perusal in societies, the specimens given can scarcely fail to be useful and valued. *The Societies' Section* keeps its place, but has improved less than any of the other departments. A slight decline in the popularity of *The Topic* may also be noted. It was planned expressly that our readers might each furnish brief jottings of his opinions on the matters which arose from time to time, to enable us, from a wide survey of popular thought, to cull the best statements of concisely expressed reasonings on public events and things. This we hope yet to see fulfilled in this department. Our *Literary Notes* contain a concise summary of the month's news regarding books, authors, and literature.

If our readers agree with us in our general estimate of the labours out of which this volume has grown, they will grant that visible progress is being made towards the attainment of the objects of the serial, and that the endeavours put forth for the increased efficacy of the Magazine merit most continued tokens of public approbation. But still more, we hope that they will see to it that their part also is faithfully done, and that co-operating with us they may increase the value and usefulness of the Magazine by their own efforts to use it well, and so commend it to the use of others. We on our part shall not remit our labours to make its pages more and more worthy of perusal and commendation.

THE BRITISH CONTROVERSIALIST.

Literature, Science, and Art.

JOHN LOCKE, one of the most independent thinkers among English philosophers, considered it advisable to devote an entire book of his "Essay on the Human Understanding" to a consideration "of words." In that work he maintains that "when a man speaks to another, it is that he may be understood; and the end of speech is, that those sounds (words) as marks may make known his ideas to the hearer." Hence it is deduced that words are signs. And so they are,—signs at once of things and of thoughts. They are the symbols by which we mark to ourselves, and represent to others our *thoughts of things*. The philologist Eichhoff finely characterizes them as "the shadows of the soul,"—shadows bearing in them a portion of the vital force of the spirit, and capable of acting on another mind with a living energy and power. Rightly were they called of old "winged words;" for ideas are transmitted from one to another through their intervention, and in their flight they convey thought from mind to mind. The chief end of language, therefore, is to communicate thought, and its perfection depends upon its being easily and thoroughly understood. Although it fulfils many subsidiary purposes this is the primary and radical intention, which overrules and pervades its existence and use. Words are really serviceable only when they excite in the mind of another an idea precisely similar to that of which it stands as a sign in our own. The very nature of words, however, makes it all but inevitable that they may be misapprehended or misunderstood, and so become "doubtful and uncertain in their *signification*." Thought is the essence of the human soul. Within the wonderful tissues of man's frame there exists *a something* whose tendencies and workings, whose living power, in the exercise of its spontaneous activities, produces thought. This, man projects out of himself; shadows it forth, and contemplates it apart from himself in language, in embodied signs. Before these signs can be useful there must be a reciprocity of feeling, thinking, and registration; a consent regarding the signs by which thought is expressed. To exchange ideas, or to hold intelligible intercourse with others in any language, this co-suggestiveness of words must be secured; and a simultaneous similarity of meaning must be

1866.

attained. "Without this, men fill one another's heads with noise and sounds, but convey not thereby their thoughts, and lay not before one another their ideas, which is the end of language." Language, in short, to be useful, must not only be interpretable but comprehended; it must not only express the result of the activity of our own mind, but also excite in others a sympathetic effort which shall induce them to strive to recognize the signification attachable to our words in the signs employed to represent and transfer them. "But after all, the provision of words is so scanty in respect of that infinite variety of thoughts, that men, wanting terms to suit their precise notions, will, notwithstanding their utmost caution, be forced often to use the same words in somewhat different senses." Thus the natural imperfection of words as signs is increased by the doubtfulness of signification arising from the limitation of our human faculties of memory, invention, and selectiveness. To these disturbing influences affecting language we may add the twofold usage men make of it; first, as a means of common and ordinary talk, of social enjoyment, and of the convenient transaction of business affairs; and, second, as an agency for registering, expressing, transmitting, and preserving thought attained in the "search after true knowledge;" or for giving precision, exactness, and elegance to those ideas by which we endeavour and hope to move the minds of others, so as to cause them to agree with us in some opinion, course of conduct, or view of affairs.

The use of language for the carrying on of the common and ordinary affairs of civil, social, family, and personal life has not yet received a distinct name. This has arisen, perhaps, from its fleetingly evanescent nature, perhaps from the want of occasion to connote with precision speech employed in converse and business as distinguished from that used in recording, communicating, and storing up thought. One form of it indeed has been called talk, another conversation, and a third oratory; but we have no single general term indicative of oral language: the usual speech of every day brings out the contrast between it and that recorded, transmissible, and preserved thought, which we denominate literature.

Language, in its most correct application, signifies the use of the *tongue* in speech, the vocal utterance of our ideas and feelings; but the word has in common parlance been indefinitely extended, so as to include all possible methods of conveying thought, knowledge, or emotion from one to another by signs, *e.g.*, the language of gesture, of the eye, of deaf-mutes, &c., written language, articulate language, &c. From this extension (quite justifiable according to analogy) there has arisen a difficulty in keeping our minds alert to the essential distinctions between the communication of thought by audible and by visible signs.

This has occurred very naturally. Analysis has enabled mankind to separate into their elements all the various sounds which in their actual synthesis constitute or go to the forming of words.

These ultimate varieties of vocal inflections which give as their results noticeably different sounds have been investigated, tested, and arranged so well and perfectly that an act of analysis is now possible, by which any vocable, however intricate in its formation, may be resolved into the elementary sounds of which it is composed, and by an act of synthesis these sounds can be replaced in such juxtaposition as to reproduce the original phonic sign. Hence language, as a system of articulate sounds, is convertible into a system of visible signs each indicative of a definite phonetic element, and capable of being made suggestive to the educated mind not only of the *sound* but also of the *sense* of which it is the visible representative symbol or sign. Thus it is that language passes into literature, and the perishable utterances of humanity are made sharers in the immortality of the spirit out of which they issue; and we are able to feel with the poet in regard to those thoughts which charm us and may charm others—

“ These sweet, sweet snatches of delight
That visit our bedarkened clay;
Like passage-birds, with hasty flight,
It cannot be they perish quite,—
Although they pass away!”

Literature, then, appears in its most elementary form in *letters* (the visible signs of audible sounds, themselves but outbreathed suggestors of ideas) capable of being formed into words, arrangeable into sentences which may be massed into paragraphs, and so on progressively “to the making of books.” Books are of various sorts, as various as the subjects of human thought, feeling, interest, and experience, and all are truly and justly comprehended under the term literature. Literature is, in fact, thought transferred by any representing medium from one mind to another, provided that the agency employed to shadow forth the ideas can preserve as well as record and transmit the contents of the mind. It implies a substance other than the memory for its reception and its inheritance; and another mode of communication than oral speech. This circumstance differentiates it from talk, conversation, preaching, oratory, &c., which are modes capable of transferring thoughts by audible signs,—signs suggestive by the early impact of sound and the compact of society.

Letters are the elements of literature. These we build up by the sense of sight into representations of spoken words; and so supply ourselves with another agency for passing thought as a current commodity from mind to mind, from land to land, from age to age. Literature implies language, as a system of signs for the transmission of thought, and accepts as its place among human utilities the transference of preservable thought. Thought which requires, deserves, or aims at preservation must be possessed of some value, accidental or intrinsic; for we never seek to add preservability to transmissibility unless the material to be conveyed is

more than ordinarily valuable on some ground or other. Hence laws, wills, decrees of courts, processes in suits, receipts, records of legacies, records of events, and transactions of societies, &c., are registered, preserved, and transmissible; for the literal facts they involve have a value which cannot be estimated except by those concerned, and they constitute a literature in a certain sense, because they have been preservably recorded and rendered communicable in written language. On the other hand, histories, travels, scientific treatises, poems, novels, &c., though they do not necessarily imply any personal or individual property and interest beyond that of their "onlie begetter," yet acquire a universal value from their merits otherwise; and so become literature in a wider, more peculiar, and determinate sense, inasmuch as they are by general consent regarded as possessing an intrinsic value which is not referable to or dependent upon the passing interests of passing generations. It is in this circumstance, we apprehend, that the real and essential differentiation of literature as a generic term indicative of preservable and communicable thought, must be sought rather than in those more subtle and recondite definitions which suggest themselves only to philosophic minds. The literature of a country or of an age consists really of all the preserved thought which may, can, or is intended to be communicated from one mind to another, but much of this possesses only a personal or accidental value, and so excites interest in the breasts of none except those whose material prospects they may subserve. Men do not readily meddle with these, do not seek in them information or delight, do not anticipate from them instruction, aid, comfort, influence, or sympathy. These do not appeal to universal or comprehensive concerns, they have only a narrow range of quickening power, and men not directly touched by them pass them as the idle wind which they regard not. They constitute personal, family, societarian, sectarian, civic, technical, professional, or other literature, and in regard to these interests they impress and concern. Few men, however, care to engross their thoughts with the temporary and conventional affairs of bygone times or the local and limited transactions of an outworn age, so that these pass away alike from ken and memory, and seldom rise before us when we employ the suggestive term—Literature. It is only when some great mind, penetrated with a divine sense of the significance of little things, brings them together and lightens them up by his genius, that we realize to ourselves that they too are thought, feeling, social history, human life, and eventful providence embalmed for a life beyond life, and laid up in amber till the eye comes which can see their beauty, estimate their worth, elicit their wisdom, and enrich the earth with them as with a new inheritance.

We have been led to make these somewhat discursive remarks from having had forcibly recalled to our thoughts the vague and loose manner in which words of almost daily and hourly usage are employed in these days of run and read, circulating library, and

periodical authorship. Remembering the near connection between the extent and certainty of our knowledge, and the force and manner of the words in which we express our ideas, we are about to attempt to fix and settle in some sort the precise relations and meaning of those three words which slip so readily from the tongue or pen, which are so frequently misapprehended, placed in a false antagonism, or held in an ill-understood alliance. It is, we admit, true "that men making abstract ideas and settling them in their minds with names annexed to them, do thereby enable themselves to consider things, and discourse of them as it were in bundles, for the easier and readier improvement and communication of their knowledge; which would advance but slowly were their words and thoughts confined only to particulars;" but we are also convinced that it is most requisite "to look beyond fashionable sounds, and observe what ideas are, or are not, comprehended under those words" which round off sentences so well, and yet are uttered "with little or no meaning." "I am apt," like Locke, "to imagine, that, were the imperfections of language, as the instrument of knowledge, more thoroughly weighed, a great many of the controversies that make such a noise in the world would of themselves cease; and the way to knowledge, and perhaps peace too, lie a great deal opener than it does."*

We have chosen the terms, Literature, Science, and Art, for this present *excursus* upon the proper signification of general terms, and we hope by a little expenditure of patient consideration to find a more distinct and well-defined meaning for these words in constant use than that which they are ordinarily employed as suggesting or implying. If we can show that they do not really overlap, or in any manner interfere with each other's true and determinate sphere, but have each a needful and valuable office and duty allotted to them, we may help to clear up a few confused notions, and prevent the farther progress of a few fallacies, becoming somewhat too prevalent, regarding literature, science, and art.

Though we have said that these terms each denote a special province of thought, we do not mean to affirm that they are so distinctly set off by fixed boundaries that they can never collide or coincide. There is a literature both of science and of art. There is a science of art and of literature; and there is an art of literature as well as an art of scientific observation. If, however, we could obtain some well-founded central purpose by which each is characterized, some marked and recognizable item which, on being known, gave us at once an undoubted right to name the product by a distinct term, we might be able to keep a clear idea of each in our own minds; and be able to employ the terms correctly and significantly in writing or speaking. Each form of thought possesses its own specific activity, and may be found to give results which are notable as necessary, convenient, useful, pleasant, or effective,—and

* "Essay on the Human Understanding," Book III. chap. ix. par. 21.

each of these forms takes to itself a different law of being and of beauty. If we could get at this inner source of life, this potency in which all its other manifestations are latent, we might find a clear difference, which, when once marked, would enable us to avoid the inconveniences arising from obscurity or uncertainty in the signification of the words we use.

All human thought is subjective, that is, issues from or takes place in the thinking mind, or self. But all the manifestations of thought so far forth, that is, as they are shown, marked, or represented by signs, are objective, or externalized. Thought is not mind, but the result of its spontaneous or excited energies. With a kind of joyful amazement the spirit looks out on the multiplicity of things in which it finds itself, and which appears to it to be arranged in order and enriched with beauty. Before being fully awakened to a sense of its own personality it becomes impressed with a feeling of the mysterious unity of nature. It imports into that the stirring activities which it, as yet, only half-consciously obeys, and endows with its own emotions the sensuous environments of existence. This provisional assimilation of nature and self is the earliest attempt man makes to co-ordinate into some realizable form the immensity of different appearances into which he projects his energies as an explorer. But he finds that it cannot be absorbed into his being any more than it can absorb him. Certain external things he can change, shape, and alter; others he can represent to himself and his fellows under such forms of thought as he imposes or pleases, while others still refuse to be thought of except as they are given in experience and existent in fact. In these three different results we have the germs of art, literature, and science.

All knowledge, so far as it is gathered into the mind by the use and exercise of man's natural faculties, is phenomenal, and implies reality only in the belief of the soul. Science accepts the creed of common men regarding the appearances which impress them, and attempts to gain an explanation of experience capable of being held consistently together as a body of substantiated fact. When all known phenomena can be brought to cohere in, and become intelligible by reference to some idea able to be conceived in, and to be subjected to, formal admeasurement and estimation in the mind, we accept the explanation as henceforth true, believable, and actual, so far as that series of facts, and all others reducible to the same categories, are concerned. But the persistent forces of nature reject the hypothetic ideas by which science, in its rude endeavours, represents their on-goings. Experiments and carefully registered observations and comparisons become necessary, so that the ideal world of science may be brought into harmony with the real world of nature, and the vision of the soul may be such as shall show things as they are. Nature resists our assumptions, and can be known and subdued only by those who observe her rightly, and submit their minds to accept her as she is. Then alone does she supply us with, and then alone do we attain unto true science.

From the chaos of our sensations, science elaborates the fair orderliness of our ideal method, and explains to itself the consistency of the whole of human experience by arranging the various phenomena of nature into classes, and colligating them by reference to causes. Phenomena convolve around the mind, but the powers of that mind evolve their meaning and their plan. By circumstances the human spirit is enfolded; by science the significance and method of outward things is unfolded to that spirit; and the procession of science, beginning with the mazy crowds of sense-given appearances, goes onward till it ends in the theory which harmonizes all experience, and shows its elements to be governed by law. Facts are the nutriment of science; they support, but do not impart its vitality. Thought inspires experience, and it becomes science. Facts appeal to sight or some of the other senses; science reveals itself alone to insight, to the active faculties of man. Sense gazes on the truth of appearance; science looks into and through that, till it discovers the truth of reality—till the seen discloses the unseen, so that the fall of an autumn leaf and the onflash of a comet through the infinite spaces of the sky alike teach the certainty and force of gravitation, the grand organic thought which methodizes both. To the eye of sense the phenomena of the external universe is a huddle of incongruities; to the eye of science they are the letters of a divine alphabet, and there flows off from them the poems of creation and Providence. The variable and the circumstantial, though changing ever, ever also speak of the changeless and the real in a language of exquisite grandeur and simplicity, of which the man of science eagerly desires, when—

“Haply catching inspiration thence,
Some easy passage, raptured, to translate.”

To the thoughtless the speech of nature is the language of the sphinx; to the thoughtful it is like the script of Deity—a dictated poem of the Most High. Into it, we cannot read our own thoughts; from it, we must accept the thoughts it furnishes. Science resists human creativeness, because it is already created of God, and is the divine plan of nature to be learned, not by the factitious hypotheses of men, but by humble acceptance and thankful acquiescence. Science, then, is certain and evident knowledge, having, in point of form, the character of logical consistency, and, in point of matter, the character of undeceivable truth. It is, in its highest form, a conception of the end for which nature (or any special department of existence) *is*, and *is as it is*; and a form of thought indicating the method and order of nature (or any distinct element thereof) as it exists, manifests, and develops itself. Science identifies, unifies, and connects any given order of phenomena into an explicable and conceivable sum and whole, in the express and real affinities of their existence, and accounts for, as well as reveals the method of those changeful modifications, whether synchronic or sequent, which we observe in nature and its elements. It explains the conditions

and laws of phenomena, the purpose out of which they flow, and the results to which they tend. Science implies organized inquiry, judicious habits of thinking, effective sensitiveness of mind to minute experience, mental energy successfully engaged in preventing error, and in attaining correctness of results as a guarantee of the accuracy of the principles on which it rests, or of which it affirms the truth. Science is self affirming, self-confirming. It is not, as it has often been said to be, the light of the intellect cast out upon nature; it is the flowing of the revealing light of nature into the human soul; it is the informing cogency of experience, which becomes known only to the sympathetic, the receptive, the open-minded, who are entranced by her entrance, and feel with the true sentiment of a poet;—

“Throb thine with nature's throbbing breast,
And all is clear from east to west.”

Such is the modern meaning of the word Science, of course in its highest and noblest sense. Some sciences have only attained to a sense of an order in phenomena, and have neither learned their purpose nor their cause—they are not fore-seeing, indeed they are scarcely fore-looking. They are contented with classification and ignore causation; they observe and note, they do not think and speculate; they are inventorial not inventive. It is useful, certainly, to know the right place of everything, but how much more useful is it to know the true origin, and the proper effect of each force in nature? This is shown by the sciences which transcend classes, and pass on to causes; still better in those which reveal to us laws, in which endless discoveries are implicitly contained, and in which the power of verification lies. It is as a term denoting connected, demonstrated, systematized, and verified or verifiable knowledge that it is now employed, and to this it ought to be strictly confined.

In old times, however, it did not bear this express and definite meaning. Art, the name for the operative activity of man, then held a higher place. “A proper disposal of the things of nature by human thought and experience, so as to make them answer the designs and uses of mankind,”—as it flatters man with the character of a creator, gratifies at once human interests and pride. Art involves principles, science evolves them. In the former, truth is a means towards the accomplishment of a desired end; in the latter, truth is the end. The rules of art first yield, and then depend upon, the principles of science. Man's eager personality seeks to gratify itself by working and thus proving its power, attempts to satisfy imagination by imitation, and to institute a grand inductive series of experiments, whose object should be a splendid productive variety of human efforts, able to be brought to perfection by correction, practice, and continuous perseverance. Science educes, art produces. The spirit of life in man stirs him to induce or simulate life beyond himself, and to infuse his being into anything plastic, carveable, or capable of modification. By the overflow of

his own activities he gives brains to iron and nerves to steel, strength to clay, motionful speed to wood, eternal expressiveness to colours, and immortal beauty to

"An hundred shapes of lucid stone"

in which by the persevering chisel he has, after unremitting elaboration, in stainless and strainless dignity, imitated

"All the blaze of life
On the best minute of his brightest day."

So much is it the necessity of life to be life-giving, that man is restless, impatient, industriously inventive, and eagerly experimental, till art acquires its triumphs and

"The walls are peopled by the painter's brush ;
The statue to its niche ascends to dwell."

To these follow the utilitarian efforts of fictile and textile experiments; in mechanical, architectural, and engineering skill; the draughtsman's pre-adaptations and the innumerable species of creative and recreative art, in which Art "drew to the end the corresponding means" and made man also feel the enthusiastic thrill of a certain sort of creativeness.

"It is, indeed, a great triumph of genius when it is capable of so impressing itself upon its productions, so moulding and shaping them to beauty, as to make men unwilling to return the gold into the melting-pot and work it up afresh; when it is felt that from the less accurate work we after all learn more and receive more vivid impressions than from the more correct but less effective productions of an inferior artist. To attain this species of longevity, genius must not be content with being a mere mason, but must aspire to be an architect; it must seek to give preciousness to the gold and silver by the beauty of the cup or vase into which they are moulded, and to make them as valuable for their form as for their matter."*

In all the efforts of art, however, man is limited, sometimes even baffled, by the nature of that on which he operates or at which he aims. Subtle-witted as he is, he cannot wholly overcome the perdurable qualities of things. It is in overcoming the difficulties in the way of imitation or representation that man's sense of successful power arises—without the sense of which we entertain no high opinion either of art or artist. The energy of man must be seen to have entered into the material employed, so as to make it plastic, cease from resistance, and conform to the self-conscious and deliberate aim of the worker. Thought must penetrate into and transform the rude elements supplied by nature, conceptions must rise in the artist's mind and press forth to such actuality of being as to become affirmative of man's dominion over and mastery of his

* Henry Rogers on "The Vanity and Glory of Literature," "Essays," Vol. II., p. 296.

materials. It is a felt disgrace to any thinking mind, truly conscious of art's aims, to have his nature

"Subdued

To what it works in like a dyer's hand."

The outward matter, whatever it is—marble, pigments, clay, iron, bronze, paper and crayon &c., must be seen to have yielded to the intellectual intent and to have received its impressed appearance from the soul; so that the intellectual is expressed in some form not of reality, but of corporeality. What has been prefigured in the mind, is in art refigured to sense; but that which was formerly given to the soul by sense, has been in the mean while transfigured in the process of reproduction. Art is the in-pouring of a human energy into some mere inorganic mass, permeating it with an occult power of becoming and being a mid-agent or existence between life and lifelessness; it is the inspiriting of the matter employed with some of the vitality of humanity, and it is this, whether it is the "counterfeit presentiment" of outward objects by the sculptor, the painter, and the modeller, or the vigorous cyclop of the engineer. It is essential to art, that constructive power, rearrangement, and reproduction should be effectively shown in a definite performance.

Science, as we have seen, presents experience; that which is out of and beyond ourselves *as it is*, so far as we have been able to attain a knowledge of it; while art produces new forms of experience, works our perceptions of outward things into conceptions possessed of a fresh vitality, and inspirited with a new beauty or utility. But the irrepressible selfhood of humanity refuses to restrain itself within the scope of science; feels science as a tyranny to which it must submit, and from the constant irksomeness of whose presence it would gladly escape. It feels even the provinces of art too little for the exercise of its versatile vivacity, for in art it must still deal with the real and the corporeal. There flows, however, for ever around humanity, a wondrously plastic medium to which it can impart not the vitality of art alone, but even the life of thought. Speech is living air; by language our very respirations are made "thoughtful breath," and we can "touch each other to the quick" by its uses. Into this elastic atmosphere we can inspire a creative energy so great as to make it take from us the whole life of the heart, the spirit, the moral feelings, the very wishes and desires of the soul. Thought, feeling, imagination, reasoning, and prayer, can each with ready living power, be breathed not only upon, but into "the chance mind." We accomplish this by the employment of words, in the everyday traffic of human talk. To the harmonious vocalization of nature we can add the substantive vocalization of thought. So is it that we make thought transmigrate and live in many souls besides our own. If it were not so, man would be a mere sepulchre of ideas, and would not give out that which in the great life of nature he was specially commissioned to impart. The growth of thought in

the mind, is as express a provision of the Creator as is that of any grain which gladdens the ripe fields of autumn, of any fruit which loads an orchard's boughs, of any flower that breathes its perfume on the summer air, or flashes its beauty on the gazer's eye. But thought—if indeed it be the very ripened produce of the human spirit—is too precious to be thrown broadcast into “the waste and desert of the air” it, too, like other fruits, demands preservation and requires garnering. For the better storing up of the noble human harvest of thought, literature has been provided. Language, as oral speech, fails to fulfil the requirements of man, and literature, or speech as a preservative of thought, has been accepted as the chosen garner-house and treasury of those true and precious “goods” which the soul desires to lay up “for many days.” Hence it is that we have ventured to define literature as preserved and preservable thought.

This definition is exhaustive. It includes all writing. But is it not too extensive and unmanageable? Granted that it is etymologically correct, and that all writing is *literature*, how can the definition be squared with the abstract idea we denote by literature in general, or the literature of a country in particular? Preserved thought, or thought worth preserving must have a worth accidental or essential to induce its being written. That which possesses a merely accidental interest—as receipts, wills, contracts, treaties, conveyances, &c. men willingly lay aside—unless otherwise led to attach importance to them,—and give heed to that which is essentially worthy of regard—as histories, poems, treatises, essays, novels, &c. But that all writing is literature is shown in this, that often a great thinker flashes the light of genius into the great rubbish heaps—as one might often be inclined to call them—of home-accounts, personal memoranda, wills, treatises and other similar collections of scribbled scraps, and shows therein the hidden secret of a biography, a history, an invention or the like, and reclaims it from the accidentally interesting alone, to the intrinsically valuable. Hence we hold that all writing is literature in its generic signification, while we admit, and that right gladly, too, that in speaking of literature in general we make large deductions in thought from that largely expressive term. What is not of essential interest to our purpose we reject in thought from our immediate conception, though we recall it at once within our ideal whenever its interest appears. This is a mere conveniency of which we admit the use by many common phrases:—the literature of law, of constitutionalism, of politics, of finance, of education, of trade, of the streets, of criminality, &c., each of which has an essential interest to those who engage their minds upon it, while it possesses only an accidental interest to men in general. We may fairly, then, regard literature as, in general usage, equal to that amount and kind of preserved thought which interests the majority of mankind by referring or relating chiefly to those things which concern and touch the many rather than the few. By this subdivision, which is real and easily understood, we can

readily reduce to manageable dimensions, upon a distinct principle too, the measureless masses of written and printed—for printing is only a speedy and certain method of writing—matter which frightens men into subterfuges and evasions when in search of a workable definition of literature, as a name for a distinct special section of thought.

I am aware that a plausible dichotomous division of literature—suggested by Wordsworth, and endorsed by De Quincey—has received much favour amongst critics. I refer to the well-known assertion, “There is first the literature of *knowledge*, and secondly the literature of *power*. The function of the first is to *teach*; the function of the second is to *move*.”*

We cannot recognize this distinction as valid. So long as the synonymy of knowledge and power predicated by Lord Bacon in the third aphorism of the first book of the “*Novum Organum*” holds its place among the splendid commonplaces drafted from his works, men will hesitate to grant that a fair distinction exists between the literature of *knowledge* and the literature of *power* other than as one of accidents, for really whensoever any idea has been thoroughly communicated, that is *taught*, it must become power, and the man who receives it cannot avoid being *moved* thereby. All true thought is power; it is the very energy of soul passing into palpability of being. Literature, as the granary of preserved thought, may in its higher specialized signification be regarded as the special name for that collection of “Truths that wake to perish never;” but as a generic title of a great department of thought it must be regarded as all that can be exhibited in *letters*—for that alone is literature.

The *character* of literature may be deduced from its definition. It must be thought worthy for some reason of being preserved. It may be requisite or necessary; it may be elegant, informing, or moving; it may be useful, convenient or delighting; at any rate it must be *worth*.

The *style* of literature is also legitimately deduced from the definition. The difference of purpose proposed by literature causes the language employed in it to be considerably different in form and kind from oral discourse. Present intelligibility alone is sought for by immediate speech. That is greatly aided by presence, action, emotion, and the attendant circumstances in which its utterance takes place. Literature requires to make up for the want of these great aids to intelligibility by greater correctness of diction, usage, collocation of terms, and structure of sentences. Books demand a more settled, uniform, and distinct phraseology; a better knit syntax, and a more elaborate method of expression than speech. They do not admit of difference of dialect—except as an accidental variation—though they do not debar us from differences of style,

* See for a full statement of this distinction, and the arguments for its relevancy, De Quincey's Works, vol. xiii. pp. 53-57, and vol. viii. p. 11, note.

which they tend to fix, to make more complex, and more thoroughly representative of the mental modes of their authors.

This, too, enables us to see the distinct essence of literature. Literature is thought subjected to the form with which the thinker's mind impresses it; and compelled to take its mould and fashion from the purpose fixed upon by the thinker. The historian forms his theory of human life, and of the progression of events, and works his narrative of the affairs of time in accordance with this fixed idea. The essayist determines upon the method in which his thought may be most effectively passed into another's mind, and pursues that plan which promises the best results. The poet absorbs into himself the charm of nature and life, and gives it forth again shaped by the inner spirit of imagination, and filled with a life unfelt in the universe before. The novelist reads the great library of humanity, and the strange power of experience; and the ideas he derives from them he casts into the smelting furnace of emotive life, and lets off the mixture at white-heat into the models of which thought laid the plan, and fancy supplied the finer touches, and the trooping companies of fiction issue from the workshop of the soul fitted to play their little round of graphic being in the sight of the audiences who crowd the library and reading-room. So it is with all preserved or preservable thought; it bears the impress of mind, purpose, suitability, sometimes of beauty, always of excellence.

"The shaping spirit" operates in literature. The educative influence it possesses arises chiefly from the sympathy with life it induces. Science reveals to us encircling humanity, an intricate and ever-working system of "toil co-operant to an end." Art catches the delights of time and sense, embodies and perpetuates them, and imparts an essence from the human soul which inspirits them with a life beyond the life in which they had their transient being. Science realizes the objects on which it has employed its energies to the Intellect, literature to the Imagination, art to the Senses. Science perceives, literature conceives, and art achieves. Science aims at the excision of the idea of contingency from its idea of the universe, and to see in it the rule of law alone: literature finds its chief delight in manipulating the contingencies of life, emotion, circumstance, and nature, and in renewing them with a fresh vitality; art selects from the contingencies of force, change or show, and bestows on those it chooses a permanent existence out of which it has as far as possible expressed the sense and suggestion of contingency. Science seeks a theory, a power of visioning to itself nature and humanity in union and harmony, and strives to comprehend existence as a whole. Literature endeavours to express and represent life in its fulness and vigour, its activity and variety. Art is ambitious of presenting in a sort of earthly immortalization the lofty moments of being or the creative ideals of mind. In short, and as the summary of all, literature forms, science informs, and art performs.

S. N.

Social Economy.

DOES THE DRAMA ELEVATE OR DEGRADE

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

"Good, my lord; will you see the players well bestowed?"—*Hamlet*.

THERE are many soils which bring forth beautiful flowers, or bear rich harvests of golden grain. There are also hard and barren acres, which seem to have no fruits of nature upon them, except poor straggling weeds and tares. My house may be in the midst of a golden, sunny garden ground, bearing earth's choicest gifts, and breathing its sweetest fragrance; but my neighbour's house may be in a barren and uncultivated ground, without flowers, or fruit, or fragrance. I may choose to live upon the sunny side of the road; another may prefer the shady side, as more to his taste and habits. I delight in using to its full extent that faculty of imagination which God has been pleased to bestow upon me, recreating my brain sometimes with the flower, and the fragrance, and the sunshine of poesy; another may rather avoid all that is poetic, and all that is sentimental in life, plodding on in one dull, dreary round of methodical existence.

To realize poesy to its full extent; to truly enjoy the precious revelations of this faculty of imagination, which was surely implanted within our natures for some great and good purpose, we must have studied the drama and dramatic art; not necessarily from or in the theatre; not necessarily from the dialogue of men who choose for a time to enact some mimic part. This is not my present argument; though I do not flinch from it, as I shall presently endeavour to show; but in the study, or at our own fireside, in leisure moments, when the brain, untrammelled by business cares, can realize to some extent the imagery before it. To tell me that harm can come from this; to tell me that contamination can be received, or the shadow of an evil inoculated, is to utter that which surely no sensible man can believe, but which is indeed so frequent an argument, used by those who affect to believe that to lead the mind for one instant away from religious influences or business cares, is to poison it with false doctrine and heresy. There can be no real or momentary doubt but that the study of poesy does refine the mind, will cultivate and assist the intellect, and can render it more fit for the business labours of each succeeding day; while it is able, at the same time, to convey an agreeable sensation of pleasure and enjoyment, which must lure us from more debasing pleasures and the influences of evil.

The drama is the fountain-head of all true poesy, the very form and style of its composition. It is essential to the very life of the poetic art. Milton was a dramatist, for "Paradise Lost" is one of the truest dramas that was ever written. We have the scenes and interviews portrayed in a way so vivid that we can almost see the picture before us as we become more and more absorbed in the work. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a true drama, and one of the most masterly that ever appealed to the mind without the appurtenances of the stage. But on these grounds I doubt if my friends of the opposition will be contented to contend, so I will even leave my own "coigne of vantage," and meet them on their own ground.

To speak of the drama is to speak of Shakspeare, and I doubt not but we might confine ourselves to his works alone to prove the elevating tendencies of the art. George Dawson, one of the best lecturers England ever knew, one of the most fervent ministers of religion his congregation ever heard, and whom to hear is to admire, once said that Shakspeare's plays were next to the Bible in their moral influence; other ministers of religion have followed suit, and the calumny which has overspread the playwright is melting away under the influence of honest truth and real sense. I have before me a pamphlet, "Remarks on the Moral Influence of Shakspeare's Plays," published by Longman, in 1850, written by the Rev. Thomas Greenfield, M.A., who, in his introduction, says,—

"It becomes a matter of serious importance that a writer so popular and so powerful should be turned to our profit, that we should read him with a wise and discerning spirit, and derive the benefit, moral and intellectual, which his masterly paintings of mankind are fitted to impart. Some, I am aware, among those who are swayed by religious sentiment, will be disposed to smile at the mention of moral benefit to be derived from a writer considerably open to moral censure."

I will not act unfairly to my opponents, by suppressing any part of my quotations.

"It may be justly demanded that those who profess to *condemn* the reading of Shakspeare should first have duly and intelligently *STUDIED HIM THEMSELVES*, and then have ceased to read a writer whom they would fain prohibit others from enjoying; otherwise they are either incompetently ignorant, or hypocritically inconsistent; such accusers have no title to be heard. It is only the class of those who, having studied and appreciated Shakspeare, honestly disapprove and discard him as morally injurious, to whom a reply is due. The fact, that persons of the most estimable, the most religious character, who may happen to possess a cultivated literary taste, are always found among the students and admirers of Shakspeare, is itself a demonstration that he cannot be justly regarded as a morally injurious writer."

Then after some half dozen pages of noble sentiment, which I would advise all my readers to peruse, he continues, speaking of a perusal of Shakspeare at our homes, and free from theatrical influence, as being more pleasurable and more striking,—

"It must surely be our own fault, rather than Shakspeare's, if we are the worse;

if we are not in some respect the better for an occasional and attentive perusal of his more important compositions; for who that is versed in his pages needs to be told what a treasury they disclose of noble sentiment, of acute observation, of sage advice—what a world of practical truth and moral wisdom may be explored through his ever-changing scenes of pleasantries or pathos? . . . So variously admirable are the plays of Shakspeare, that while it is not difficult to discriminate the characteristic excellence of each, it is not easy to arrange several of the more eminent pieces in the order of merit, or assign to each its appropriate place. . . . To thousands who would listen to no professional preacher how effectively *Macbeth* presented the torments and the horrors of a conscience foul with blood. Who shall say how many a ‘thought, whose murder yet was but fantastical,’ may have been appalled and expelled by the ghost of Banquo shaking his gory locks at his murderer? Has the odiousness of filial ingratitude ever been painted with such dreadful power to the view of our daughters as in the marble-hearted, wolf-eyed and detested Goneril and Regan? Can the malignity, meanness, and mischief of slander, or the defamation of a virtuous character (one of the most pestilent evils that can poison the peace of domestic life and social intercourse) be placed in a stronger light than in the viper-like, fiend-like *Iago*? *Budgell*, the unfortunate friend of *Addison*, affected to justify his act of suicide by a posthumous appeal to *Cato’s* soliloquy. Who can say that the suicidal purpose has never been turned aside by the awful soliloquy of *Hamlet*?”

To follow up my string of quotations (more forcible, I think, than any language of my own), *Lord Jeffrey*, the distinguished critic, remarks,—

“I cannot but think those excellent people mistaken who regard our great dramatist as a pernicious writer, calculated to corrupt the principles and inflame the passions. He shows the world as he saw it, with all its light and darkness, its good and evil characters and actions; like an honest, impartial, all-observing, and all-recording spectator, ‘Nothing he extenuates, nor sets down aught in malice.’ Whatever is wicked in his pages, appears to be written in his dramatic character, not *con amore*; it is chiefly in his noblest sentiments (and these are numberless) that he speaks in his own person. He does not breathe the malignity of a *Byron*, or the licentiousness of a *Moore*.”

“Oh,” my antagonist may say, “then you admit that some immorality has crept even into the pages of Shakspeare?” I admit the fact; but that this immorality (of the times in which he wrote) has a pernicious or immoral influence I strenuously deny. “Immorality have no immoral influence?” questions my friend. Decidedly; for it is painted in such dark colouring that it repels instead of attracting.

“Vice is” a monster of such hideous mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen.”

“Touch pitch, and you will be defiled,” my opponent will quote. Question, I reply; in instances where the “pitch” has no enticing qualification; but is rather given as a sample, a warning, and a moral lesson.

Do my friends of the other side say that all amusements are wrong, enticing, and ungodly—I have heard it said—and found on this their arguments against the stage? If so, I must favour them

with quotations from the lecture of another reverend gentleman, Dr. Bellows, of All Souls' Church, New York:—

"It is with the defence of amusement that the defence of the stage must begin. If to forget care, duty, death, the future, for any hour of the day be dangerous; if not to be uninterruptedly engaged in contemplating and advancing the moral and serious interests of life is culpable and offensive to Christianity; if fun, frolic, jest, humour, suit the enjoyment of social intercourse, and the indulgence of the lighter and gayer tastes of human nature have no legitimate times and places, and no important and indispensable offices, then of course it is useless to talk of defending the most amusing of all amusements. But I now stand here to maintain and to show that amusement is not only a privilege, but a duty, indispensable to health of body and of mind, and essential even to the best development of religion itself. . . . Life is essentially toiling and anxious. It is made so by outward circumstances and inward constitution. . . . It is our glory that we are made to work and to think anxiously and soberly. But what is this burthen compared with that which God has laid upon us in our rational and moral nature in pure appetite for knowledge, love of power, sense of right, fear of death, hope of heaven? The vast stimulus which our physical and moral wants, our bodily and mental passions, give to our nature, makes life to most men toilsome, anxious, serious and sad. This is what life must be and ought to be. This is what Christianity labours to make it. . . . Now the true question is, How shall humanity do most work, support most anxiety, have the most genuine seriousness? Experience has taught us that neither body nor mind can stand an unbroken strain, and we are learning by degrees that the conscience, will, and aspirations require sleep and rest as well as intellect and muscle. The Creator has accordingly endowed us with various faculties, tastes, and sensibilities, which have a spontaneous activity, whose object seems to be chiefly to delight and amuse. . . . Our sense of the beautiful, the ridiculous, the witty, our taste for music, flowers, spectacle, our enjoyment of food, society, motion, our love of sport, the fields, games, —all of these ineradicable tastes evidently have a mission, nay, several offices. . . . To work best, a man must play a due portion of the time; to bear the heaviest burthens he must have his heart lightened now and then."

Having mentioned the stage as the chief of all amusements, the rev. gentleman continues, and let my opponents answer his arguments if they will:—

"That must be a stupid nature that does not powerfully feel the attractiveness of the stage, when occupied by such persons as Garrick, Talma, and the Kembles; the stage, filled with moderately good performers, would allure and gratify thousands of sober and discreet people, as nothing else could. There was never a dialogue spoken in a school exhibition which was not ten times as exciting as any monologue, and every additional person added to the scene increased its fascination in a geometrical ratio. If a few rags of scenery or costume were thrown around the performers, how potently was the charm enhanced! In short, in precise proportion to an approach to the public stage was the amusement complete. The stage is the most winning of amusements, because the combination and aggregate of all others. The theatre is itself a magnificent place—the audience a great party in becoming attire. If there were nothing behind the curtain—an elegant room, brilliantly lighted, with graceful tiers of galleries, full of well-dressed people in good humour, and seated in knots of acquaintances, talking, bowing, or gazing, admiring and being admired—would be fascinating to the social and æsthetic instincts of human beings. But there is more than

this, even outside the curtain. A great orchestra of music, capable—by its own unaided powers—of delighting an audience. Besides a social party, a grand concert—and the curtain not yet risen. But the curtain rises and displays—what? A gifted person, reading an elegant narrative, or a melodious poem, in a highly cultivated voice? That indeed would be a high pleasure, such as we sometimes eagerly seek elsewhere. No, but a whole company of persons, especially endowed by nature for the occupation, and trained to its practice, engaged in representing some historical or fictitious story, carefully, and by high and rare genius, wrought to a moving plot, in which each scene and act helps on a conclusion—where the passions, weaknesses, virtues, and complicated motives of humanity, seized in their most affecting and interesting aspects, are not described, but actually represented by persons of talent and skill, carefully co-operating to one grand result. The time of the drama may be a thousand years back, the place five thousand miles off, but the costumes and scenery, with learned, artistic care, reproduce what history and art have taught them, and we behold what a little exercise of the imagination makes the very action, the persons, country, town, and castle the dramatist has summoned us to see. An imitation of life itself, in its rarest, most passionate, and heart-moving moments and experiences—where the alchemy of genius and art fuses into a few hours the whole conduct and course of a splendid human career—a deep domestic calamity, ambition's bloody road to a throne, love's great sacrifice, jealousy's torturing fears, avarice's pinching and grasping way, — Hamlet's thought-palsied melancholy, Lear's phrenzied paternal grief, Juliet's innocent passion, or Macbeth's remorse."

I have quoted thus lengthily from the rev. gentleman's discourse because I agree strongly with every word he says. I might quote the whole 29 pages of which the lecture consists, and I do not think I should give my opponents a single argument against the drama, either as a study or as a profession. If they admit what I have above quoted, I need say no more, because I shall then have proved that the drama has an elevating tendency.

Now for behind the scenes. I know that my antagonists are longing to "tread the boards" in a moral sense; and let me premise that of what I speak I speak from experience, having from my duties (in connection with the press, and not as a player) frequently been compelled (sometimes from obligation, sometimes from choice) to make my entrance behind the scenes of a theatre; what I have seen there, what I have seen and known of actors in their private lives, I shall faithfully describe. Is it too much to demand that my antagonists shall have had the same experience of the stage at the back of the curtain as I have had? I speak not egotistically, but I would assure my readers that they can derive no real knowledge of the player's life unless from personal experience or from those who have had such experience and are not afraid of speaking manfully and justly. There never was a greater calumny uttered than the saying that actors and actresses are vicious and depraved. There never was a greater libel upon an honest and upright section of the community; and you will find that this calumny, this libel, is never uttered by those who have watched the undercurrent, or by those who have personally inquired into the truth. It is easy to assert, but difficult to disprove; bear this

in mind. I only ask those who take part in this debate to speak honestly and justly from their own experience, or from the experience of others whom they know, and I am confident of success.

When I have been behind the scenes I have noticed a great number of people running about in a very business-like and energetic way. If the curtain was about to rise, there were the several gentlemen and ladies who took part in the scene standing at the sides, with books of the play in their hands, immersed in their respective parts. A few, who were over-confident perhaps, would be talking at a respectful distance, so as not to interfere with the others, upon the events of the day. If the scene was a ballet scene, the ballet ladies (for they are ladies, many—most of them) were busy settling their dresses to the best possible advantage, as women will. Not much in this, you will say, to offend the eye or disgust the ear. Up-stairs in the green-room are actors and actresses who have no business in the coming scene—a second edition of the manners down-stairs,—some studying, some discussing the merits of a new play, or a new actor, politics, sciences, what not. Upstairs, again, in the dressing-rooms, is a third and revised edition of numbers one and two; the ladies' dressing-room I, of course, have never visited, but perhaps dress and fashion is the prevailing topic of conversation. The gentlemen's dressing-room is very properly conducted, everything in order, everything in place, and the leading topic of conversation is generally the piece about to be played, and the several parts comprised within it. Not much in this, you will say, for men to find fault with and rail against.

Then where is the fault? Is it in the actor's private life? At least he is a gentleman; he must have education to understand that art by which—

“Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And sculpture to be dumb.”

He thinks and cares for little else; this is perhaps his worst fault. He is drawn much into society, I grant, and necessarily, from his profession mixes with men in every rank. But this is all. I do not say that there is no immorality to be found in some men and women who act on the stage, but I do deny that there is more immorality or more temptation in this profession than there is in any other. Immorality is to be found in every degree and walk in life; it is to be found in the front or audience portion of the theatre. “There I have you,” says my antagonist, but *honi soit qui mal y pense*. He who seeks the evil may find it here as elsewhere (but more so I deny), and he who would avoid it may avoid it, deny it who can that has tried.

I endeavour to show that the drama, as a study, is one of the most interesting and pleasant relaxations the brain can receive; that the drama as a profession (although vilified and scandalized) is a gentlemanly and honourable one. I love the drama; I acknowledge it without fear or trembling; it has done me good; it has

purified my mind after business cares and labours; it has elevated and refined what intellect I have. I thank it, its authors and professors, for the good it has done to me; and that it has ever done harm to those who have not sought harm I strenuously disbelieve, having experience on my side.

The theatre has saved hundreds of men and women from starvation or worse; it has opened an honest and honourable way of gaining daily bread to hundreds of our fellow-creatures; then who shall say that the drama has no beneficial influence?—has conveyed no rest or ease in mind or body?—has taught no great or sterling moral lessons to many of our fellow-creatures? Every one knows that a clerk, who had robbed his employer to a large amount, was induced to make restitution from witnessing the "Ticket-of-leave Man." This is one of many instances of the powerful effect of the drama for good. Long may it prosper in its glory and effectiveness.

F. S. MILLS.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

THE drama having existed in various countries, under various forms of civilization, and from the time when history becomes first established on a fixed basis, it becomes a matter of some importance to consider its bearing and influence on man as an individual, on society, and above all on the universal religious principle existing in man.

Man is a being of a composite nature, possessed of a body and a soul—an organized structure, and animal, moral, and intellectual powers. He presents to view two phases of nature—evil and good. "Viewed in one aspect, he resembles a demon; in another, he almost appears as the image of God. Seen in his crimes, his wars, and his devastations, he might be mistaken for the incarnation of an evil spirit; contemplated in his schemes of charity, his discoveries in science, and his vast combinations for the benefit of his race, he seems a bright intelligence from heaven."* The aim, then, of all true culture, and of every elevating agent, should be to make man more God-like, and to foster and develop the faculties of reason and intelligence with which he is endowed. Is the drama a mean towards this end? Are its influences ennobling? Is it an incentive to duty? for "duty is the good man's constant spur; and to live well is to be truly great."

The drama is essentially a creature of the imagination, and its tendency is to excite the imaginative at the expense of the reasoning faculties—to render man incapable of active and sustained thought, and to send his ideas into the mists of dreamland, instead of bringing them out in the clear light of the recognized and solid bases of reason and common sense. The life of man should be a constant effort,—a striving after the true, the good, the noble,—an endeavour to perfect his nature, bringing him into contact with, and making him capable of appreciating higher sources of enjoy-

* Combe's "Constitution of Man," p. 1.

ment,—a development of every moral faculty which he possesses. The witnessing of the drama causes no effort, excites no good and noble qualities, but it tends to allure its votaries to a life of sensual gratification, exciting a constant feeling of sensationalism in the mind, and causing a distaste for all pleasures and enjoyments of the purely intellectual faculties, so that life becomes a purposeless, aimless, and empty thing, its chief object being selfish enjoyment.

The essentials of every elevating agent are that it shall rise above and reach beyond that on which it acts; that it shall be a perfect ideal of its kind; and that, to some extent, it shall be independent of the freaks of fashion or the state of society. Or, as Mr. Gladstone so excellently puts it, "I know not what true definition there is for any age or people of the highest excellence in any kind, unless it be perpetual effort upwards in pursuit of an object higher than ourselves, higher than our works, higher even than our hopes, yet beckoning us on from hour to hour, and always permitting us to apprehend in part." Now the history of the drama shows it to be merely a creature of society, its morality rising or falling according to the general tenor of the age. As an instance, take the state of society in England in the reign of the second Charles and look at the drama. In reviewing Leigh Hunt's edition of the "Comic Dramatists of the Restoration," Macaulay says, "This part of our literature is a disgrace to our language and our national character. It is clever, indeed, and very entertaining; but it is, in the most emphatic sense of the words, 'earthly, sensual, devilish.' Its indecency, though perpetually such as is condemned not less by the rules of good taste than by those of morality, is not, in our opinion, so disgraceful a fault as its singularly inhuman spirit. We have here Belial, not as when he inspired Ovid and Ariosto, 'graceful and human,' but with the iron eye and cruel sneer of Mephistopheles. We find ourselves in a world in which the ladies are like very profligate, impudent, and unfeeling men; and in which the men are too bad for any place but Pandemonium or Norfolk Island. We are surrounded by foreheads of bronze, hearts like the nether millstone, and tongues set on fire of hell."* And can this thing ever rise above society, so as to act as an elevating agent upon it? Does it ever appear in the glorious minority of the pioneers of progress, who oftentimes are misunderstood in the age in which they live, and suffer a martyrdom for the truths which they teach? Where are the martyrs for the cause of the drama? Nowhere, except in its votaries. From its very nature it must pander to the public taste; for if it run counter to that, as a representation it ceases to exist; and the time has not yet come when the majority are guided by correct views and virtuous principles. The accessories of the drama, too, are such as preclude the possibility of its being an elevating agent; for its representatives are those who frequently are offenders against the common decencies of society,

* Macaulay's "Essays," people's edition, vol. ii., p. 151.

and if an institution exist for the purifying and elevating of society we naturally look for purity and sanctity of life from its teachers. The rigid censorship to which the drama is exposed is a plain proof that, were it not for that censorship, it would become a moral pestilence in the land; showing that its tendency is not towards purity and elevation.

In contemplating the drama from a religious point of view we must regard it as the offspring of a false religion and an incomplete philosophy, and therefore unadapted to the wants of the present age, when the full revelation of gospel truth sheds its light over the land. "The aim [of the Hebrew worship] was not grandeur of display, but the correct representation of certain mystic truths, for which reason the most beautiful parts of the workmanship, as the embroidery of the tabernacle, were hardly visible; agreeing in this respect with the hidden mysteries of wisdom. In the celebration of Greek worship, on the contrary, where art and not religion predominated, we have the drama on a scale so magnificent that it baffles description. The temples and the sacred groves became one vast theatre: the worshippers were themselves actors: the ingenuity of man was taxed to the utmost to overawe the senses and lead the soul captive."* The drama then belongs to the earthy and the material, as opposed to that higher and spiritual nature necessary for preparing mankind for that existence which is to be hereafter. It may be pleasing possibly to the senses, but it is defective for inculcating those great truths which are necessary to raise man above the level of earthly pleasures and enjoyments, and defective also in furnishing that knowledge so essential to the well-being of society—that of correct ideas of liberty of conscience and of the universal rights of man.

NEMO.

THE cause of a wrong taste is a defect of judgment. And this may arise from a natural weakness of understanding, in whatever the strength of that faculty may consist; or, which is much more commonly the case, it may arise from a want of proper and well-directed exercise, which alone can make it strong and ready. Besides that, ignorance, inattention, prejudice, rashness, levity, obstinacy,—in short, all those passions and all those vices which pervert the judgment in other matters, prejudice it no less in this its more refined and elegant province. These causes produce different opinions upon everything which is an object of the understanding, without inducing us to suppose that there are no settled principles of reason. And indeed, on the whole, one may observe that there is rather less difference upon matters of taste among mankind than upon most of those which depend upon the naked reason; and that men are far better agreed upon the excellency of description in Virgil, than upon the truth or falsehood of a theory in Aristotle.—*Edmund Burke's "Sublime and Beautiful," Introduction, p. 20.*

* "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," Edinb. edition, vol. xxxi., p. 7.

Education.

ARE PUBLIC LECTURES PROFITABLE FOR INSTRUCTION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

“ Even those who wish for instruction will want to be tempted and invited to it, both in general and in particular ; will want to have the advantages or entertainments of particular subjects or sciences, and even of knowledge in general, attractively set before them ; and the road to each particular attainment made more easy. Every step in knowledge will create a fresh step in curiosity.”—*Preface to Lectures read at a Mechanics' Institute in the country, by C. B. London : J. W. Parker and Son.*

THIS question appears to us scarcely to admit of discussion. With it we have ever associated an affirmative reply, and even now, when it is a subject of debate, and we have consequently examined the arguments that we think can be urged both for and against it, we have, rather than anything to change or shake our opinion, found much to add to its strength and verification.

The question allows of no compromise. Yea and nay are the alternatives ; and our arguments must tend to the one or the other. It is an inquiry whether certain means *are* profitable for education, and not whether they are *more or less* profitable than others. Our business is not with comparisons, but with the actual utility or inutility of public lectures as a medium for public instruction.

Instruction, of course, is the edifying and exercising of the human mind : the ground, as it were, is already supplied with materials, and a profitable employment of them is only wanted to constitute instruction. Whatever, then, supplies or tends to supply, directly or indirectly, these requisites, must necessarily contribute towards this mental upbuilding—the instruction of the mind. Whatever brings information or employment for the intellect must be considered as an agent in its education,—whether it be of a vulgar and immoral kind, such as comes of association with the low and “fast,” and the reading of police news and divorce court (or other) scandal, or of a healthy and invigorating kind, as that which arises from contact with greater minds, and attendance at the lectures of those whose education or fortune entitles them to exercise the office of public instructors. If, then, lectures afford information only—and no one will deny this,—for as the word is now popularly understood and its very essence consists here, we are justified in asserting that they are profitable for the end in

question. And we cannot see how our opponents will surmount even this preliminary stumblingblock, active and eager as they may be at the commencement of the course.

Of all means of mental exercise, public lectures rank, in our opinion, amongst the foremost. They partake in a great degree of the character of this Magazine, and supply topics of moment or general interest for free and impartial discussion. This fact renders them invaluable for mental discipline. For, from our own experience and that of several others, we attach an infinite value to debate; and whatever stimulates people to this in an unprejudiced and inquiring spirit should be cherished and encouraged. In assigning this usefulness and importance to discussion we shall not be accounted singular, for the ancients, as is well known, held it among the chief means they employed in their education. Public lectures, even subjects of general agreement, never fail to produce questions and inquiry, and often inspire their hearers with a desire for further acquaintance with the subject. This adds immensely to their utility. It leads to reference and thought, to a more extensive acquaintance with books, and a deeper investigation into opinions and subjects, and in no few cases to the acquisition of a language or the study of a science. The education of boys as well as men depends more than is generally supposed on themselves; without the desire or ability on the part of the pupil, the labours of the best teacher are nearly useless. If facts are to be learnt, or a language acquired, the acquisition rests on the exertion of the pupil; the master can do no more than arrange and elucidate. Public lecturers, then, assume the office of the schoolmaster; and so far as the duties of such a person exist, with respect to adults, thus far do they fulfil this office. They give facts, they arrange, they elucidate, they state arguments, they draw conclusions. In short, they do for the public what the schoolmaster does for his boys—so far as his business is that of a teacher. If adults are capable of education—and the supposition to the contrary is impossible—then public lectures are profitable for instruction.

Besides these uses and advantages attending public lectures there are others in the tendency they possess of popularizing what they treat upon, to make known what would otherwise have been obscure, and to persuade their hearers to travel, and being thereby an indirect means of enlarging one's views and knowledge of things and people. Who, after listening to a description of the sights and wonders of foreign lands, is not inspired with a desire to visit those places and to behold those wonders? The beneficial results of travelling are seen by the most unobservant, and acknowledged by the most obstinate. For this reason then alone public lectures are profitable, were there no truth in our former assertions.

Then, again, they afford an opportunity of learning something of a subject, to many whose habits or tastes would never lead them to seek knowledge from other, if unexplained, sources. Few, even of the better educated, care to study a treatise on geology or

botany; yet few would omit the opportunity of hearing what a lecturer had to say on either, or on any science, however uncommon and abstruse it may be considered. And a smattering of a science is better than entire ignorance of it; as a little bread is better than no bread to a hungry man. Pope's line about a little knowledge being a dangerous thing may serve for a quotation where rhyme takes the place of truth; but fine feathers will not hide the nakedness of error and absurdity.

But we have only to look to the universities—the great seminaries of education—and the system pursued there, to prove the utility of lectures. On inquiry, it will be found that much that is taught to the undergraduates is done by means of lectures; and if the plan is adopted there and proved to be successful, why should not the same system prove equally beneficial when made public? What should destroy its efficacy? There are similar instruments and similar materials, and we cannot see what should prevent a similar result. One's education, as we showed above, depends chiefly on himself—on his own desire and industry,—and who are more desirous of improvement than those who undertake it voluntarily? Yes, we are convinced of the utility of public lectures for instruction; and we would consequently have them encouraged, and their influence extended to the humbler and poorer classes as it is felt by the higher and richer grades.

We are at a loss to conceive what solid argument our opponents will urge in defence of a negative view of the question. Perhaps they will discover that public lectures have a tendency to produce superficialness, and a distaste for laborious study; but granting that there is some truth in this, it does not militate against their being profitable, but the extent to which they are profitable. And, as was said before, we are required to consider the merits of various means, and not to draw comparisons between them, but merely to examine whether the given one is useful; that it is so, we believe has been proved by the foregoing observations already.

We shall be glad to hear what the holders of the opposite opinion have to say in defence, and to consider candidly their reasons. They will find us totally unbiassed, and ready to acknowledge the force of their arguments and the truth of their statements.

ELFISTICOS.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

INSTRUCTION is edification, the upbuilding of the mind in knowledge. True knowledge consists in an accurate acquaintance with facts, their causes and relations. It implies absolute correctness of information, and a precise statement of the connections subsisting among facts. Instruction involves the laying down in a regular, orderly, and wise manner a distinct series of facts, truths, thoughts, or advice for the purpose of communicating knowledge, suggesting fresh ideas, or governing conduct; and it includes in its signification a notion of the superiority in age, station, information, or talent of

the person imparting it. Are public lectures profitable for this purpose? Do public lectures as a general rule instruct, inform, and teach; or do they not rather seek to amuse, gratify, and please as their chief end? Let the experience of each one who has attended any "course of lectures," with its disjunct, amorphous, "everything-by-turns-and-nothing-long" list of disquisitions upon The Marvels of the Sea-shore, Tahiti, Shakspeare, Jokes and Jokers, This Day's *Times*, Lord Macaulay, Sponges, The Sidereal Heavens, Men and Manners in Morocco, Shipbuilding, Art among the Romans, The Chemistry of Cookery; Hood, Jerrold, and Thackeray; Five Days in Jerusalem, Moses, Pottery Ancient and Modern, and all sorts of other things—has not felt that they conduced to *pas-time*, not to instruction? We have jotted down no imaginary list of subjects. We have used no *suggestio falsi* in our programmes. We might easily have done so,—*e.g.*, Shelley, Conchology, Burns, Scalds, and Scandinavians, Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful, Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts, Pope, Popery, Sheep-folds and Shepherds, Kings' Fools and Queens' Favourites, Mohammed, The Turkish Bath, The Arabian Nights, Days in Algeria, More and Littlemore, Skittles and Skits on Them, History of a Cockchafer, Theology in its Higher Aspects, Thumbscrews and other Screws; A. K. H. B., or Spin-thought Made Easy. Yet even this could scarcely be called a satire on the incongruous medley of haphazard topics often brought together during the currency of a course of lectures.

Well, we contend that such unsystematic, heterogeneous mixtures of ideas placed pell-mell before a public audience is fitted to confuse and stupefy, not to instruct and edify. The want of system is a fault, but a still greater one lies in the want of adaptation to the curiosity of the public, or to their intellectual condition. This tends to make confusion worse confounded.

This, then, forms objection the first,—that public lectures are, in general, so unsystematic, unconnected, and desultory, that they destroy all conceptions of order, harmony, and consistency, and break down rather than build up human knowledge.

But a worse objection remains. Lecturers are, in general, men having hobbies. These they are given to riding to an extent demanding the cognizance of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Oh that there were one for the prevention of cruelty to audiences! There arises from this the fact that every lecturer conceives (or at least represents) "the topic upon which he is to address the hearers as one demanding the gravest attention and worthy of the deepest interest;" so that one's ideas get quite bewildered regarding the relations of things; for—

"Everything is great, and nought is small."

Everything is seen, too, from the lecturer's point of view: he speaks the familiar language of his own thoughts, perhaps, or more probably he speaks the jargon of the subject, which is commonly

regarded as learned, and makes no attempt to translate the matter of the lecture into the minds of the hearer; that is, to convey it aright into the intellect as a personal possession. Hence we hear a lecturer setting forth in an introductory flight like this:—

“Upon the very margin and boundary of systematic organization, where vitality is indeterminate, and the diagnostic characteristics of life are indefinite, or only determinable after a careful, cautious, and elaborate summation of analogies and differences, according to an adequate, judicious, and therefore justifiable inductive philosophy, we come upon a group of puzzling and curious organized, or shall we rather say, semi-organic structures, which may be defined in regard to their genuine type, prevailing functions and characteristics, as consisting of an albuminous skeleton and gelatinous matter, of a ropy consistency, and of a fawn or orange colour, abounding in transparent globules, forming a non-irritable mass, in which appear, or rather which forms itself into numerous pores, cavities or, perforated passages connected intimately with anastomosing canals. When you see a constituent structure possessing these characteristics, you have before you not only one of the articles of British commerce, but also one of the mysteries of nature. You have before you the meeting-point of animal and vegetable vitality, for you have before you that wonderful zoophyte—a sponge!”

This language would be puzzling in a class-room of students who had in their possession a text-book explaining these technical terms; but thrown broadcast before a common British audience, one-fourth of which, at least, is hard pressed to read the ordinary and spell out the extraordinary words of the language, it is utterly bewildering, and makes one feel as if a sudden cold mist had descended upon his entire mind, and overclouded the whole of the human faculty one has. This is the natural result of our system of public lecturing, which admits and invites amateurs to open their budgets before an admiring (or other) audience, because they can be had for nothing, have a local standing, or are endued with a *cacoethes loquendi*, which keeps them always on the rack of egotism to show themselves off to their friends and the public; or, which is quite as grave an error, invites a man, who has acquired a reputation upon a special subject, to lecture to an average audience, while his renown was won by addressing audiences fitly trained to comprehend, and interested in understanding him; still worse, which has brought out a swarm of itinerant lecturers, who make up for the market a hodge-podge variety of flashy-titled omnium gatherums, which they hawk about as the cheap Jacks of enlightenment.

This, then, forms the second head of our indictment against public lecturing—that it wants adaptation, in the vast majority of instances, to the immediate audience, because it is arranged to suit the lecturer, and not the lectured.

I might argue against the superficiality and sciolism exhibited in a large proportion of lectures; against the fallacy on which they are founded,—that when a man can talk glibly on a subject he understands it thoroughly, and that when a man has listened to an hour's discourse he has studied a subject; against the makeshift forms of interest employed in lectures, their claptrap rhetoric and their

illustrations that mislead, and their need almost invariably of the tag called an apology, as condemning them. I might talk of the absence of the conditions of instruction—in the lecturer, as being unaware of what sort of audience he will get, and the right point of contact between his thoughts and theirs, and in the lectured in the want of preparation and forethought, serious purpose, interest in the lecture or lecturer, and I might justifiably conclude thence that public lectures cannot by any possibility, in any great number of cases, be profitable for instruction.

To these foregone objections we might add the peculiar character of most miscellaneous audiences, a majority of whom come to the place of meeting for quite other purposes than profiting from the lecture;—many to be seen, many on account of an assignation afterwards, some on the look-out for acquaintanceships, some to be freed from irksome duty at home, several for mere change of scene and relaxation, and not a few just because other people are going,—not to speak of those who merely go to pass the time and while away the hour. From the sense of this there often arises a desire on the part of the lecturer to amuse and entertain rather than instruct, and to make use of what will be taking in preference to what is true—to forget the professed purpose of a lecture altogether, and to make it a monologue of indifferent adulation, indifferent jocularity, flashy rhetoric, exaggerated statements, and a large amount of padding, with a minimum of thought. There is nothing bracing, mind-compelling, and bringing the soul into a spell-bound state, by the fascination of fact, history, travel, thought, or criticism. Hence public lectures are not at all profitable for instruction.

But another argument completely settles the question—namely, there are in our country nearly three thousand professional lecturers, besides shoals of amateurs, and altogether exclusive of members of Parliament, of the aristocracy, and the occupants of chairs in our universities and other seats of learning. Yet of all this immense crowd of regular professional lecturers, how small a percentage has obtained—I will not say fame, but even notoriety! Among no set of men appealing to the public directly—actors, lawyers, clergymen, vocalists, instrumentalists, periodical writers, newspaper conductors, &c.—will you find so few “stars”? This statistical argument corroborated by the fact that almost every course of public lectures requires to be coupled with some extraneous attraction,—music, *conversazioni*, dissolving views, &c.,—and that almost every great institution is eschewing lecturers by profession, and pressing into the public service men possessed of an accidental attraction for authorship, position, public service, &c., we infer that it is proven from a most indubitable concourse of proofs that public lectures are *not* profitable for instruction.

RANDOLPH.

Religion.

IS THE OFFERTORY PREFERABLE TO THE PEW-RENT SYSTEM IN OUR CHURCHES?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

THE offertory is preferable to the pew-rent system because the former is agreeable with, while the latter is directly contrary to, the genius of Christianity, the most preferable way of maintaining the preaching of which religion is the subject of the present debate.

The distinctive character stamped on Christianity is freeness or voluntariness, in opposition to selling, barter, or compulsion. The divine Author of Christianity bestows spiritual blessings freely, and it is with religious matters that we have now to do. He bestows those blessings freely, for He is not compelled to give them to any, nor can He be in any way compelled so to do. He therefore gives of His own will—voluntarily. God bestows spiritual blessings freely, for none have given Him aught wherewith to merit them, therefore these blessings are not bartered for a price that has been paid for them. God bestows spiritual blessings freely; that is, He does not bestow them on the condition of the recipient doing something that is good, but He bestows them unconditionally. God bestows spiritual blessings freely; that is, He does not give them sparingly, or in a niggardly manner, but He bestows them largely and copiously. God bestows spiritual blessings freely; that is, He does not give them grudgingly or reluctantly, but cheerfully and with His whole heart. Now this freeness, which is so distinctively stamped on God's manner of giving the blessing of salvation, is that quality in the gifts of His creatures to His cause which God approves of. Christ's own direction to His disciples is, "Freely ye have received, freely give" (Matt. x. 8). Whatever power of working miracles, whatever talents, whatever amount of this world's good the apostles possessed, they had freely received of their Maker and Saviour, and they were commanded to freely give, use, or impart the same for the good of others. So Christians now, having freely received all their blessings, are to freely give: not to give from compulsion, but voluntarily; not to give sparingly, but liberally; not to give grudgingly, but heartily, "for God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. ix. 7). And this quality of freeness, which so distinguishes God's manner of giving, and which is the quality in the gifts of His creatures to His cause that He so approves of, is specially found in the offertory. In this mode of giving, persons give, not a sum fixed for them by

others, which they are compelled to give in order to partake of certain privileges, but they give a free-will offering.

Again, the obedience produced by divine grace is not an obedience extorted or compelled against the will; but it is a willing, hearty, free, loving, cheerful obedience, and all services rendered to God under its influence are rendered willingly and freely. A servile, grudging, forced obedience is altogether unacceptable to God. Should not, therefore, that part of the Christian service to God which consists in contributing to the support of His cause be perfectly free and voluntary?

In the pew-rent system there is so much of the nature of trading, and also of compulsion, as renders it peculiarly unsuitable as a means for the support of the preaching of the gospel. It strongly savours of a bargaining to sell the gospel for a certain amount of money. It in effect says, "To have the gospel preached to you, you shall be compelled to pay a stipulated sum; you shall have the privilege only on the condition of your paying for it a price fixed for you." It makes the ministers of the gospel to appear to be actuated by a mercenary spirit. It represents them as holding back the gospel until a tax is paid for it. It in effect puts locks and bars on pews, and says, "You shall not sit in those pews to hear the gospel preached unless you pay such a sum as we choose to fix." All this is utterly contrary to the genius of the gospel, the blessings of which God bestows "without money and without price."

The precept, "Freely give," has a double bearing. It has a bearing on the ministers of the gospel, who are to freely give that gospel to all who will come to hear it. It has a bearing also on those who hear the gospel, who are to freely give for the support of the preaching of the gospel. And it appears to us the minister's duty stands first. He is first to preach the gospel. Then those who hear the gospel are to provide temporal support for the preacher. But the minister is not to stay from the performance of his duty till he sees whether the people will perform theirs, or till he has bargained for the letting of pews. As the servant is not justified in neglecting his duty till he sees whether his master will perform his duty in properly paying him, but is bound to perform his duty first, so the minister of the gospel. His duty is to preach the gospel at the hazard of receiving nothing for it. At the same time it is the people's duty to support their minister. But neglect of their duty by the people will not justify a neglect of his duty by the minister.

We have in the New Testament no instance of anything in the shape of pew rents, but we have instances of voluntary offerings. Our Lord himself was, when on earth, supported by the voluntary contributions of those who loved Him (Luke viii. 3), as also were those whom He sent to preach. The collection for the poor saints at Jerusalem, mentioned by Paul in his epistles to the Romans and the Corinthians, consisted of voluntary offerings.

Paul does not fix the sum which any of the Corinthians were to give, but he directs them to lay by on the first day of the week as God had prospered them (1 Cor. xvi. 2). He likewise tells every man to give *according as he purposed in his heart*: not grudgingly, or of necessity: because God loveth a cheerful giver (2 Cor. ix. 7). Thus three things (which things it must be admitted should have great weight in this matter)—the genius of Christianity, the nature of true Christian service of God, and scriptural instances of offerings all favour the offertory—and discountenance the pew-rent system.

God's manner of giving to His people is the divinely appointed pattern of His people's gifts to Him. "Be ye therefore followers of God, as dear children" (Ephes. v. 1), is the direction given by the Holy Ghost to all Christians; therefore the gifts of Christians to the Lord are to be unconstrained, voluntary, liberal, and hearty.

It may be objected to the offertory that it would not be found adequate to maintain the preaching of the gospel, because some of the hearers of the gospel would by that mode contribute a much smaller amount than they now give by the pew-rent system, while others would altogether evade a voluntary offering. To this objection we answer, first, we know that the offertory *is satisfactory in its results* in various places where the pew-rent system has been abolished, and it produces an amount equal to what was produced by that system.

Secondly, we are debating not the practicability, but the *preferability* of the offertory. Many things are preferable which are not practicable. In many matters we do not what we would, but what we can. We freely admit that some other mode of proceeding would be preferable, but we do not find it to be practicable. We admit the unsuitableness of the thing, but accept it as the best that is to be had, though we see what would be far preferable, could we obtain it. If, then, there are cases in which the offertory is utterly impracticable, this fact does not at all affect our argument that the offertory is preferable to the pew-rent system. It is preferable as being more consistent with the nature of true religion, and more accordant with the pattern which God has given us.

Thirdly, the offertory would be everywhere as practicable as it is preferable if all who profess to love the gospel were to contribute for the support of the preaching of it according to their ability. In that case they would give as much by the offertory as by the pew-rent system; and in that case more would be raised by the offertory than is now raised by the pew-rent system; for the rents which great numbers of persons pay for their pews are sums much smaller than the amount which they could pay without inconvenience. As to those who would give less to a cause which they profess to love, when the amount of their contributions is not known, than they would give when the sum they contribute is known,—*shame on them!*

S. S.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

“That which costs nothing is thought nothing worth.”—*Adam Smith.*

SETTLED institutions require quite other laws than forming ones. A church militant is quite different in its arrangements from a church triumphant. Success brings duties with it as well as effort, but they are not of the same sort. The farmer's crop is sown in quite a different style from that in which it is reaped, and the church of Christ on earth was established by other means than that by which it can be maintained. The offertory is a permanent institution in the Christian church,—for the law of giving can never cease as a duty while there are wants to be supplied, and the feeling of sympathy for suffering exercises men's breasts. But though we admit that the offertory is a legitimate Christian institution, we do not admit that it is the best or even a right way of maintaining gospel ordinances in a settled Christian community. The appropriate place for the offertory in the administration of the church is for the promotion and extension of Christ's kingdom on the earth; not for the maintenance and support of a true gospel ministry for church frequenters and regular communicants or hearers.

It is a great fundamental Christian verity that the spread of the church is to be brought about by missionary effort and by the voluntarily free-will offerings of the body of disciples,—whether the offering be the simple prayer of faith,—“Thy kingdom come,” the gift of money, the devotion of time, effort, talent, influence, or the exercise of a living example of Christian consistency. But it is also a distinct Christian precept,—“Let everything be done decently and in order.”

The decency of the Christian church cannot be maintained if its clergy are to be mere paupers—the recipients of the eleemosynary offerings of the congregation or parish. As an individual believer the clergyman, like all other members of Christ's mystical body, is under the law, “Seek ye *first* the kingdom of God and His righteousness.” But as a member of a civil society he is under the law of Christian living,—“Whoso provideth not for his own, and specially for those of his own household, hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.” A man is not to throw away prudence, attention to personal and family relations, all manliness and affection, because he is a clergyman. He is as much bound as the humblest Christian to “provide things honest in the sight of all men.” There is no providing in the offertory, for there is no foresight of its yield. There could not be a greater slur cast upon Christianity than making its ministers “commoners on the precarious bounty of the church,”—a begging fraternity. There could not be a greater snare put in the way of “holy living and holy dying” than the institution of the offertory as the sole means of supporting gospel ordinances. We have as little licence for turning God's house into a haunt of beggars as into “a den of thieves.” “Let him that is taught in the word *communicate* unto him that teacheth in all good things,” saith the Scripture, in giving a law

for Christians in regard to the support of the ministry; while it lays command on every clergyman thus, "In all things showing thyself a pattern of good works." Would Christians be making common contribution to the sustenance of ordinances by a mere offertory? Or would any clergyman, who exposed himself to harassing cares, his family to difficulties, his credit to doubt, and his usefulness, health and life, by trusting to an offertory and its proceeds for their existence? Would this be giving themselves truly to be "ensamples to the flock?" It would be to make the church a den of indecency to do so, and hence we affirm that the pew-rent is preferable to the offertory.

But "order is Heaven's first law," and the church is pre-eminently under this law. How could men pursue the avocation of a clergyman and be "examples to the believers," if they were the mere creatures of their congregations' gifts? How could they preserve the order and decorum of position, influence, good name, suspicionless probity, and other characteristics of good and holy men, while they had no fixed means of living, no guaranteed income, no means of honouring the Lord with their substance? Nothing but an inversion of all order could result from placing the clergyman beyond the pale of those who have a means of livelihood. The church could not fail to be a prey to all sorts of intestine differences, and there could be no orderly service of God when the congregation had learned to regard their minister as the public pauper of the parish.

The settlement of God's church in the world is designed; an order of men to serve the sanctuary is required; a provision for the ministry is a divine ordinance. The method of it has not been determined in the Scriptures, but the good sense of Christendom has been left free to choose out and decide upon the best means of securing the efficacy of the ministrations at God's altar.

That mode which assimilates itself most to the usual method of living in any country is that which commends itself most to the ordinary minds of that country, and hence it is advisable to fix upon that system of paying clergymen, or of supporting the ordinances of religion, which is most in accordance with the ideas of decency and order current in a country. In our country everybody likes to pay for what he gets, and to offer a fair remuneration to every species of effort. He likes to pay for his rights and to have them. Now property is regularly instituted in this country. It is the temporal law of the land that all property occupied shall be paid for in some shape or other. The church is a mere temporality, not at all essential to Christianity, but got up for the general convenience of the fellow-worshippers of God in Jesus. The temporal provision of the clergyman is equally a matter of general convenience, to be arranged for in the manner most conducive to God's glory and the good of men. The pew-rent system, as affording the best surety alike for the possession of accommodation and for the fair maintenance of ordinances, seems to me to be preferable to the

offertory, which should have quite a distinct purpose in the economy of the church. The pew-rent is the right method for fixed and settled congregations, those who mutually agree to serve God in His holy place. This, however, should not exclude the offertory, but should leave that free to be employed in aggressive measures against the prevalence of sin, ignorance, poverty, or affliction. If we enjoy a Christian ministry, we ought to pay for that enjoyment as readily, as cheerfully, and as ungrudgingly as we do for our homestead or our dwelling. But we ought not, therefore, "to shut up our bowels of compassion," and think we have done enough when our pew rent is paid. We have to remember our weaker brethren, and "bear each the other's burdens," and so "fulfil the law of Christ;" and for this we require the offertory.

As a provision for ordinances the offertory is plainly not a good system, for it taxes the well-disposed and conscientious, and leaves the hard of heart to cast their burden upon others. Its employment for church support does not conduce to decency and order, and hence it is not preferable to the pew-rent system.

ARNOLD.

LIFE.—Life bears us on like the stream of a mighty river ; our boat at first glides gently down the narrow channel through the playful murmurings of the little brook, and the windings of its glassy border. The trees shed their blossoms over our young heads ; the flowers on the brink seem to offer themselves to our young hands ; we are happy in hope, and we grasp eagerly at the beauties round us ; but the stream hurries us on, and still our hands are empty. Our course in youth and manhood is along a wider and a deeper flood, and amid objects more striking and magnificent. We are animated by the moving pictures of enjoyment and industry which pass before us ; we are excited by some short-lived success, or depressed and rendered miserable by some equally short-lived disappointment. But our energy and our despondence are both in vain. The stream bears us on, and our joys and our griefs alike are left behind us ; we may be shipwrecked but we cannot anchor ; our voyage may be hastened, but it cannot be delayed ; whether rough or smooth, the river hastens towards its home, till the roaring of the ocean is in our ears, and the tossing of its waves is beneath our keel, and the land lessens from our eyes, and the floods are lifted up around us, and the shore loses sight of us, and we take our last leave of the earth and its inhabitants ; and of our farther voyage there is no farther witness but the infinite and the eternal."

—*Bishop Heber.*

The Essayist.

“FORWARD!”

A WORD FOR YOUNG MEN.

(*A New Year's Address to a Literary Society.*)

“FORWARD!” is a hero's motto. It expresses the eager, earnest, ardent onrush of a bold spirit. There is a prompt willingness in it, a right and thorough-going quickness and straightness which is admirable. It is impatient of delay, of hindrance, of sloth. There is in it something of the speed and daring—if not the dangerousness—of the lion's spring. It is not hotly impetuous; for that would make one rash and foolhardy. It is measured by confidence. It has seen and noted the obstacle in front, and has gauged the amount of heart it will require to leap the distance and attain the end. It is self-reliant, yet not contemptuous of another. It rings out with the hale vigorousness of a stout, well-knit nervous energy. It implies a latent power curbed, held down, restrained, but ready on the fitting opportunity to dash, and dare, and do. It is brave without being defiant; it is noble, yet humble. The strong inclination which stirs the heart has been wrestled into usefulness, and has not been permitted to evaporate and waste itself. There has been working in the whole inner spirit a terrible effervescence; every nook and cranny, every fibre and cell, has been filled in the tensest manner; yet all has been calmed into watchfulness. That which was pent and straining for outlet, all the collected passionateness of the fearless, strong, persistent heart, finds the moment for action come, and utters its entire devotedness, its forthleaping from the static to the dynamic form in one single heart-gulp of keen activity, by saying, “Forward!”

There is a big, bursting, but blusterless force in this expression which I am anxious to bring fully before the very consciousness of each. I want you not only to see but to feel the power that is in it, the cannon-shot might it contains, implies, and gives passage to; the vanquishless nerve of soul it indicates; the outspringing yet unspasmodic vitality of which it gives us an idea; the upcoiled reserve of puissant mobility of which it is the utterance. It belongs to the firm-concentred heart to give it outcome, to the resolved will, to the hardy and reliant soul. We cannot over-prize its worth as an intimation of the efflux of the tense-strung enthusiasm which only the noblest spirits among men are capable of feeling and

acting on. A perfect prodigality of vital energy, of instant readiness, of immediate outcome, and self-restrained force springs from the courageous heart to the sententious lips of the onbounding hero who has waited and watched—more eager than a hound held in the slips—for the word and the moment for doing some fixed and known duty, and goes to it with his whole soul, in the act of exclaiming, “Forward!”

Impossible as it is to exhaust the whole significance of our single-word text, we shall endeavour to unwind some of the more specific implications of the word in their application to our circumstances as members of a young man's literary association.

“Forward!” implies the possibility and the desirableness of *progress*. A standstill world would be a sorry one. Eternal sameness and monotony who loves, who can endure? To watch a sanded hour-glass, to count the clock's unvaried tick, to discriminate heart-beat from heart-beat, would be absolute joy compared to a life from which stir, animation, change, and progress were erased. Nothing aches and irks the soul like inane and objectless stationariness. Sloth itself would commit suicide in a progressless universe. Only to feel the ecstasy of movement, “the tethered swine” of indolence would burst their withes, and, rushing headlong to the sea, seek the drearier oblivion and forgetfulness of dissolution. Man is not made for standing, monument-like, upon the hill of life. The very pulses of his heart cry out for the vigorous progress of act after act, and effort after effort. Every inspiration his lungs receive urges man to be forward, to do, to help, to go on or bring on; and all the energies of mind and life call on us to be up and doing, to press on, and to make progress. Let us, then, give scope and outlet to our capacities, and—

“Let us take the instant by the forward top”

of opportunity, and giving our hearts and endeavours to self-improvement, make our path in life one of vital progress. Let us spring from our lethargy in noble hardihood, and determining on progress, be our watch-cry, “Forward!”

“Forward!” suggests that there are difficulties to be overcome. These may be either in ourselves or in that which lies before us. Hesitancy to face the unknown or untried often dismays men. “To tempt the future” is the phrase which cunning cowardice has invented as a dissuadent to ongoing effort. This is branded as rash and thoughtless. There is a lurking self-love in all men which often becomes cowardice, which inclines men to “take the goods the gods provide” them, without doing the duties which by their gifts they call us to perform. This brings upon us a rust of soul, and mildews the very spirit. All the opulence of power which lies within our frame, of mind and will, was given to us to lay out to usury. We were not intended to indulge in useless thought or fine whims,—

“Idle hearts only the dark future frightens.”

We have been spirited for noble issues, not for sluggish creeping on into grave-mould. Tangle before, or love of halting and laggardness within, we should yield to the prompting of our celestial instincts, and taking courage should go "forward"!

"Forward!" involves the forming of a resolution, and suggests the propriety of instant action thereupon. To be unworthily dejected is weakness; to be boundlessly exultant is to vapour, or to be rash, indiscreet, and reckless. We live in a universe of complications; amongst these we must fight, elbow, or crawl our way. We take up the noblest position when we set ourselves to do, dare, and endure all that befalls us, without bating "one jot of heart or hope." We need not be absolutely enamoured of the cuts and gashes, the stir and strife of vigorous war; but we act the part of true men when we meet unshrinkingly the inevitable woes of existence, and hold our hearts and heads self-possessedly amidst our "sea of troubles." But we should never imagine of our own accord the outward world as wholly inimical to us. We ought to think of it as a place in which unresting effort is required to keep ourselves abreast of circumstances; and when we feel the incoming of self-seeking sluggardry numbing our faculties, or the incursion of difficulty exciting dismay or fear of disaster, we should renerve our souls in faith, call together the parted forces of the spirit, knit them into strength, and, with the invigorating efficacy of resolved hearts and wills raised to the proper level of action, utter against and amid all threatening difficulties, "Forward!"

"Forward!" has latent in it too a considerable degree of cautious self-restraint. There has been a reserve of strength and an outlook for opportunity. There has been a watchful care of what lay without as well as self-questioning regarding what was the state of the mind within; circumstances have been gauged, and self-introspection has been used to ascertain whether there is in the heart, faith, hope, energy, sinew, and—

"The dauntless spirit of resolution."

The pith and moment of effort have been weighed, the puzzle of thought has been determined, and it is seen that "the forehead and vantage" of action must be taken now, or failure is imminent. He who is for ever—

"Setting endeavour in continual motion,"

and in purposeless restlessness spends his efforts, never knows the fine inner flavour of the soul which smacks out at the right and fitting moment the single "act of order" which effects so much—
—"Forward!"

"Forward!" brings into one's mind also a sense of irrepressible persistency. Reputeless busybodyism is not the forwardness we prize and praise. The energy which enters into our thoughts as the utterer of this much-meaning word is that which "men use to

their adversaries;" it is earnest, not trivial, concerned with matters of import, not with mere effeminate affairs,—

"Whereof a little

More than a little is by much too much."

I understand by it an emulous ardency of soul, which can no longer be pent up inactively, but has reached that heat and height that it must out and off against whatever now opposes it. It is not, however, headstrong. Thought has preceded its determination, and it is well known that in the supreme moments of life, delay is quite as dangerous as rashness. That courage alone is likely to be persistent which is the result of careful forethought and direct self-reliance. Then alone is it that the soul leaps to embrace danger, and to dare difficulty. Then flashes from the heart-near lips, the hero's motto, "Forward!"

"Forward!" affects us with a sense of its being the true issue of forthright nobleness of character. There is a freshness and vigour in it, passion and resoluteness, courage and confidence. The heart is citadelled in its own strong sense of right.

"We link the thirst of action and achievement,

Our nature's genuine impulses,"

with the word, and we can conceive of its being heartily uttered by no one whose innermost spirit is not leal, hale to the heart's core, and corruptless as a sunbeam. Such a one alone has purposes that may be pursued with the straightness of a spear-shaft, and the directness of path of a ploughshare. All men else must seek their ends by circumvention, must link into the roundabouts. It would cut the heart of life out of a true man, to crouch in nooks and snivel along alleys, while his task lay in the broad highways of existence. He could not venture even in a whisper to use this watchword. It is a word sacred to heroism and righteousness. There is, we believe, an invincible nobleness involved in the genuine utterance of the grand old Saxon motto, "Forward!"

Closely coupled with this last signification there is another idea, which seems to us to enter into the implications of this term—a yieldless sense of right.

"How conscience doth make cowards of us all"

when we know that the paltriness of sin is chargeable against us! Craft is seldom bold, though always cunning; but sin is the grand-sire of cowardice. Hence we cannot think of "Forward!" as the utterance of knave or coward; it has too much energy for the one, too much honesty for the other. "Forward!" is not a word suited to deft criminality. There is a feeling of innocency in it. It is too bluff and sententious to be the cry of a rascal or the motto of a scoundrel. It is not sly enough for a knave; it is not hesitant enough for a craven.

"Forward!" has the ringing sound of companionship in it. The spring and agility of it is not confined to one. It is hortatory, quickening, alert. It has a touch of communism in it. The word

seems made for wafture from man to man. It is encouraging, enlivening, kindly. We cannot think of it as used in solitude, unless one's own spirit is fainting by the over-use of life. It is vibratory, heart-stirring, and indicative of fellowship. It is peculiarly appropriate, therefore, as the life-word of young men, in whom the potencies of existence are fresh, unexhausted, searching for objects, and hungering for activity, and whose energy seems to themselves eternal and unsubduable. There is a common cause that claims our efforts, there are common obstacles opposed to our progress, there are internal struggles to be undergone, there are external foes to be vanquished by us one and all. Let us go forward, then, in life's great contest unitedly, helpfully, encouragingly! Let none of us venture—

“To be a jarring and a dissonant thing”

in the noble companionship of self-culture and mutual improvement, but with leal-hearted energy, devotion, friendliness, and bravery, utter and do, be and achieve, all that is summed up in the curt, strong-souled motto, “Forward!”

Forward let us go in the active journey of life, endeavouring to know and do its duties. Forward let us move in the efforts against ignorance, sloth, and self-indulgence. Forward let us march in a united crusade against the outlying crowd of enemies which threaten our progress in life. Forward let us hasten to endeavour after the attainment of knowledge, influence, virtue, and the power of being noble. Forward let us strive to make our way, through the fastness of a world lying in wickedness and ready to deceive, to the city and palace of God. “Forward!” let us quicken our paces to do good deeds, to live true lives, to extend helpful hands: to seek the means of effecting a divine purpose with our lives, and with a brave-hearted endeavour to—

“Work for some good be it ever so lowly.”

In going forward let us give our interest to every agency by which the hearts and thoughts and lives of men may be improved—giving honest labour in our several societies; doing thorough work in our every-day engagements; sympathizing with every effort made to lead others into the true life of humanity, and recollecting that to which every year brings nearer and nearer—the grave and the presence of the Most High. In the love of God, in the faith of Christ, under the influence teaching of the Holy Spirit, may we all henceforth go “forward”!

UNIVERSITY EXTENSION.

A movement of great importance to all intelligent men has recently been inaugurated at Oxford. It is a topic of earnest discussion among old University men, and it has become so public as well as engrossing, that it was brought forward in that association, which embraces the undergraduate talents of the entire University, as a subject of debate on December 7th. Of course there is no

report of the proceedings of "The Union" permitted, and hence we know little more than that it was proposed "That the extension of Oxford University by the removal of the qualification of college residence for] a degree is highly desirable." Out-college life is not permitted in Oxford as it is in Scotland, in Germany, and in many Continental institutions of a similar kind. We may note that through the good-will of Dr. P. D. Chase, of Oriel College and St. Mary's Hall, we have been for some time in possession of all the information he could supply regarding a moderately expensive undergraduate course at Oxford, by the introduction of cheap halls, but we have been engaged in making inquiries such as may enable us to give similar information about the encouragements to learning among poor deserving students at Oxford, similar to that we lately gave regarding Cambridge. We shall be glad to publish any information afforded us; meanwhile, it seems that this paper forms a fitting supplement to our former article on Cambridge, and hence we readily give it space.

THE efforts now being made at Oxford for University Clerical Extension is a tacit acknowledgment of the failure of the "poor student halls," which were opened under the powers of the Oxford University Act for "Private Halls."

The analogous portion of the Cambridge University Act has not yet been brought into action at Cambridge, as the existing colleges have hitherto been found sufficient for the reception of all the students who have sought admission thereto, with the exception of Trinity College and Trinity Hall. But as the number of students at Cambridge is increasing yearly, and the means of accommodation at the colleges are limited, some additional provision for the accommodation of students will be found necessary at no very distant day.

The Cambridge University Act has authorized the restoration at Cambridge of the hostels, such as existed in the olden times, for the residence of students. This part of the Act was designed for extending the utility of the University, not to any particular class of students, but to all who might desire to avail themselves of the advantages of a liberal education at Cambridge. The restoration of hostels was, no doubt, also designed to supply accommodation for students where colleges could not receive them.

The following are the words of the Cambridge University Act on the restoration of hostels:—

"Sec. 23. Any member of the University, of such standing and qualifications as may be provided by any statute hereafter to be made, may obtain a licence from the Vice-Chancellor to open his residence, if situate within one mile and a half of *Great St. Mary's Church*, for the reception of students, who shall be matriculated and admitted to all the privileges of the University, without being of necessity entered as members of any college; but no such licence as aforesaid shall be granted by the Vice-Chancellor until such regulations as are hereinafter mentioned have come into operation.

"Sec. 24. Every person to whom such licence is granted shall be called a Principal, and his residence so opened as aforesaid shall be called a hostel."

The terms of these sections of the Act are clear and explicit, showing that the restoration of the hostels is designed to be a *real*

extension of the University to all her Majesty's subjects without any restriction whatever. The words, "any member of the University," do not require a principal of a hostel to be a member of the Senate; and include both those who do and those who do not conform to the Church of England, provided they have been admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, or Doctor, in one of the faculties.

The statutes formed for the government of hostels require the hostel gates to be closed at 10 p.m., in the same manner as college gates.

The principal is bound to observe the hostel statutes as masters of colleges their college statutes.

The visitatorial power over hostels is committed to the Vice-Chancellor, or other University authorities, who may visit a hostel on any matter relating to the scholars of that hostel.

The principal may appoint other persons to assist him in his work, but his *locum tenens*, or the vice-principal, must be approved, as to his fitness, by the Vice-Chancellor.

The principal is free from all interference in the internal arrangements and management of a hostel, so far as they do not infringe any usages or statutes of the University.

The principal is not bound by the Act of Uniformity to use no other form of morning and evening daily devotion, than that prescribed in the Book of Common Prayer; but this subject is left entirely to his discretion and judgment.

The principal can make any rules for the good order and improvement of his scholars, in the same way as the governing bodies of colleges; and can fix and limit the terms for tuition, and other expenses of the scholars in his hostel.

There are no restrictive powers in the Act, or the University Statutes, which forbid hostels to become connected with, or affiliated to, colleges. The hostels (when opened) will be free to form any connection with colleges, on any conditions they may deem best calculated to promote the advancement of learning.

From the above remarks it is obvious that the University of Cambridge has full powers for extending academical education to students of all classes.

Many Cambridge men will think the assertion made by Dr. Acland at the meeting in the hall of Oriel College may be questioned; that "the only thing wanted for the professional classes was that which Oxford could give them better than any university in Europe, namely, a sound and liberal education;" and the writer ventures to enter a claim of not inferior eminence for the University of Cambridge.

In conclusion, it may be remarked in reference to the recent letters in the *Times* as to the unsatisfactory state of *literate* (query, *illiterate*) candidates for holy orders, whether such persons might not at a college or hostel in Cambridge, acquire that "sound learning" which is there deemed the only satisfactory basis for the knowledge of Christian theology.

24th Nov., 1865.

A CAMBRIDGE MAN.

Toiling Upward.

SIR ASTLEY PASTON COOPER, BART.

A REMARK occurring in the issue of the *British Controversialist* for Nov., 1865 (p. 368), regarding "the repute of eloquence" being usually withheld from members of the medical profession has induced the writer of this paper to throw together a few facts in the life of one of the most industrious of popular teachers of the healing art, and the principles on which it is founded, as well as one of the most notable practitioners of surgery contained in the records of the century, within which it is understood the series of papers on "Toiling Upward" are in the main to be confined. The biography of the selected representative of medicine,—this

"Twofold disciple of Apollo,"

is interesting in itself, and does not require any special acquaintance with the sciences of physic or anatomy in the reader or the writer.

The most celebrated surgeon of modern times—he who is generally regarded as having elevated surgery from a mere series of hazardous and experimental alternatives to the dignity of a science, Sir Astley Paston Cooper, was born at Brooke, in Norfolk, 23rd August, 1768. His father was curate of that place, and a man of fair scholarship. His mother, whose maiden name was Paston, had acquired some literary celebrity as the authoress of "The Exemplary Mother," and several other novels and books having the moral and intellectual elevation of woman for their aim. His father superintended his early education, after he had passed a novitiate in letters under his mother, and the schoolmaster of the district gave such help as seemed requisite to give the rector's fourth son a fair ordinary education. As a boy he was remarkable for liveliness, enterprise, and love of frolic, more than studiousness or love of books. His ideas were turned towards his future profession by what appears to have been a mere accident. A boy fell from a cart, and in doing so lacerated his leg in such a way as to injure the femoral artery. Cooper noticed the nature of the wound, and by fastening his handkerchief very tightly on the upper part of the injured limb, to a considerable extent restrained the bleeding until medical assistance was procured. Thus arose his taste for—

"Those studies which possessed him in the dawn
Of life, and fixed the colour of his mind
For every future year."

The interest so awakened never slumbered; and when in his

thirteenth year he was removed to Great Yarmouth, to the living of which his father had been preferred, he was shortly thereafter placed under the charge of a surgeon and apothecary, in whose service he remained for some time.

On completing his sixteenth year Cooper came to London, and was bound apprentice to his uncle, William Cooper, one of the surgeons in Guy's Hospital, but after a trial of about three months he solicited his uncle's permission to transfer his indenture to Mr. Henry Cline, surgeon at St. Thomas's Hospital, a man of some note. He also became a student under John Hunter (1728-93), who had just succeeded his illustrious brother William as a lecturer on anatomy and surgery. From this vigorous thinker and zealous student of the human frame young Cooper caught inspiration, and received fresh thought, the full value of which he was among the readiest to appreciate. In 1787, Cooper went to continue his studies at Edinburgh, and distinguished himself at the Royal Medical Society, which had but ten years previously received its charter, though instituted half a century before. On his return from the medical schools of Edinburgh, which had acquired a just fame under Rutherford (maternal grandfather of Sir Walter Scott), Gregory, Cullen, &c., he was appointed demonstrator of anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital. By agreement with Mr. Cline, in 1791, he was allowed to commence a series of lectures on anatomy and surgery. In 1792 he married Mr. Cline's half-niece, Miss Cock, and while visiting Paris attended the lectures of F. P. Desault, surgeon-in-chief at the Hôtel Dieu, and his collaborateur, F. Chopart. During his studies there the Revolution (10th Aug., 1792) burst forth, and he returned to London, where he was appointed Professor of Anatomy at Surgeons' Hall, and commenced practice as a surgeon. He commenced his professional instructions to a class of about 50 students, and in a very short time the attendance on his classes exceeded 400.

As an anatomical instructor he was able to lecture in an easy, agreeable, and informing manner; he was indefatigably intent on getting his students to comprehend his statements, and he illustrated his teaching carefully by constant example or visual demonstration; while his style of speaking and his methods of reasoning were alike plain, fluent, and convincing.

Nor was his progress as a practitioner less extraordinary than that which he enjoyed as a lecturer. His first year's fees as a professional surgeon only amounted to £5, and he was five years in practice before they amounted to £100; yet in the twenty-first year of his surgical practice his income reached the immense sum of £21,000 per annum. This, of course, is greatly to be ascribed to the urbane and prepossessing manner in which he conducted his classes, the winning attention he paid to his students, and the perfect mastery which he showed to them of his knowledge of the human frame, and the kind of skill by which its injuries were to be remedied. Each student was thus made a fast friend, and

as they passed away into professional life they carried with them the certainty that in any case calling for consultation Professor Astley P. Cooper's would be the best advice possible to seek and get. "A physician in a great city," says Dr. Johnson in his "Life of Akenside," "seems to be the mere plaything of Fortune; his degree of reputation is, for the most part, totally casual: they that employ him know not his excellence; they that reject him know not his deficiencies." But it was not the caprice of this fickle goddess which gave to Cooper his insured success; it was diligent preparatory study, careful and well-trained observation, conscientious exertion in a difficult walk of life, assiduous culture of practical skill; aspiration leading to effort, and ambition inducing an unhalting toiling upward in the acquisition of professional usefulness and ability.

Cooper was appointed, in 1800, on the death of his uncle, to the chief surgeonship of Guy's Hospital, and in the same as well as the succeeding year, read papers before the Royal Society, which were considered of such merit as to be worthy of the Copleyan Medal. In 1804 he issued the first part of his great work on "Hernia," *i. e.*, protrusion of the abdominal viscera, the conclusion of which appeared in 1807. In 1805, he had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, on the members of which his "Essay on the *Membranus Tympanis*" had made a favourable impression. The London Medical Society, in 1805, suffered a sort of disruption, in which Cooper took part, adhering to the party who instituted the Medico-Chirurgical Society.

In 1813 the College of Surgeons elected him to the Professorship of Comparative Anatomy, which had been formerly occupied by John Hunter. In this position he maintained the reputation he had formerly gained, and joined to the extraordinary zeal of John Hunter the amenity of disposition and grace of manner which that great teacher wanted. Cooper was the first who attempted to tie the carotid—that is, the great artery which distributes blood to the head—in aneurism. He was unsuccessful, but others following his plan under more favourable circumstances have accomplished it safely; *e. g.*, Professor Syme, of Edinburgh, in 1857. Cooper also first attempted, though again unsuccessfully, a feat in surgery, in which others have followed his instructions and won the credit of success; namely, the tying of the great arterial trunk, the *aorta*. It was in 1817 that he made this hitherto unattempted experiment. In 1818, in conjunction with a former pupil whom he advanced to be his colleague—Mr. Travers, Cooper began to issue a series of Surgical Essays, but the scheme was soon abandoned.

The fame of Cooper was now established on the firmest basis, as the most careful, yet daring operator in his profession. His repute was second to none of his class in ancient or in modern times. His renown had broadened over both hemispheres as a surgeon of unexampled skill, coolness, and dexterity. Although he held no Court appointment, it was resolved, in 1820, that he should be consulted

by George IV. regarding a steatomatous, *i.e.*, an encysted fatty tumour, which grew upon his scalp. An operation was declared to be necessary, and he was selected to perform it. On the appointed day he waited on his Majesty, the Ministers of State occupying an adjoining apartment. He was observed to be somewhat pale, nervous, and discomposed, when Lord Liverpool caught his hand and said, "You ought to recollect that this is an operation which either makes or ruins you. Courage, Cooper!" He was manned afresh, and executed his task with his usual confidence, precision, and readiness. For this successful work he was offered a baronetcy by the king, and this he accepted on condition that it was made out with remainder, in default of issue, to his nephew and namesake, Astley Paston Cooper, who, as he had no children, succeeded to the title as well as to his large fortune.

In 1822, Cooper published his great work on "Dislocations and Fractures," which threw much new light on the methods to be employed in their reduction and readjustment. He was also appointed one of the Court of Examiners in the College of Surgeons. He was advanced to the presidency of that institution in 1827; in which year also his wife, to his great grief, died. For a while he was prostrated, and feeling his failure in "the fine adjusted springs of life and sense," refused to practise his profession. But idleness was irksome, and he flew to active effort again as the only possible anodyne for a pain of heart like his. The necessities of his position, however, required him to marry again. In 1828 he was appointed Sergeant-Surgeon to George IV. In 1829 he issued the first part of his most important work on "The Anatomy and Diseases of the Breast," which was not finished till 1840. He was chosen Vice-President of the Royal Society in 1830. He was elected a member of the Royal Institute of France at the instance of his friend, the famous Dupuytren; and corresponding member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. In 1832 he published a treatise "On the Thymus Gland;" and in 1834, when the Duke of Wellington was installed as Chancellor of Oxford, Cooper had conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. He visited Edinburgh in 1837, forty years after his student career there, and was welcomed with much honour. He was presented with the freedom of the city; the College of Surgeons there entertained him at a public dinner; and the University of that city conferred upon him the title of LL.D. In 1840 he was attacked with fits of giddiness, and was troubled with *dyspnœa*, difficulty of breathing. His busy brain ceased to be trustworthy, and the hand which had operated so frequently with skill and effect for the alleviation or cure of some of those many "ills which flesh is heir to," and which had wielded the pen so actively and well, began to tremble at the thought of handling the instrument of professional life. He had indeed long withdrawn from active duty in surgical labours, but he could not lose his interest in the employments of a lifetime. But the shadows draw on as evening approaches, and all must prepare for the grave-

mould to which they must come. Sir Astley P. Cooper saw his 73rd birthday; but fourteen days thereafter he was taken into the custody of Death. He lies buried beneath the chapel of Guy's Hospital: a colossal statue, by Bailey, has been erected to his memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. He left behind him a large fortune; and he left by will £100 per annum, to be given triennially, for the best essay on any surgical subject.

We have merely sketched a few of the external incidents of this distinguished surgeon's great career. We have not attempted to estimate the worth of his celebrated additions to effective surgery; neither have we attempted to enliven our brief paper with any instances of character as we might well have done, drawing them from the annals left us by Cooper's nephew and biographer, Dr. Brandsby Cooper; as we have not, we hope, dulled it by technical language or affairs. We present this biography of this eminent practitioner, excellent and popular lecturer, and excellent private character, as a worthy type of those who engage themselves in the labour of toiling upward, as an example of the dignity to which a man can rise by effort, diligence, skill, reflectiveness, and resolution, without ceasing to attend to the observance of the moralities of life, the benevolence due from man to man, or the piety, most of all, due to God. Let us also labour diligently in our spheres, trusting in the might of true endeavour for success.

"Nor is the care of Heaven withheld
From granting to the task proportioned aid,
That in their stations all may persevere
To climb the ascent of being, and approach
For ever nearer to the life divine."

FALLACIES REGARDING READING.—We are apt to deceive ourselves as to the moral value of certain impressions derived from books. We mistake the transient excitation of the nobler sentiments produced by eloquent declamation, or by the exhibition of romantic excellence for a genuine renewal of the moral man. We think we are burnt clean by the temporary glow into which we are thrown. The nature of such excitement differs but little from that produced by alcoholic stimulants, amid animated discussion and congenial friends. It is stimulation without nourishment, ebullition without growth. It acts chiefly on the nerves, the final effect is rather to enervate than to educate the soul. He only instructs who gives me light, who effects a permanent lodgment in the mind of some essential truth. The effective moralist is not the enthusiast, but the impartial and clear-seeing witness; not he who declaims most eloquently about the truth, but he who makes me see it, who gives me a clear intuition of a moral fact.—
F. H. HEDGE.

Eloquence of the Month.

JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. FOR BIRMINGHAM, ON POLITICAL REFORM.

[John Bright, was born at Greenbank, near Rochdale, November 16th, 1811. His father, Jacob Bright, was a cotton-spinner and manufacturer there. His second son, John, received an ordinary school education, and was in his 15th year taken into his father's office to be initiated into the details of business, of which, as his elder brother died early, he was destined, as he is now, to be the chief. On his 24th year he undertook a tour on the Continent, and extended his journey as far as Egypt and Palestine. On his return, he delivered before a literary institute in Rochdale, of which he had been one of the founders, sketches of his travels, and lectures on commerce and political economy, while he diligently pursued a course of culture which helped to complete an education which the circumstances of his early life restricted. When in 1838 the Anti Corn-Law Association was formed, he became a member of the council, and in the following year he and Mr. Cobden undertook to carry the free trade-crusade over every part of the country; the most formidable political organization of this century thus recognizing these gentlemen as its veritable leaders. In April, 1843, Mr. Bright contested the city of Durham with Lord Dungannon, who succeeded in being elected, but was unseated for bribery; and in July the most famous political orator of the day became M.P. for that city. In 1845 he obtained the appointment of a select committee of the House of Commons on the Game Laws. The Blue-books of 1846 contained the evidence collected, but Mr. Bright procured an issue of the abridgment of it, and prefixed to it "An Address to the Tenant Farmers of England" on that subject. He also secured a commission on the culture of cotton in India, during the sittings of which valuable information was elicited. At the general election in 1847 he was chosen for Manchester, and in his place advocated free trade in land as the remedy for Irish distress; a royal commission to investigate the condition of India, and co-operated in the movement for financial reform. He was in 1849 placed on the committee on official salaries. He advocated the censure of Lord Palmerston in 1851, and helped to welcome Kossuth in 1852. He was re-elected, though strongly opposed, at the general election 1852. As a member of the Peace Society he opposed the war with Russia and in 1854, agreed to the deputation sent to mediate with the Czar. He heartily denounced that war, but ill-health overtook him. He was unseated in 1857 at the dissolution of Parliament, but the death of Mr. Muntz, M.P. for Birmingham, having occurred in the autumn of that year, the capital of the midland counties replaced him in the house, and gave him the opportunity of seconding the motion against the Conspiracy Bill, which caused the overthrow of Palmerston's government. In 1859 he issued an elaborate plan for an extension of the franchise and he adhered to the Reform Bill proposed in 1860. He was unanimously and unopposedly returned by his present constituency at the recent election. The oration from which the following passages are selected was delivered at a densely crowded meeting held in the Town Hall, Birmingham, convened on requisition by the Mayor, "to take into consideration the question of Reform." The style of Mr. Bright's speaking is well known. He uses no elaboration of period or evasive circumlocution. He chews the false and specious magniloquence of phrase in which many popular speakers

delight. His words are plain,—some of his expressions, indeed, are vulgar, but his meaning is always transparent. He never parleys with occasions, and though a fervid fancy heats his terms, they are always within the capacity of the least cultured mind. He is sometimes so overpowered by the impetuosity of his passions as to be deficient in method, but he never plays the Jesuit, though he often speaks as a declaimer. His views are comprehensive, and a fine vein of religiousness runs through all his arguments. He is quite noble and effective in harangue, and of the language of denunciation England never possessed a greater master.]

AFTER a few introductory remarks on the state of politics, and criticizing with severity and asperity some Tory speeches—especially those of Sir John Pakington and Mr. Adderley,—after talking on the lessons of history, the effects of recent legislation, the alarms of the Tory party, and in rebutment of the charge of republicanism which had been alleged against him, in which he asserted that “the throne is only safe, not when it is based on the privileges or the monopoly of a faction, but on the affection of a trusted and well-governed people,” he proceeded to discourse on the British Constitution, the rights of the people, and the history of these rights, what the working classes would do with the franchise, the transfer of power apprehended by the opponents of reform, and the claims of the unrepresented, in the following terms:—“Sir J. Pakington sighs for the formation of a great constitutional party which shall command a majority of the House of Commons upon the broadest and safest principles, and whose cry may be Conservative progress. I should like to ask Sir John Pakington a little bit about our Constitution, because I dare say that is a matter he may not have very minutely examined. We have been accustomed to understand that the political constitution of this country involves the existence of the Crown, of the Peers in their House, and of the Commons in their House. We are the Commons. In this noble hall there are assembled several thousand persons. It would not be possible in any building or in any place within the United Kingdom to collect together five or six thousand persons to whom it might be said with more entire accuracy, You are the Commons of England. I say, you here assembled to-night may speak in the name of the commonalty of this country. The history of England—the history which is to be relied upon—has no page so far back on which is not written some caution. We have had a representative Government, more or less perfect, from the earliest times; we have had also a monarch wearing the crown and bearing the sceptre. Does any one affirm that the Crown at this moment is not in all its powers full and unmolested? That branch of the Constitution is perfect in its existence and action. Come down to the next, the Peerage. Within the last hundred years the Peers have been about, if not quite, doubled in number. We are not calling in question any right of the Constitution which they have within the walls of their own Chamber. If, then, the Crown is safe from molestation, and the powers and privileges of the Peers unquestioned, have not we, the Commonalty of England, an undeniable right to

examine whether we are fairly and fully represented in the Commons' House of Parliament?

"The fact is the people whom we call the common people, are the people. They are the nation; and of these, five millions of men, the heads of five millions of families, are entirely unrepresented, and not by any mistake. It was not any mistake of the Reform Bill. It was an intentional deed that shut the door at £10, when they knew that the great body of the people did not live in houses of more than £5 rental, and it shut them out with an absolute purpose of exclusion. That represents twenty-five millions of people,—men, women, and children,—which, as things go, must be considered rather a large proportion of this nation. I should like to know what this constitutional party thinks of this question. Is the demand of this five millions of men that some fair portion of them should be admitted to the franchise—is that a reasonable request to be granted, or is it a dangerous concession to be resisted? If Sir John Pakington was here, of course he would get up after me, and try to give us an answer to that question; and I hope, when it comes to be discussed in the House of Commons, we shall hear what he has to say upon it. Does anybody doubt, is there any man so clearly incompetent to comprehend any question of politics whatsoever, as to say that the demand which the people make, not that they shall change the monarchy or alter the constitution of the House of Peers, but that they shall be admitted by their representatives into the House of Commons; is there any man who dare say that that is not a right and constitutional demand for you to make? If there is anybody who says so, I must refer him to a little history. There is a book published by Mr. Foster, the 'Life of Sir John Elliot.' Sir John was a great man—a great friend of freedom—in the first years of Charles the First's reign; he was a great man in the Parliament that struggled with that monarch for parliamentary rights and freedom. By the illegal conduct of that monarch he was incarcerated for a long time in the Tower, and died in his imprisonment. This book is a most valuable addition to English history, and especially to the history of that period. I take out of it what was done in 1628, on the occasion of a great many petitions being presented to Parliament immediately after a general election, complaining of the elections which had taken place, and that the people had been shut out from voting. I will give you one or two. Here is one from your neighbouring town of Warwick. The question was, whether the Mayor and Common Council, or the Commons in general should return the members; and the decision was for the latter. A counter petition had in this case been got up by the mayor and council, which 200 of the commoners had been induced to sign, disclaiming the right; but the committee rejected it, resolving upon the question that the right of election belonged to the commonalty, and if but one commoner sued for his right they would hear him. At Colchester, the dispute was between the bailiff, alderman, and common council, 1866.

who to the number of forty-two met in the upper room, and the much greater number of common burgesses who assembled in the lower and larger room; the power of election was adjudged to be in the common burgesses exclusively. From the borough of Lewes there was a petition. Neither a mayor nor bailiff existed, and the election had been by a small number of constables. It was taken altogether from them and given to the inhabitants. At Bridport the question was, whether the election resided in the commonalty in general, or in two bailiffs and thirteen capital burgesses claiming by prescription; and the decision was in favour of the commonalty. The resolutions now on the journals of the House are to this effect. The commonalty in general ought to have a voice in the election of burgesses for Parliament; the election is void in respect of not warning the commonalty—that is, the commonalty had not had notice—that the election was to take place. At Boston, Lincolnshire, upon a similar dispute between a select number and the commonalty, it was again decided for the latter; and further, it was declared that nothing might avail to restrict such rights but a prescriptive and constant usage beyond memory. You will see that in 1628, more than 230 years ago, the Parliament which made the most magnanimous struggle in favour of the rights of the common people of England declared, in all those cases which were brought before it, that the right of election in boroughs resided in the commonalty in general.

“But come down to a little later period, and I will give you authority not less important; and this is authority which I venture to recommend particularly to the notice of the Prime Minister. In the time of William the Third, in 1702, there was a question discussed between the two Houses of Parliament as to the passing of the Occasional Conformity Bill. It was a bill of infamous character, passed by a violent Tory majority in the House of Commons, the object of which was to cut off from the elective franchise every man in the kingdom who was not connected with the Established Church, or who would not take the tests which only members of the Established Church could take; therefore it would have disfranchised all the Dissenters throughout the kingdom. At that time Lord Somers was a very important man in the House of Lords. Lord Somers is, I think, beyond all question the most distinguished man that has ever been connected with the Whig party in this country. He was not a man of aristocratic birth and connections; he was the son, I believe, of a solicitor in Worcester or the neighbourhood; but Lord Somers was a man of extraordinary ability, of great industry, and of remarkable knowledge and acquirements. He came to have the greatest authority in this country under the King. He, much to his credit, opposed this bill, and there was a conference between the two Houses of Parliament with regard to it. The Commons were determined to pass it, and the Lords were determined that if possible it should not pass. On that occasion the Lords were, as you see, more liberal than the Commons, and they

would have been much more liberal now than they are, if they had not been so greatly increased during the last hundred years. What did Lord Somers say in this conference? I hope everybody in this room will carry away with him the language of this distinguished man. Speaking for the Lords, he said that the Lords allow that no man can claim a place by birthright. Yet they conceive that giving a vote for a representative in Parliament is the essential privilege whereby every Englishman preserves his property, and that whatsoever deprives him of such vote deprives him of his birthright. Lord Somers says distinctly—and it is on record and cannot be unwritten, and no greater authority exists, or ever will exist, on this question—that the Lords conceive that giving a vote for a representative in Parliament is the essential privilege whereby every Englishman preserves his property, and that whatsoever deprives him of such vote deprives him of his birthright.

“But if you could go back to the opinions even of Mr. Pitt, you would find that he was not afraid of Parliamentary Reform. If you ask the question of Charles James Fox, or Lord Grey, or the Duke of Richmond at that time, you will find that they were far more in accordance and in unison with ours than with the opinions of the men whom Sir John Pakington represents. And if you go to the time of the Reform Bill, you will find that to the late Lord Durham, a man most eminent and distinguished, we owe it to a large extent that the Reform Bill was as good as it was, and doubtless, if he had had his way, and if Lord Russell with him, who was not then, however, in the Cabinet, had had his way, the Reform Bill would have been a better bill than it was. I might have mentioned the men who were in Lord Aberdeen’s Cabinet, in Lord Palmerston’s Cabinet, and who are in this Cabinet, and I ask you whether the opinions of all these authorities are not such as to outweigh the dictum of Sir John Pakington, or the opinions of any of those statesmen with whom he has been associated? I wonder for my own part how these men dare to propound any opinions at all. If you had a lawyer who invariably lost every cause with which he was entrusted, who always gave opinions which the judges on the bench reversed, you would not, I think, have much confidence in his legal knowledge. If you had a doctor, and it was an infallible rule that to every house which he entered to give advice he entered some fortnight afterwards to attend his patient to the churchyard, you would not have much faith in such a doctor. You would say this lawyer and this doctor must have a marvellous and an inexhaustible effrontery to dare to attempt to offer an opinion, and still more to take a fee for an opinion either in law or medicine. I should say that men of this character were audacious pretenders. And these Tory statesmen, after having howled and shouted danger to the Crown, danger to the Constitution, danger to the Church, danger to everything, ever since we were little children, now at this moment, when everything they have said has been falsified by

the event, are just as loud in shouting danger as they ever were before.

“The other day there was a meeting at Maldon, in Essex. There were several members of parliament speaking at that meeting, and one of them, with a flippancy that was positively charming in so young a statesman, said, ‘What will they do with it when they get the franchise?’ If anybody asks a working man what he will do with it—I mean if any member of the party who does not intend to give it to him asks the question, let the working man turn round and say, ‘What have you done with yours? You have had your vote ever since you were twenty-one years of age; what have you done with it? Did you ever vote for anybody who supported the good measures the country has been rejoicing in during the whole of that period? You may rely upon it I will make as good a use of my vote as you have made of yours.’ What an odd thing it would be if a debtor who was asked to pay money to his creditor said he would not pay it until he got a guarantee that the creditor would expend it for the debtor’s benefit! But this is what these gentlemen want. They want a guarantee that, when they get the franchise, the working classes will be the most docile people in the world, and do exactly what their employers and landlords ask them to do. I hope, when they get the vote, they will only care this much for their employers and landlords—just as an employer or landlord is an intelligent and useful member of the community—that they will feel that the course which these gentlemen take must be a course worth considering, that they will consider it, and if they approve of it act with them, and not otherwise. If I was to tell the gentleman who made that speech I have referred to at Maldon certain things that would be done, he would not be a bit disposed to give you a vote. If I was to tell him it is a shocking thing that there should be at this season of the year what are called game outrages, wounds and murder inflicted—many during the course of a winter—and merely for the purpose of supporting to great excess a sport which is really absurd in a thickly peopled country, he would not be one bit more disposed to give you a vote if he thought you would provide a remedy for that abuse; and if I was to tell him that in Manchester, and perhaps in some other large towns, half the children of the working men are receiving what may be considered no education whatsoever; that there is no regular provision for schools and teachers and school materials, and that half the children of that town are growing up without anything that may be fairly called education; if I was to say that probably, if the people had the franchise, they would remedy all this, he would get it somehow or other into his stupid head that the Church would be in danger if you did anything of that sort, and foolishly undervaluing and not apprehending even their own Church, they would refuse to give you the vote, lest you should do so great a good to the people as give them an education.

"I saw to-day a report of a speech delivered at Stockport last night by my friend, Mr. Watkin, the member for the borough. He has just returned from the United States. He says that, taking the nine Northern States, with a population of ten and a half millions, or about one-third of the United Kingdom, he found they had 40,566 schools, and an average attendance of 2,133,000 scholars, at a total cost of 9,000,000 dollars, or nearly £1,750,000 sterling. Then he tells what is the state of education in the four Western States, which less than thirty years back were not states but simply territories. Here, among a population of 6,100,000, there were 37,000 schools, and a total attendance of 1,500,000 scholars, at a cost of £1,250,000 sterling. Thus, in a population of 16,000,000, which is something less than that of England, leaving out Scotland and Ireland, there were 77,000 schools, to which every poor child could go, and no fewer than 3,600,000 scholars, incurring a cost of £3,000,000 a year. Mr. Watkin thought this was much to the credit of our American cousins. I agree with him. It is a credit to them; but I venture to say that if the franchise in the United Kingdom was as wide as it is throughout the whole of those Northern and free States, within five years there would be established in this country a system of education as universal as that which produces such admirable results among our cousins in the United States.

"But if I were to turn this gentleman to another point across the Channel, in Ireland, where, I am sorry to say, things are not so satisfactory as they are even in this country, what would he say if I were to point out to him that during the lifetime of the oldest person in the room Ireland has been a country in which there have existed almost permanently conspiracies, insurrections, and attempts at rebellion; and what is the reason? That is a country in which the principles of this great constitutional party that resists all dangerous concessions have been carried out to their full extent. With regard to the land, I recollect reading in a book, I believe published under authority, and by the approval of a Lord Chancellor of Ireland, that there had been 200 Acts of Parliament passed in favour of the landlord, and not one that he could point to in favour of the tenant. Look at their Church. I am always myself sorry to have to say things which appear injurious to the character of a Church. The Church religious is one thing; the Church political is another. Don't let any labouring, earnest, Protestant clergyman in Ireland think that I am undervaluing whatever services he may render to religion. I speak of the Church as a political institution, set down in that country, not by the opinion of the people, but by the power of the Tory party in England, and I say that so long as that Church exists there never will be, there never can be, in the nature of the human mind, there never ought to be, content and tranquillity in Ireland. And this is not all that we suffer. Look at America in connection with this question. How many Irishmen have emigrated to America?—

'Myriads are gathered there, whom rage or fear
Drove from their wasted homes.'

And in America they form a portion of the people perpetually hostile to England. The Scotch are a people no more disposed to put up with insult and wrong than the Irish, but the Scotch who emigrate, whether to Canada or the United States, are not there the enemies of this country; they speak of England, of Scotland, of Britain, of the United Kingdom with respect and affection; and if the Irish had been treated as the Scotch have been treated the whole of that Irish nation on the American Continent, instead of being hostile, bitterly and unchangeably hostile, to England, would have been much smaller in its numbers, and would have been just as friendly to us as the emigrants from Scotland are. I should like to ask this great constitutional party that is to be formed by Lord Elcho, Mr. Horsman, Mr. Lowe, and Sir John Pakington, and somebody else, whether it is intended that the Irish Church should be perpetually maintained, or whether it should fall, as I am certain before long it must fall, before the advancing intelligence and sense of justice of the people.

"What these gentlemen really fear is this—they fear a transfer of power. In 1860, when the Franchise Bill was under discussion in Parliament, a noble lord who sits on the opposite side of the House, and who is very acute and sometimes very candid, said that it was nothing to him to show that the working people were industrious, frugal, intelligent, and independent, and so forth; what he objected to was the transfer of power from the persons who now hold it in this country. Well, in 1688 there was a considerable transfer of power; the monarchy was in great danger; James II., either ran away or was driven away, and the succeeding monarch had his powers very much limited by the action of Parliament. Does anybody believe that the monarchy has been the worse for it, or that the people have not been the better? In 1832, the aristocracy of the country, the territorial power which ruled from 1688 to 1832, was shorn of some of its authority. Does anybody believe that the aristocratic families of this country, or the heads of them have really suffered by that change? Is there anybody who doubts that the great body of the people have been immense gainers by that change? I hold that as the people grow in wealth, in independence, in intelligence, there must be a gradual transfer of power. The Crown has less than it once had; no one, that I know of, proposes to diminish its power further. The Peers have less than they once had, but are not the worse for it. The people will have more than they ever had before, and probably crown, peers, and people will be better by the change.

"After the many great and useful changes that have been made during the last thirty years, there remain five millions of families who are entirely unrepresented. Confine your attention to those families. There are amongst them one million, considerably more than a million, I believe, in the United Kingdom, of those who are

classed in the unfortunate list of paupers. There are at least a million who are just above paupers, always in peril lest they themselves should become paupers; their condition and prospects are no more favourable than that; then look at the ignorance of the lower strata of this portion of the nation; look at their poverty, their sufferings, their utter hopelessness of good. Why, in the American Southern States during the reign of slavery, every negro had an idea that there was a day of jubilee for him. 'Verily,' they used to say, 'the Lord will come and deliver us.' But in this class, this lowest strata of the population of your country, I venture to say there is neither belief in anything better for them, nor scarcely is there any aspiration after it.

"Cast your eye over this country and see these five millions of families, and the desperate condition of the lowest strata of them,—is it not true that this unenfranchised nation may be said to toil and toil, and almost know no rest? Compare it with the ruling class—but if I do I shall be charged with communism—it will be said that I want to divide the property of the rich and squander it amongst the poor. They said, you know, that I wanted to take the lands of the rich and divide them amongst the poor. But compare that class, that great nation, the toiling and unenfranchised nation, with the governing class in this country. Look at this wealth, this ostentation, this luxury; behold this weariness—for there is even weariness amongst them, but it is the weariness of satiety—and see how they push from place to place, as it were, to discover some new pleasure. But that great nation of whom I have spoken, that great nation which has built up the power of this country—this unenfranchised people, without whom England would be but a province, which a single division of a Continental army might subdue and annex—that great nation of five millions of families is utterly excluded from any share in political power in this country, and that small section of whom I have spoken, containing a vast proportion of excellent persons, is potentially the governing power in this realm. Let me now put to you a single proposition. Let me put it to the people of this kingdom, if, of the eight millions that are now shut out, one million was admitted—and you will mark the extreme, some will say blameable moderation of the suggestion—if only one million were admitted, would not the cry of the toil-laden and the suffering which even now ascends to heaven—would it not, think you, reach and be heard even on the floor of Parliament? For do not forget that the ear of the Supreme is nearer even to the lowliest of us than is that of our earthly rulers. But if that voice was heard in Parliament, would it not perchance do something to still the roar of faction and to bend the powers of statesmanship to the high and holy purposes of humanity and of justice? I speak not the language of party. I feel myself above the level of party. I speak as I have ever endeavoured to speak on behalf of the unenfranchised, the almost voiceless millions of my countrymen; their claim is just and it is

constitutional ; it will be heard, and it cannot be rejected. To the outward eye, monarchs and parliaments seem to rule with an absolute and unquestioned sway ; but, and I quote the words which one of our old Puritan poets has left for us—

‘There is on earth a yet auguster thing,
Veiled though it be, than Parliament or king.’

That auguster thing is the tribunal which God has set up in the consciences of men. It is before that tribunal that I am now permitted humbly to plead, and there is something in my heart—a small but an exultant voice—which tells me I shall not plead in vain.” (The hon. gentleman sat down amid an immense outburst of cheering, the audience rising and continuing the demonstration for some time.)

TRANSATLANTIC NOMS DE PLUME.—Readers of American literature, serial or other, may find the following list of pen-names, useful in informing them of the personality of the several writers whose signatures meet their eye. The readers of “Rutledge” may as well know that its author is Miss Marion Coles ; the New Gospel of Peace was written by Richard Grant White, who is editor and biographer of Shakspeare ; Orpheus C. Kerr (office-seeker) is Robert H. Newell ; Artemus Ward is Charles F. Browne ; Carl Benson is Charles A. Bristed ; Marion Harlan is Mrs. Virginia Terhume ; Trenæus is Rev. Dr. S. I. Prime ; Jeemes Pipes, Stephen C. Massett ; Howard Glyndon, Laura C. Ridden ; Fanny Fern, Mrs. James Parton ; Doesticks, Fanny Fern’s son-in-law, Mortimer Thompson ; Jennie June, Mrs Jennie Croly ; Miles O’Reilly, Col. Charles G. Halpin ; K. N. Pepper, James W. Morris ; Barry Gray, Robert Barry Coffin ; the Lounger of Harper’s, George W. Curtis ; Mr. Sparrowgrass, F. S. Cozzens ; Ik. Marvel, Donald G. Mitchell ; Occasional, of the Philadelphia Press, John W. Forney ; Burleigh, Matthew H. Smith ; Perley and Raconteur, Major Ben Perley Poore ; Malakoff, of the New York Times, Dr. Johnson ; Mace Sloper, C. G. Leland, translator of Heine ; Frank Forrester, Henry W. Herbert ; Josh Billings, A. W. Shaw ; Timothy Titcomb, Dr. J. G. Holland ; Gail Hamilton, Miss Abigail E. Dodge ; McArone, George Arnold ; Mrs. Partington, B. P. Shillaber ; Ned Buntline, E. Z. C. Judson ; Edmund Kirk, J. R. Gilmore ; John Phoenix, the late Captain Derby ; Harry Franco, Charles F. Briggs ; Misses Wetherell, Susan and Anna Warner ; Figaro, Henry Clapp, jun. ; the “*” of the *Independent*, Henry Ward Beecher ; Ariel, of the *Leader*, S. R. Fisk ; The Governor, of the *Atlas*, Henry Morford ; Ezek. Richards, political *nom de plume* of John Savage ; Mercutio, William Winter ; Asa Trenchard, H. Waterson ; Paul Creyton, J. T. Trowbridge ; The Bee-hunter, Colonel T. B. Thorpe ; Dick Tinto, S. C. Goodrich, jun. ; Hans Yorkel, Oakey Hall ; Ton, E. Kingman ; and John Happy, J. P. Roberts.

The Reviewer.

Sir William Hamilton: being the Philosophy of Perception. An Analysis. By JAMES HUTCHISON STIRLING. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

THIS is the work of a man who is emphatically a thinker. James Hutchison Stirling has written a treatise on "The Secret of Hegel"—which, we regret to say, we have not read. There is, however, in this harsh-spoken, trenchant, and incisive critique, proof enough of ability to give new, fresh, vigorous thought to the problems of philosophy. The vision and the insight of the man is acute and accurate. The argument against Sir William Hamilton's tenets is put in a more telling form than it has been presented by its author's "more distinguished contemporary, Mr. Mill;" and as it is less discursive it is more cogent. The eye with which Mr. Stirling has perused the scattered writings of Hamilton has been lynx-like in its fault-seeing. The selective faculty which culled the pertinent extracts to which he refers as embodying the distinct utterances of the doctrine of Hamilton has been choicely gifted with a sleuth-hound's infallibility of pursuit and seizure, despite of all dodges and evasions. The logical power by which comparisons have been made between passage and passage, thought and thought, is cultured and sharpened to the finest, while the language employed in the discussion is terse, animated, varied, well arranged, and most effectively put together.

It would be difficult indeed to mistake the signification of any sentence in the book. Without being so pedantically scholastic, it is as translucent as Hamilton's. The grasp of his mind is tense, the heat of his passion intense, and the language in which he expresses both is sententious, graphic, and precise. We may at once illustrate the subject on which the book treats, and prove what we have advanced regarding the thinking and style of the author by an extract, such as the following:—

"Consciousness is veracious; consciousness is not mendacious; the facts of consciousness must be accepted; consciousness is our ultimate standard. In order to try consciousness, another consciousness were demanded: the facts of consciousness are mutually congruent and coherent; the consciousness is itself false, and the whole edifice of knowledge—society itself—topples; the root of nature is a lie; God is a deceiver; unconditional scepticism is the melancholy result; our personality, our immortality, our moral liberty—in short, 'man is the dream of a shadow, God is the dream of that dream.' No reader of Hamilton but knows these utterances well. How constantly, how unexceptively they are repeated! Yet the pole on which they turn all of them is a sophism, a fallacy 'probably

without a parallel," as Hamilton himself says of Brown, "in the whole history of philosophy, and this portentous error is prolific—*chimæra chimæram parit*. Were the evidence of the mistake less unambiguous, we should be disposed rather to question our own perspicacity than to tax so subtle an intellect with so gross a blunder."—(*Disc.* p. 57.) But the evidence is not ambiguous. Hamilton has started with the *fallacia accidentis*, and entangled himself in error ever the deeper the farther. Why, were consciousness inviolable in the sense in which it must be understood to legitimate the conclusion of Hamilton in regard to the evidence of perception, then the tale of history is a dream, for that whole tale is but the transcendence of error after error, and these errors were the errors of consciousness. For what are all our reformatories, refuges, asylums—for what are missions,—to what use schools, if special need not the correction of universal consciousness? History! why, what is it else than this? What is it else than the transcendence, morally, aesthetically, and intellectually of sense? *Morally*, for example, the *good* is now above the personal, and *aesthetically* the *beautiful* is above the *sapid*; but was either so when mankind belched (munched?) the acorn? Then, intellectually, what original facts of consciousness, so far as sense, so far as perception is consciousness have not been changed? The earth is no longer a plane; the firmament over it has gone into immensity—its lights are worlds. History has, in a manner, fixed the sun; and yet that in the morning he rises in the east and in the evening sets in the west, if false to intellect is true to sense, if false to *consciousness*, is true to *perception*" (pp. 55—57).

To this we may usefully add another well-laid paragraph:—

"The problem is, How can the mind know an external object? The first answer is, We have senses by which to smell it, taste it, touch it, hear it, and see it. Yes, is the rejoinder; but analysis and consideration will demonstrate that sense in each of these five modes is adequate to no more than the excitation in the mind of a passion, affection, or subjective feeling, which—as in the mind and occupying the mind, and, so to speak, colouring the mind in a manner nowise distinguishable from that in which a variety of confessedly internal elements—grief, joy, hate, &c., is capable of occupying and so to speak, colouring the mind—is evidence of its own self, and for its own self, but not possibly of or for anything else besides. A sensation is only intensive, it is only a passion; the mind, for the time, is this passion, and this passion is it: there is no limit in it of anything but itself; there is not the slightest suggestion in it of any transition whatever. Give the mind light only,—it fills it, the mind is it, and it is the mind; but what else is there, or what else can it suggest? Give the mind sound only; is it conceivable that the mind could disjoin it from itself any more than it could disjoin from itself anger or hope or fear? And as it is with these senses (sight and hearing), so also is it with the others. But if it be so with each singly, so also must it be with all together; for no addition of subjective to subjective can ever make an objective,—no addition of internal to internal can ever thicken it to an external" (p. 92).

These quotations will, we hope, amply justify our commendations of the author's literary and philosophical ability. If he is, as the preface to the book seems to hint, "already grey with work," it is a pity that his work should have constrained a thinker of such excellence from an earlier opportunity of entering the field of philosophical warfare. We know from another source than his book that the writer has spent long and laborious years in the study of the great thinkers of Germany "buried" in a solitude of reflectiveness,

although within easy reach of one of the busiest capitals of thought in Europe. The fruitage of his mind is perhaps richer and riper because of this long delay and sedulous culture, and we hope that the protracted patience of the writer may not have been such as to hinder him from such reward as such devotedness to thought especially deserves—effective influence on thinking minds.

The book under notice is a polemic against the theory of presentation, of which Hamilton was the reputed champion and advocate. It is only part of a larger work—forming about a third of the whole—of which we have the following outline in the preface:—“I. The philosophy of perception, containing as subsections under it—1. Hamilton both presentationist and phenomenalist; 2. The testimony of consciousness, or Hamilton’s *ὄρις*; 3. The analysis of philosophy, or Hamilton’s *διόρις*; and 4. The principle of common sense. II. The philosophy of the conditioned, containing as subsections under it—1. The absolute; 2. Hamilton’s knowledge of Kant and Hegel; and 3. The law of the conditioned. III. Logic. And IV. A general conclusion.” The other parts are for the present suppressed in submission to the temper of the times, and in consideration of the appearance of Mr. Mills’ book—noticed in the paper by the present critic on “Controversies on Philosophy,” in October, 1865, in this serial.

The questions raised in this book go to the very core of philosophy. Is presentationism or phenomenism most accordant with the teachings of consciousness? Is consciousness reliable? Do sensations excite ideas in us and reveal themselves to us, or do we project our ideas out upon the world of sense, and so construct all this wondrous world we see? All physical, as opposed to psychical science is an investigation of the outward external universe. It proceeds on an undoubting assumption that matter is external to the mind and possessed of certain discoverable qualities. The irresistible beliefs of men harmonize with these assumptions of physical science. All the acquisitions of science are said to be gained in the outlying fields of experience, and are possible only on the assumption that the qualities of bodies are such as men commonly believe them to be. But are the results of science reliable? Do men perceive things as they are in themselves, or do they see them only in shadows—in appearances. Are things *presented* or *represented*; are they realities that we perceive, or are our perceptions only and solely interpretations of our own consciousness and modifications of our perceptive energies? If they are only appearances, how is science possible?—does its very existence not imply realism? Introspection can only reveal to us that which it looks at—if always *that*. It cannot reveal to us the outward. Are things, then, only imagined in or consciousness, or are we able to see through or beyond consciousness? Is consciousness a sensitive mirror or a window? and is *self* an unrescuable prisoner within the senses without either inlet or outlet of truth except through their agency? If so, presentation is impossible and phenomenism alone can be trustworthy as a

philosophy. But if phenomenalism thus preserves philosophy, does it not destroy science which founds itself expressly on realism and presentationism? This is a question to which neither Mill nor Stirling have given themselves. To Mr. Mill's opinions the reply of Professor Grote in his "*Exploratio Philosophica*" (p. 163), is relevant, viz., "Mind and its sensations, *i. e.*, the revelation of its consciousness must take precedence of phenomenalism, and be presupposed to it, not be put by the side of it, subject to a logic derived from it, and considered as what may be conceivably reduced to it." But to Mr. Stirling this is no reply. He accepts consciousness as first, prime, and inviolable; yet he affirms the phenomenal character of all its revelations, and that beyond phenomena man cannot get, and so shows philosophy to be possible. But what of science then? Unless the real objects of our mental impressions are given to consciousness, how comes it that all our treatment of externals leads to such results as imply their correct presentation to our minds? If presentationism is wrong, is not "science falsely so called"—can it be knowledge, can it give truth? Mr. Stirling does not afford us any clue, in this work, as to how he would reconcile the assumption of presentationism by science so fertile in results with the denial through philosophy of the possibility of anything else than phenomenal experience. It may be that "*The Secret of Hegel*" supplies the key to the riddle. However, this is our great initial difficulty in regard to any theory of perception which opposes common sense, supported by the long results of science all tending to prove the reality not the ideality of things.

It is, however, as a contribution to "controversies in philosophy" that the book comes before us; and as a polemical work, it is singularly able. The accusation against Sir William Hamilton of being contradictory and self-willed is so far established unescapably except, as we think, through one open space. But this is of higher moment to his immediate disciples than for us. The outlet we think possible lies here. Sir William Hamilton wrote both as a metaphysician and as a logician. As the former, he required to accept consciousness and interpret it from the inner side of self (*connaître*); as the latter he was compelled to look upon consciousness as played upon by phenomena and as working among these for the acquisition of truth (*savoir*), confirming his view, or at least his expression of his views—to the single matter in hand he seems to be as a metaphysician a phenomenalist, as a logician a presentationist. But if so, he has left us to guess his point of junction, and how he would have shown the unity of his logic and metaphysics. However this is, Mr. Stirling has contributed to the fulfilment of Sir William Hamilton's highest aim, which was to make philosophy a gymnasium for thought, and has given to literature a book full of acute thought and clear reasonings, written in a transparent style.

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Primary Beliefs. By RICHARD LOWNDES. London: Williams and Norgate.

SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON's metaphysical theories have led to much controversy. In this they have been highly serviceable to philosophy. He was above most men a stimulating thinker. Although personally, at least latterly, inclined to look with somewhat more than just favour on those who professed themselves to be his disciples, yet he never lost sight of the principle that any science of mind to be useful must be able to excite controversy. Jeune inanity may escape debateability, but any thought which takes a strong hold on men's minds must induce them to doubt or controvert the opinions opposed to them. Hamilton seems in this particular to have taken a new lease of life. It has taken the general public ten years nearly to get itself educated up to the comprehension of the important topics of thought he bequeathed to humanity as his life's legacy. The subduing influence of his thoughts have been felt by Richard Lowndes, who commenced this work with the intent of making it an epitome of that learned and vigorous thinker's theories and the results of his researches into the dim-lit recesses of the mind. He has not, however, rested *in statu pupulari*, but has become an investigator, and now assumes the position of a teacher.

Mr. Lowndes has somewhat painstakingly read and thought himself up to his subject. Perhaps for philosophic readers he is, in the earlier part of his book, a little too elementary, but this is an advantage to readers unpractised in the perusal of works on mental phenomena. He proceeds right onward from the plainest fundamental facts stated in the most simple language to the most recondite of the conclusions to which the reach of the book extends. He began his work with the design of making it a popular epitome of the theories of Sir Wm. Hamilton, but he soon learned, as almost all thoughtful students do, to suspect that Sir William Hamilton's forms of statement, though placed so vigorously, reliantly before the reader, will not fall into or form a consistent theory, and a sense of disagreement arose in him. This was farther complicated by the (perhaps) injudicious extension theology-wards which Mr. Mansel gave Hamilton's doctrines, and at last he who commenced as a disciple with gladness took with sorrow the position of an aggressor. Admitting the destructiveness of the youthful intellect as a considerable element in thinking, it scarcely explains the constant outbreak of dissent in theological and philosophical circles, which are both terribly sectarian.

Mr. Lowndes believes in the uncommon sense of the common-sense philosophers, and he rechristens the common sense of Reid "the Groundwork of Belief implanted in Man," or, more shortly, "Primary Beliefs," and in the earlier portion of this volume he does little else than "arrange, systematize, and express in somewhat less technical language Sir Wm. Hamilton's doctrines of primary

beliefs." But is Hamilton's common sense theory that of Dr. Reid? Let us read and see:—

"We have here (*i. e.*, in common sense) a remarkable conflict between two contradictory opinions, wherein all mankind are engaged. On the one side stand all the vulgar, who are unpractised in philosophical researches, and guided by the *uncorrupted primary instincts of nature*. On the other side stand all the philosophers, ancient and modern; every man, without exception, who reflects. In this division, to my great humiliation, I find myself classed with the vulgar."—Reid, in *Hamilton's Reid's Works*, p. 302.

"Some of those who opposed it (*i. e.*, common sense) to the sceptical conclusions of Hume, did not sufficiently counteract the notion which the name might naturally suggest; they did not emphatically proclaim that *it was no appeal to the undeveloped beliefs of the unreflective many*; and they did not inculcate that it presupposed a critical analysis of these beliefs by the philosophers themselves. On the contrary, their language and procedure might even sometimes warrant an opposite conclusion."—*Hamilton's Reid's Works*, note A., p. 752.

The contrast is thus ably pointed out in James H. Stirling's "Sir William Hamilton"—

"As proclaiming the criterion of common sense Reid stands with 'the vulgar'; he is 'guided by the uncorrupted primary instincts of nature' to [the possessors of] which instincts it is no prejudice that they are 'unpractised in philosophical researches;' he finds himself opposed by all the philosophers, ancient and modern,—by 'every man, without exception, who reflects;' and he has no resource but to appeal from the latter to the former—from the 'philosophers' to 'the vulgar'—from every man, without exception, who reflects, to every man, presumably, without exception, who does not reflect" (p. 112).

Reid says that common sense and philosophy are directly opposed; and he would destroy the latter under the feet of the former. "I quite agree with him," says Hamilton; "I cry common sense, too, but I practise philosophy all the same. That is, I take the name common sense: it is a good name; then I counteract the notion which it might naturally suggest; after that I emphatically proclaim that it is no appeal to the undeveloped beliefs of the unreflective many; next I inculcate that it 'presupposes a critical analysis of these beliefs by the philosophers themselves'; lastly, I 'as a philosopher'—still with the name and all the advantages of the position claimed—set on my 'critical analysis' and tell my findings" (p. 114).

This is a severe polemic against Hamilton which it is ill to get over; but Mr. Lowndes is only implicated in it so far as he holds the opinion that "Hamilton found out this last jewel [common sense], polished and reset it, and restored to it its reputation." Mr. Lowndes accepts common sense as the original material of philosophy, and subjects that to an analysis which is exceedingly fairly and ably conducted, and from this analogy, as he believes, there does indeed issue as the essence and inner secret of common sense, certain primary beliefs which underly all thought and make it possible.

The question, from the treatment of which Mr. Lowndes' treatise derives its distinct originality is this,—Is there or is there not, in the mind of man, a power to *think* that which it cannot *imagine*? The power to imagine is demonstrably limited to such objects as

are concrete and finite. Is there or is there not, a faculty of pure reason which transcends these limits?" He sets himself to prove that "there is such a faculty," and to overthrow "the theory of the unconditioned," whose advocates have been likened by De Morgan to gentlemen who "bring a candle to get light enough to prove that there must be total darkness."

"Some conceptions" (says De Morgan in an able tractate on "Infinity," in the "Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society," vol. xi., part i., read 16th May, 1864) "over and above their connection with others, belong to objects of thought which have *images* which we can place, as the phrase is, before 'the mind's eye.' We make a kind of image where there is none, in such a manner that the word *image* becomes a sort of synonym of *conceive*. All our senses have their *images*; we can image a cry of fire, and the inmates of the house rousing up in alarm. But though we can *conceive* their alarm we cannot *image* it; by the deprecation of a word we can imagine it. The distinction is the heading of a wide chapter in psychology, and one which is little read." Mr. Lowndes has caught a glimpse of this theory of "the distinction between imagining or picturing, and pure thinking," and has, in part, ably worked out a good deal of new thought from this quarry of philosophy. He first asks, "Do primary beliefs exist?" and concludes "that the existence of such primary beliefs should be accepted as a fact without theorizing as to their origin." Thereafter he inquires, "Are primary beliefs trustworthy?" and resting mainly on the self-consistency of the body of "primary beliefs," argues for their essential verity. This leads him to consider "the test of a primary belief," and these he finds in simplicity, incomprehensibility,* universality, and necessity.

An "analysis of consciousness" follows, as the *datum* of philosophy. He resolves the facts of mind into *cognitions* of five sorts, —percepts, internal presentations, remembrances, imaginations, thoughts or notions; and *non-cognitions* or feelings, and volitions. He then analyses external presentation, which gives percepts, a percept being "the single datum of a single sense;" next internal presentation, each specific sort of which is a "datum of consciousness which is believed or felt to be an immediate act or state of the self." Representations, as including remembrances and imaginations, are thereafter considered, and then the unpicturable data of thought-notions, *e.g.*, negation, space, time, notions of class as differing from ideas of individuals, &c.

* Incomprehensibility, we may here note, signifies, in the Hamiltonian philosophy, not being contained or implied in anything else, indeducible. This test is, therefore, not amenable to J. H. Stirling's objection, that "because we have always understood that *evidence*, especially if *simple* is precisely that by which incomprehensibility [*i.e.*, incapability of being understood] becomes comprehensibility, we are at a loss to conceive how the same thing that is incomprehensible should be not only *simple*, but evident." Sir Wm. Hamilton, p. 121. *Incomprehensibility* means immediacy of issue from the soul, inderivative ideality.

"The primary beliefs in consciousness" come next to be considered, under which head we are led to ask, "What is in fact the established general belief of mankind upon each of the subjects in question?" and "what contribution towards such a belief has or can have been made by the senses or the internal sense," which involves the task "of collating these beliefs one with another," to discover whether "our primary beliefs, considered as a body, are self-consistent."

This necessitates that we should inquire of "belief" what it is. In this section Mr. Lowndes denies, faultily, we think, any essential distinction between belief and knowledge; but defines the one as a development, *i. e.* a higher degree of the other. He next discusses "The doctrine of natural realism," which is followed by a discussion on "Substance," and on "Space and time." To this there succeeds an able chapter on "The conjunction of intuitions," involving a consideration of words and categories. Of his chapter on "Causation," the conclusion, which is acutely reached, is, that "the search for causes is the search for volition underlying non-volition," which of course disposes of the theory "that cause is no more than invariable sequence," as is shown in a criticism of Mill's "Theory of Causation." Hamilton's "Philosophy of the Unconditioned" is carefully examined and criticised. It is denied that "the infinite is not simply incomprehensible, but incogitable," and the theory is declared to be unacceptable by the reason.

In the conclusion, Mr. Lowndes considers the "Primary beliefs in relation to theology." This part—which, however, contains some of the chiest passages and many of the finest thoughts in the book—we like least. It is not well contextured with the rest, it has the appearance of an addendum, and seems to place philosophy in the false position of suing *in forma pauperis* for the favour of theology. It is a concession to "use and wont" which we grudge them,—

"Old sisters of a day gone by
 Grey muses loving nothing new;
 Why should they they miss their [dole and] due
 Before their time? They, too, will die."

A true philosophy, we grant, cannot but be consistent with a true theology; for whoso loves wisdom will love above all things else, a knowledge of that which is best, highest, holiest—God. But it seems pandering to an ill-habit thus to show with marked emphasis and earnestness of effort, that any proposed philosophy agrees with any established theology. The proper question in regard to any philosophy is, Is it reasoned and true? Theology may be the noblest of the sciences, but why should she be the tyrant of all thought, and hold in her hampering reins the honest issues and forth-going of the human mind?

We have no heterodox feeling in speaking thus. We speak so in the interests alike of philosophy and theology. If man is to be developed in all his faculties, in his entire *selfhood*—theology must

be kept constantly engaged in reinvestigating, not only its self-consistency, but its consistency with the high purposes of Deity and the holiest interests of humanity ; its adaptation to the state of the human mind it is to influence, and its harmony with the entire Scripture in its various parts interpreted by the best lights available in every age. In this philosophy can assist her. But the rightful place of philosophy is as a sister, not a servant. The philosopher is to love wisdom, and in his love must seek it. He cannot accept it in dogmas, he must attain to it by reasoning, and collate it into doctrine. In the long run dogma and doctrine will coincide, and philosophy and theology shall "dwell together in unity."

This contribution to philosophy is of great value for its simplicity, thoroughness, care, pertinence of argument, and clearness of thought, width of field, precision of statement, sight of and insight into the problems of human faith and reason.

Theological Controversy; or the Function of Debate in Theology. By JOHN TULLOCH, D.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh and London : Wm. Blackwood and Son.

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH is an accomplished, liberal, and popular divine, one of the ablest preachers in the Church of Scotland, and one of the most fluent and ready debaters in the General Assembly of that section of the ecclesiastical world. Such personal details as are generally known to the literary and religious men of the time have already been put before our readers (*British Controversialist*, November, 1861, p. 351). He has since issued a work on "Beginning Life," visited Tübingen, and resided in Italy, where he wrote, for his students, a refutation of the Rationalistic theory of "The Life of Christ;" popularized by Renan in a series of letters which have since been published. He is Clerk of Assembly, and editor of the *Record* of the church of which he is a member. He took a most active part in advocating freedom of worship in the Assembly of May last. He is one of her Majesty's chaplains in ordinary in Scotland.

The pamphlet now under notice will, perhaps, be found to contain little that is positively new to those who have read so much regarding controversy, especially the papers "Concerning Controversy," or "The Logic of Debate," in December, 1861.

It is thus that Dr. Tulloch defends religious controversy :—

"These questions, one and all, in the state in which they have reached us, are the product of past controversy. They have come down to us in a form, and with a meaning communicated by the conflict of great minds who saw different sides of truth in them, and who respectively urged and defended with eagerness their own views. They are directed by the struggles of centuries ; and the intelligent student marks everywhere, as he traces their course, the impress of strong and vehement contention, especially when it reaches here and there some crisis of development, and issues in a definite result of doctrine which has remained a possession of the Christian church," p. 7.

"Debate," he says, again, "serves to give *clearness* and *precision* to our theological conceptions. It is an interrogative; expository, definitive process, highly serviceable in theology, as in any other department of knowledge. Theological, no less than philosophical doctrines are only understood and validly held by us in so far as we can intelligently explain and defend them. For such doctrines in their most catholic shapes are not Christian verities as they spring from the living word, and go straight to the common heart, and may be felt by all; but they are these verities in a *reasoned form*, as conceived and argued out by the Christian intellect; and we can only fully understand them by arguing them over again, as it were, in our own rational consciousness, and apprehending them, on all sides, and not merely on the authoritative side which has descended to us," p. 8.

He warns wisely, however, as well as exhorts bravely:—

"Controversy, therefore, while it has its uses, has also its dangers and snares. . . . It will preserve its usefulness to the student, if accepted as a gymnastic for the intellect, a test for the temper, a discipline for the moral as well as the mental nature. It will do him harm rather than good, if he does not carefully watch against the excesses to which it often leads, and if he makes it rather an instrument for strengthening his prejudices, than of opening his mind and enlarging his sympathies and perceptions of truth. Divorced from moral influences, from a sense of fairness, 'gentleness, goodness,' truth, from a candid intellect and a generous heart—controversy becomes mere baseness."

The pamphlet has already excited great attention for its freedom, out-spoken vigour, and personal power. We are glad to call attention to it as a proof that the "*Function of Controversy*" is an important one, and that there is, even in a theological sense, a place, a power, and a duty open for the *British Controversialist*.

A New Course of Practical Grammar; or, a Plain Straight Road to Good English. By JOHN VICKERS. London: F. Pitman.

In this book the master of the grammar school, Blakesley, Towcester, has made "an attempt to teach simply and thoroughly English spelling, inflection, and composition in one volume," and has combined this with a "new system of exercises adapted both for schools and for self-instruction." The attempt is laudable, the success considerable, the originality unquestionable, and the advantage likely to result from the thorough study of the book to self-educators invaluable. It is an effort worthy of encouragement and reward.

Old Jonathan. London: W. H. Collingridge.
The British Workman. London: S. W. Partridge.

These two productions of a religious, social, and economical tendency, deserve our entire approval in get up, illustration, aim, and contents. We wish them the best success—usefulness.

The Inquirer.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

572. As there are few things of more importance to the self-educating student than a judicious selection of books, will you, or some of your able contributors, kindly furnish a list of those most suitable for a systematic course of reading, according to the method, and for the end indicated in Mr. Neil's little work, "Culture, and Self-Culture," naming them in the order in which they should be read?—G. H.

573. Two works included in "The Encyclopædia Metropolitana," viz., *Universal History* and *Universal Grammar*, have come into my hand. Both appear to me to be excellent; but I can learn nothing about their author (Sir John Stoddart). Can you enlighten my ignorance by a few particulars?—JUVENIS.

574. What is the precise object of political economy?—T. D. V.

575. Who were the chief writers in a periodical called *The Philological Museum*, issued at Cambridge, 1832-3?—A FRESHMAN.

576. Which is the best manual of classical antiquities?—A FRESHMAN.

577. Has the history of newspapers ever been written?—J. ALLEN.

578. Wm. Chambers, Esq., has been elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh. What is meant by this dignity, and what has the receiver of it done? Is he one of the members of the great publishing firm?—TOM ENGLISH.

579. Where can one get a good, reliable account of the Crusades?—HISTORICUS.

580. Goethe's "Faust" is a famous poem often spoken about. What is its plot, its characters, and its design? Has it been translated?—NEMO.

581. What is Motley the historian?

—ARCADES.

582. Is Sydney Dobell yet alive?—JOHN D.

583. What cyclopædia of Bible Literature can be thoroughly recommended?—INQUIRER.

584. The "Vicar of Bray" is an historical personage. Will some gentleman favour with an account of when he lived, where he was located, and what his name was, and for what he is noted?—S. S.

585. In his "Village Dialogues," Rowland Hill alludes to clergymen turning soldiers, and to their being advised by the bishops not to do so. What circumstances are here referred to, and when did they take place?—S. S.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

539. We know of no "History of Accidents;" James Allen therefore deserves credit for that rare circumstance—the suggestion of a good literary idea. There can be little doubt that a most interesting and valuable work might be written by an intelligent and thoughtful author on "Accidents and their Causes." It is not improbable that some literary craftsman, looking out for a feasible subject may note James Allen's query as one affording him the chance of doing a good thing for himself and the public. Mr. John Timbs might perhaps be found to possess collections likely to help in the composition of such a work.—PETER L.—

548. Perhaps you would not object to my expressing my agreement in the commendation already given of "Richardson's Dictionary," and at the same time allow me to make a note

regarding the man and the book. Dr. Charles Richardson, LL.D., died at Feltham on the 6th Nov., at the age of ninety. He was one of the most noted and laborious of our numerous lexicographers, and has, indeed, produced the only English dictionary which is capable of thoroughly rivalling the elaborate but incomplete and perverse work of Samuel Johnson, the father of English lexicographers — Richardson being to the nineteenth century what the Lichfield scholar was to the eighteenth. A slight notice of the work of this literary nonagenarian's life may not be uninteresting to those of a younger era and an age of competing dictionaries. He was born at Hoxton, in Middlesex, July, 1775, and received his early education at Hatfield, in Yorkshire. It was intended that he should study law, but an irresistible desire for the culture of scholarly habits drew him to devote himself to teaching and to literary pursuits. (One of his pupils, whose future in life he probably determined, was J. M. Kemble, son of Charles Kemble, the actor, who gained a fame in English philology scarcely less notable than that of his father's in English tragedy). In 1815 he published a critical examination of the etymologies, the plan and the vocabulary of Dr. Johnson, which attracted considerable notice from its trenchancy and multifarious information. The work having fallen into the hands of the projectors of the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," Charles Richardson was induced to undertake the superintendence of the philological department, which was to consist of "A Philosophical and Etymological Lexicon of the English Language; the citations, selected and arranged chronologically, yet including all the purposes of a common dictionary." This *unique* plan was steadily adhered to at the expense of an amount of labour of which no idea can be formed by any one who has not attempted to collect "modern instances" from the indexless chaos of English literature. It had not only the advantages of em-

bodiment in a philosophical lexicon a history of our language, but it imparted an interest and value to the dictionary which can scarcely be over-estimated. It is a mass of careful compilation, not unsuccessfully adapted to the wants of students, men of letters, and general readers. During the currency of its serial issue in the "Encyclopædia" its utility and merit were discerned and admitted, and a pretty general approbation was bestowed upon the work of the patient labourer who honestly and contentedly strove to fulfil Dr. Johnson's definition of "a lexicographer," in being "a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the origin and detailing the signification of words." After a twenty years' progress in its serial publication had been made, arrangements were made with the eminent publisher, Wm. Pickering, to reproduce the work as a whole. It was at first published in divisions, commencing in 1835, and the entire work was completed in two volumes, each containing nearly 2,300 pages of three columns. Upwards of £6,000 was expended on its production, and the work was sold at five guineas. It contained a revised issue of the lexicon in the "Encyclopædia," with a chronological series of quotations from the times of Wicliffe and Chaucer to those of Burke and Cowper. The *Quarterly Review* noticed it as "a dictionary such as perhaps no other language could ever boast." In 1839 an abridgment of this work was issued by the same publisher in one vol. 8vo., of 900 pages, double columned, at a guinea, under the title of "A New Dictionary of the English Language." In 1826 Richardson had reprinted his "Illustrations of English Philology," the work by which he had become known. He is the author of two minor essays, one on "Grammar, and English Grammarians," and the other on "Fancy and Imagination," in controversion of the opinions held by Dugald Stewart and William Wordsworth. In 1854 a little work, "On the Study of Languages," chiefly elucidat-

ing the views contained in the once celebrated "Diversions of Purley," by Horne Tooke, to a passage in which he confesses himself indebted for the idea of the plan of his dictionary. He was, however, to a great extent a disciple of the President de Brosses, who wrote a century ago (1765), "On the Mechanical Formation of Speech." Richardson was a frequent contributor to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, several of the quarterlies, and he took much interest in all questions relating to language, archæology, &c. During the last few years he had almost entirely departed from public notice, and he resided latterly in learned quiet at Tulse Hill, Norwood. His dictionary passed recently, we believe, into the hands of Messrs. Bell and Dalky, as the successors to Mr. Bohn. It was re-issued in 1844—1859, and the abridgement appeared in different editions at the following dates:—1845, 1855, and 1860. We believe it is intended to reproduce this work, as well as some of the philological and philosophical essays of the distinguished lexicographer whom we have just lost. Scottish readers may be interested to know that Dr. Richardson retained to the last the antagonism to the speculations on language given expression to in Edinburgh University, which he first mooted in the edition of his "Illustrations of English Philology" in 1826. The compiler of a work so grand in design, so elaborate in execution, and so illustrative of the wealth of words of which our language consists, ought scarcely to be lowered into the dust without some record of the labours by which he won an honourable distinction, and, we believe, a humble though hardly earned competency.—S. N.

556. The literature of Italy is much more powerful than that of Spain, and numbers among its writers some of the grandest thinkers of the world. Italian thought, too, has been always bolder and freer than Spanish. Spanish, however, is much more easily learned than Italian; although few opportunities for its acquisition are to be found in any but large

towns. Such an acquaintance as would enable a student to read with pleasure might be acquired in a year and a half or so, at an hour a day. The mere power of reading—without the power of conversation—may be very readily gained if constant practice is given to it. Reading requires only an intellectual assent to the syntax of a language, conversation demands a vital activity of thought into which the syntax has been caught and brought.—R. M. A.

566. John Locke, b. 29th August, 1632, at Wrington, near Bristol, d. in London, 28th October, 1704, is the author of a work which forms an epoch in British philosophy, "An Essay on the Human Understanding." Its great object is to find the length of man's *tether* is thought. For this purpose he becomes the surveyor of mind. He thinks Descartes's doctrines of *innate ideas*—as he mistakenly conceived it,—erroneous, and repudiated it. He took experience as his sole interpreter of the facts of consciousness and found sensation and reflection to be the only true sources of ideas, and he traces all our chief conceptions to these sources. His second book "Of Ideas" discusses the notions of time, space, infinity, power, substance, good and evil, as emanations from these sources. Book third considers language as the instrument of truth, and the fourth book treats of the limits of human knowledge. It is a great, though in much of its contents a mistaken, work. Its perusal is indispensable to any thinker; and Lord King's life of the author is a good commentary on his works. Cousin's critique upon his philosophy is highly thought of. Tennemann, Schultze, Damiron, &c., have written treatises on his system. Hartley, James Mill, and J. S. Mill prolong his school, which is not fairly succeeded by Condillac, Destutt Tracy, Broussais, and others in France as is commonly said. Morell, Maurice, and Lewes, supply critiques more easily attainable than those above mentioned. I do not know "The Intellectualism of Locke."—R. M. A.

568. The way to become a good preacher is to become a good man. A good man, whether he has facility of expression or otherwise, must be a good preacher. In addition to preaching with the life—the best of all preaching—is the preaching with words; these of necessity will be fluent, or otherwise, according to natural or acquired power. If a man has read much, conversed much, and thought more, providing he has brain and expression, he must be a good preacher. Then, exercise of the faculty, without which the most gifted will fail, must be sought. It is in this direction that the Wesleyans develop so many excellent preachers,—they give their young men opportunity to preach, the opportunity begets the power. The best preachers are the men with the largest experience: they have looked out upon the world, they know its needs and failings, and are, therefore, prepared to solicit and advise. The Bible,—the text-book of all preaching, should be known almost by heart; every aid and help in the form of commentary and illustration should be sought. But, and this is absolutely a necessity, a large and familiar acquaintance with the thoughts of sterling thinkers, must be obtained. This is the secret of the powerful preaching of Punsheon amongst the Wesleyans; Caughey amongst the Revivalists; Spurgeon amongst the Baptists; Binney amongst the Independents; the Bishop of Oxford amongst Churchmen; Dr. Norman Macleod in the Scotch Church; and Dr. Guthrie in the Free Church. If "Inquirer" is about to enter the ministry as a profession he, of course, will enter one of the training colleges, where all needful instruction will be given him; if, however, he does not propose doing so, but like Paul, labour with his hands in order to minister to his necessities, and preach as he has opportunity, let him inquire again, stating more directly his position and purpose, and a more special answer shall be given him.—J. J.

569. If your querist only wants a

"Geography of the British Empire; its Colonies and Dependencies," he will find it in an accurate and well-digested hand-book with this title, from the pen of Mrs. Caroline Bray, which is at once concise, precise, trustworthy, and full, popular, clear, and pleasantly written. It is issued by Messrs. Longman and Co., price 7s. 6d. It contains an index and coloured maps.—L. I. G. H. T.

570. Geo. Henry Lewes was born in London, 18th April. 1817. He spent part of his boyhood in Jersey. He was next placed under the care of Dr. Burney at Greenwich. After completing his school-training he entered the office of a Russian merchant as clerk, but shortly afterwards tired of a commercial life and became a student of medicine. But the sights of the dissecting room afflicted him, and he abandoned that study too. He was not destined to walk the hospitals, and mitigate the sorrows of sick-beds by "vile drugs." On attaining his majority, he determined on choosing literature as his profession. He went to Germany, and studied diligently for two years—life, literature, and philosophy. On his return to London he began a series of indefatigable labours as an expositor of foreign literature,—being possessed of a thorough knowledge of French, Italian, Spanish, and German. In this field he had few rivals if he had an equal. In many cases he knew not only the books but the men. His papers are more multifarious and more widely scattered than those of any other living writer, and embrace a more extended range than any author of the present day. What Livy said of the elder Cato might almost be repeated of Lewes, "*Hinc versatile ingenium sic pariter ad omnia fuit, ut natum ad id unum diceret, quod cunque ageret.*" "This man's genius was so versatile, so equally fitted to each pursuit, that whatever he did you would assert that he was born to do that very thing." Papers from his pen have appeared indifferently in serials so widely separated in opinion as *The Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwood*,

The Westminster, and *The British Quarterly*, the *Classical Museum*, and the *Monthly Chronicle*, *The British and Foreign Review*, and *Fraser*, &c. It would scarcely be possible, it is asserted, to mention a subject on which he has not written. He became early connected with Mr. Charles Knight as a contributor of articles on English literature, philosophy, &c., to the *Penny Cyclopædia*, and to *The Shilling Weekly Volumes* of that noble and notable publisher; he furnished a volume on "The Spanish Drama,—a criticism and epitome of the works of Lope de Vega and Calderon, composed in a lively and elegant style, with translations; and "The Biographical History of Ancient and Modern Philosophy," in four vols.,—since republished in a much extended and improved form in a library edition in one large royal octavo volume. This work is distinguished above all for clearness of thinking. The faculty for epitomizing has scarcely ever been exercised in the production of such graphic, vivacious, and lucid expositions; nor has criticism often supplied such concise and trenchant remarks as those in which he deals out his *adversaria*. The work sparkles with epigrams,—short, pithy, French-like sentences abound in it, and the entire book possesses a fascination, to us, far more irresistible than the most sensational of modern novels. These two works, as well as the novel "Ranthorpe,"—a three-volumed tale of literary life cut down into one volume, and therefore a little out of symmetry but very readable, belong to 1847. In 1848 he ventured again to solicit the circulating library by his "Rose, Blanche, and Violet,"—a story of three sisters respectively gay, gentle, and self-willed, and the adventures which befel them in their love careers. In 1849 he issued a "Life of Robespierre" which is "a marshalling together of widely scattered details, so selected as to present a view of the separate phases in the career of a remarkable man, and thus furnishing the data upon which a judgment of him may be formed." In

1850 his tragedy of "The Noble Heart" was brought on the boards of the Olympic, with G. V. Brooke as the hero, and was received with considerable favour. The author, who had adventured on the stage in behalf of some charitable objects, thought at one time of turning himself to that profession, and impersonated his own hero, *Don Gomez de la Vega* with much the same success as Douglas Jerrold did. Under the cognomen of Slingsby Lawrence, Esq., he has given several lighter pieces to the stage, among others the favourite farce of "The Game of Speculation," the main plot of which is borrowed from Balzac. In 1849 G. H. Lewes passed from collaborating in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle* to being editor of the *Leader*,—a paper intended to be the representative of advanced liberal intellect. While engaged on this undertaking he prepared his "Life and Works of Goethe," which appeared in 1855, and was republished in 1863, as well as an exposition of "Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences," published in 1853, partly reprinted from the *Leader*, and an edition of Spinoza, which was intended to appear in the summer of 1856, but which, from some difference with the publisher, Mr. Bohn, was, as a letter of the author's informs us, kept out of the market. In 1858 his "Sea-side Studies" re-issued from *Blackwood*, appeared; in 1859-60 his "Physiology of Common Life"; in 1860-1. his revised edition of Prof. Johnston's "Chemistry of Common Life";—all subjects showing his return to the physiological studies he had deserted in his youth. To pursue these he relinquished his editorial chair in 1854, and the paper not long afterwards fell from its high place and dwindled into inefficiency. His "Studies in Animal Life" are the fruit of some of these researches. He has recently planned a History of Science, of which he gave the public a specimen in 1864 in his work "On Aristotle." In May, 1865, *The Fortnightly Review* was commenced under his editorship, and in his papers on the "Principles of Suc-

cess in Literature," he is giving the teachings of a practised thinker and critic. Scarcely any of the Essayists in our greater serials could furnish so splendid a collection of sketches, pictures, and criticisms as G. H. Lewes, if he would publish a collection of his contributions. Perhaps this may be *verb. asp. est.* S. N.

571. I do not know myself of any book of the sort inquired after. I may, however, venture to cite the following passages from Homer's "Iliad" as beauties:—Helen on Troy's Walls, iii., 146-175, and 229-244; Diomedes wounding Venus, v., 330-354; Helen's address to Hector, vi., 344-358; Hector and Andromache, vi. 507-596; The Trojan's Camp, viii., 543-565; The Character of Ajax, xi., 544-574; A Presentiment, xii., 195-209; Hector's Exploit, xii., 445-471; Juno's Toilette, xiv., 166-228; Death of Patroclus, xvi., 733-828; The Steeds of Achilles, xvii., 426-458; The Grief of Achilles, xviii., 1-36; The Shield of Achilles, xviii., 478-608; Reconciliation of Achilles and Agamemnon, xix., 56-73; Address of Priam and Hecuba to Hector, xxii., 56-97; Death of Hector, xxii. 330-367; The Ghost of Patroclus, xxiii., 69-92; Priam at the feet of Achilles, xxiv., 474-516. Of course such matters depend greatly upon taste. The portions indicated are those which dwell most on our own memory as the best parts of the poem of "The Blind Old Bard of Scio's Rocky Isle." Some one else may suggest others as being preferable, but if A. R. C. H. reads these he

will find much gratification in the course of his perusal. I may give—unless forestalled—notes on the other classic writers named at another time. For the present these may suffice.

S. N.

I should think that no book on the Beauties of Homer could be had which can vie with "The Introduction to the Study of the Greek Classic Poets, by Henry Nelson Coleridge." It contains a General Introduction upon Homer, his age, country, personality, and genius; a life of Homer; an account of the controversy upon the authorship of the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey"; a critical estimate not only of these poems but of the minor poems attributed to the same author. Specimens, justifying the criticism of the author, are quoted in the original Greek, and to these are subjoined translations by the best authorities. From these a great many of the beauties of Homer may be collected. As this is a work by a man of profound poetic instinct and of undoubted scholarship, it is in all points trustworthy. Another work which might be recommended to A. R. C. H. is the "Essays on Homer," by Christopher North (Professor Wilson). These are singularly effective in rousing a proper feeling of appreciation in the reader. A paper by De Quincey, entitled "Homer and the Homeridae," in vol. v. of the collected edition of his works, contains several specimens, and merits perusal. The English language can boast of nearly twenty translations of the Homeric Epics. R. M. A.

The Societies' Section.

REPORTS OF MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

Jarrow Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society.—The members of this society and their friends held their seventh half-yearly social tea party, in the north room of the Mechanics' Institute, Jarrow-on-Tyne. Mr. P. Smith, vice-president, in the chair, supported by the Rev. J. C. Weir, Rev. D. Heath, Mr. C. Bladen, Mr. John McIntyre, Mr. W. Cleland, Mr. Buchanan, and Mr. Berkely. Full justice having been done to an excellent tea, provided by the lady friends of the society, the tables were cleared. The chairman read a letter from the president (Mr. James Sanderson), who was unable to attend in consequence of ill health. The secretary (Mr. J. Johnstone) read the report, which showed that some improvements had been made in the society. On the roll there are thirty-nine names, being an increase of seventeen. During the session debates on the following subjects have taken place, viz.:—"Is the Civil War in America likely to be productive of Good or Evil?" "Does the Stage Benefit or Demoralize?" "Is there as much Scope for Genius now as there was a century ago?" "Whether does Milton or Bunyan display the Greater Power of Imagination?" "Are we prepared for a £6 Franchise?" and "Ought Capital Punishment to be Abolished?" Two essays were read, one on "Home Life, its Duties and Pleasures," and one on "Political Economy." There were also sixteen readings from different authors, and two nights of *extempore* speaking. In connection with the society there is a manuscript magazine called *Stray Leaves*, two selections from which were read by the editor (Mr. Joseph Johnstone). Three lectures were delivered under the auspices of the society, by Mr.

Henry Vincent (of London), viz.:—1st, on "Life's Illusions and Realities," Mr. Charles Bladen in the chair; 2nd, on "Oliver Cromwell," Mr. F. C. Marshall in the chair; and 3rd, on "The Rise and Overthrow of the Rebellion of the American Slaveowners," Mr. John McIntyre in the chair. These lectures were very successful. The treasurer (Mr. William H. Noble) read the financial statement, which showed that a balance of £14 11s. 5d. was in hand. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. D. Heath, Mr. Charles Bladen, Mr. John McIntyre, and Mr. William Cleland. Papers were read by Mr. Joseph Johnstone on "Habits," Mr. William Mace on "Scenes in Spain," Mr. James Aitkin on "Recreation," and by Mr. Peter Smith on "Castles in the Air." Several recitations were given. In addition to the above items, the programme was agreeably interspersed with songs (Miss Forrester presiding at the piano-forte). Various votes of thanks were given, and having sung "God save the Queen," the meeting was closed.

SUBJECTS SUITABLE FOR DEBATE.

Is the Administration of British Charities Beneficially Conducted?
Did the Greeks and Romans offer Human Sacrifices during Public Religious Ceremonials?
Should Poor Rates be levied Parochially or Nationally?
Does Criticism advantage Literature?
Is Dante's "Comedy" or Milton's "Paradise Lost" the greater Poem?
Is the Doctrine of Final Causes trustworthy?
Is Unbelief Sinful?

- Is a little Learning a Dangerous Thing?
 Do Civilization and Wealth advance simultaneously?
 Should Church Fellowship depend on Conversion?
 Is Fourierism inconsistent with Christianity?
 Is Property rightly distributed in Britain?
 Are the Patent Laws inexpedient?
 Is Public Opinion a sufficient rule of Right?
 Ought Secret Service Money to be Voted?
 Should the French Protectorate of the Papacy be Abandoned?
 Was Pope or Dryden the better Poet?
 Are Vagrancy Laws in accordance with Christianity?
 Is Railway Amalgamation beneficial to the Public?
 Is Christian inferior to Pagan Art?
 Is Oratory Cultivable?
 Is the Pulpit deteriorating?
 Is a Science of Metaphysics possible?
 Ought there to be a Censorship of the Press?
 Is Greek or Christian Oratory the Superior?
 Does Political Economy further Civilization?
 Is the Morality of the Gospel the highest attainable by Man?
 Does Infidelity lead to the increase of Crime?
 Are Faith and Practice inseparable?
 Is the Light of Reason sufficient for Man?
 Does Nature reveal God?
 Is Conscience trustworthy as a Moral Guide?
 Is the Church of Christ independent of Civil Aid?
 Is there a "Ministry of Angels"?
 Is Man's Present Life a State of Probation?
 Is Self-denial a Duty?
 Is Speculative Inquiry dangerous in Religion?
 Is the Gospel the power of God?
 Does the Drama elevate or debase?
 Is Legal Advocacy morally justifiable?
- Is Fame a right Object of Pursuit?
 Can Man master Motives or do Motives master Man?
 Are Shakspeare's Sonnets Autobiographical?
 Is Society improving?
 Is Apologetical Theology Scriptural?
 Is Moral Philosophy possible apart from Christianity?
 Does the Theology of the Old Testament harmonize with that of the New?
 Are Judaism and Christianity consistent with each other?
 Is Scripture the only Source of Religious Doctrine?
 Does Retribution accord with the Fatherhood of God?
 Do the Senses afford evidence of a God?
 Can God be just, yet the Justifier of the Ungodly?
 Is Theology progressive?
 Does Mediatorial Redemption accord with Divine Justice?
 Is Unitarianism or Trinitarianism the more Scriptural.
 Did the Saxons exterminate the Britons?
 Was the Institution of Chivalry advantageous?
 Has the Value of Magna Charta been over-estimated?
 Did the permission of Mendicant Orders benefit the Papacy?
 Did the Jews deserve Expulsion from England in the time of Edward the First?
 Were the Knights Templars justly suppressed?
 Did Circumstances justify the Jacques?
 Is the Statute of Premunire a wise one?
 Ought Lollardism to have been tolerated?
 Were the Yorkists or the Lancastrians possessed of the juster claims?
 Is Cardinal Wolsey worthy of honour?
 Is the Poor Law wise and equitable?
 Is the Right of Kings Divine?
 Is England degenerating?

Our Collegiate Course; OR, AIDS TO SELF-CULTURE.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."—PART III.

[Moral duties attach to every profession and position. In this part the conduct proper to be observed by critics is pointed out, and illustrated by sketches of poets and critics; the author then concludes the poem with an outline of the history of criticism.]

Modesty, good breeding, sincerity, and independence, ought to regulate the critic's strictures.

Learn, then, what morals (1) critics ought to *show*; 1
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough taste, (2) judgment, (3) learning, (4) join:

MEANINGS OF WORDS IN ITALICS, AS SUGGESTIONS FOR PARAPHRASING.

Line 1. Study; prove themselves knowing in.

(1) "There are in the world two classes of objects—persons and things. And these are mutually related to each other. There are relations between persons and persons, and between things and things. And the peculiar distinction of *moral* actions, *moral* characters, *moral* principles, *moral* habits, as contrasted with the intellect and other parts of man's nature, lies in this, that they always imply a relation between two persons, not between two things."—*Sewell's "Christian Morals,"* p. 339.

"Moral science is founded on that hitherto unnamed part of the philosophy of human nature (to be constantly and vigilantly distinguished from intellectual philosophy) which contemplates the laws of sensibility, of emotion, of desire and aversion, of pleasure and pain, of happiness and misery; and on which arise the august and sacred landmarks, and that stand conspicuous along the frontier between right and wrong."—*Whewell's edition of Sir James Mackintosh's "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy,"* p. 56.

(2) "*Taste* is that faculty by which we discover and enjoy the beautiful, the picturesque, and the sublime in literature, art, and nature."—*R. A. Wilmot's "Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature,"* p. 66.

"The feelings of beauty, grandeur, and whatever else is comprehended under the name of *taste*, do not lead to action, but terminate in delightful contemplation; which constitutes the essential distinction between them and the moral sentiments, to which, in some points of view, they may doubtless be likened."—*Sir James Mackintosh's "Dissertation,"* p. 238.

(3) "*Judgment* is that operation of the mind through which, joining different ideas together, it affirms or denies the one of the other."—"Port Royal Logic," Part II., chap. iii.

Of a man without judgment it has been said,—

"No power of combining, arranging, discerning,
Digested the masses he learned into learning."

J. R. Lowell's "Fable for Critics."

(4) "No man is the wiser for his *learning*: it may administer matter to work

In all you speak let truth and candour (5) shine;
That not *alone* what to your *sense* is *due*
All may *allow*, but *seek* your friendship too.

3

Be silent always when you *doubt* your *sense*; (6)
And speak, though *sure*, with *seeming diffidence*:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,*

Who, if once wrong, must needs be always so;
But you *with pleasure own* your *errors* past, (7)

10

5. Only; judgment; justly deserved.
6. Acknowledge; incline to.
7. Feel distrustful of.

8. Certain; apparent hesitation.
11. Gladly confess; mistakes.

on, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man."—"*Soldani-ana*," p. 78.

"He who reads with discernment and choice will acquire less learning, but more knowledge; and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others."—*Lord Bolingbroke's Works*, vol. iii., p. 405.

"Those who have read of everything are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. . . . The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. . . . The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see on what basis it stands, and how firmly; but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should by severe rules be tied down to this, at first, uneasy task. Use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it readily, as it were with one cast of the eye take a view of the argument, and presently in most cases see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty."—*Locke's "Conduct of the Understanding*," par. 20.

(5) "The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good humour, and the fourth wit."—*Sir William Temple's "Heads of an Essay of Conversation*," *Works*, vol. ii., p. 156.

(6) "The best rules to form a young man—to talk little, to hear much, to reflect alone upon what has passed in company, to distrust one's own opinion, and value others that deserve it."—*Ibid.*, p. 161.

(7) "There is no disgrace in doing that which is for the best. The farther a man goes in any action, assuredly he may see the more; and if a man has been a fool in the beginning, he is not bound to be so to the end. It is far more pardonable to err through inconsideration than wilfulness. The one errs from accident, the other from choice. Shall it be no shame to have begun ill, and shall it be a shame prudently to desist? A desire to obtain, at all events, the mastery, and to overcome, is an error to which most men are prone. We are oftener led by pride, obstinacy, or partiality, than by the right and solid rules of reason."—*Owen Feltham's "Resolves*," Part ii., p. 282.

* "Dogmatism is puppyism full grown."—*Douglas Jerrold*.

And make each day a critique on the last. (8)
 'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than *nice falsehoods* do: 15
 Men must be taught as if you taught them not;
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
 Without good breeding (9) truth is disapproved;
 That only makes superior sense beloved.
 Be *niggards* of advice on no *pretence*;
 For the *worst avarice* is that of *sense*. 20
 With *mean complacence* ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so *civil* as (10) to prove unjust.

14. Injudiciously expressed; harm; mistakes regarding trifling matters.
 19. Grudging givers; account.

20. Unkindest miserliness; good counsel.
 21. Low-minded politeness; be false to.
 22. Solicitous to please; become.

(8) "A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."—*Pope's Works, "Thoughts on Various Subjects."*

(9) "The chief ingredients in the composition of those qualities that gain esteem and praise are good nature, truth, good sense, and good breeding. Good nature is seen in a disposition to say and do what one thinks will please or profit others; good breeding, in doing nothing one thinks will either hurt or displease them. Good nature and good sense come from our births or tempers; good breeding and truth, chiefly by education and converse with men; yet truth seems much in one's blood, and is gained too by good sense and reflection; that nothing is a greater possession, nor of more advantage to those that have it, as well as those that deal with it."—*Sir William Temple's "Essays," Works*, vol. ii., p. 161.

"I perceive there is in the world a good nature, falsely so called, as being nothing but a facile and flexible disposition, wax for every impression. What others are so bold to beg, they are so bashful as not to deny. Such osiers can never make beams to bear stress in Church and State. If this be good nature, let me always be a clown; if this be good fellowship, let me always be a churl. Give me to set a sturdy porter before my soul, who may not equally open to every comer. I cannot conceive how he can be a friend to any who is a friend to all, and the worst foe to himself."—*Dr. Thomas Fuller's "Good Thoughts in Bad Times," &c.*

(10) Pope's early experience did not bear out his maxim. While this poem was employing his mind he was engaged in revising the poems of Wycherley (1640—1715), with the result given in the following narrative. Wycherley "was still a wit and beau, but in ruins. As the author of 'The Plain Dealer,' the friend of Dryden, and the once fashionable and irresistible courtier, Wycherley had powerful attractions for young Pope. In town, he says, 'he ran after him like a dog;' and in his letters he overflowed with elaborate expressions of humility and gratitude. His first glimpses of town life and coffee-house society were opened up by this acquaintance. Wycherley, in his turn, was willing to profit by the literary talents of his new friend; 'I am,' said the dramatist, 'like an old rook who is ruined by gaming, and forced to live on the good fortune of the pushing young men whose fancies are so vigorous that they insure their success in their adventures with the Muses.' And, acting in the spirit of this self-abasing declaration, he submitted his poems to his pushing young friend for correction. 'Gil Blas' was not then written, and Pope undertook the perilous office. At first he appears to have succeeded to the satisfaction of Wycherley, who longed to reap a fresh harvest of

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can *bear reproof* who merit praise.

[From those who by dulness, pride, folly, &c., are hopelessly irreclaimable, advice should be withheld.]

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take; 25
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry. (11)
Fear most to *tax* an *Honourable* fool,
Whose right it is—uncensured—to be dull! 30
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And *flattery* to *fulsome* dedicators,

24. Receive severe criticism.
29. Act as critic to; titled.

34. False praise; adulatory.

poetical honours. 'You have,' he said, 'pruned my fading laurels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; and thus, like your master Apollo, you are at once a poet and a physician.' The next application was of a sharper and less palatable description. Pope said he had contracted some of the pieces, 'as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force;' some he took quite away, 'as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit;' and others he 'entirely new expressed, and turned more into poetry.' The somewhat mortified wit grumbled forth thanks. As to the verses, he said, 'Let them undergo your *purgatory*;' and by way of sedative he threw out a hope that his critic's great, vigorous, and active mind would not be able to destroy his little tender, crazy carcass.' The 'infallible Pope' proceeded, and letters were interchanged, full of forced wit and hollow professions of great regard, till at length the young critic boldly suggested, that with regard to some of the pieces it would be better to destroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, in the manner of Rochefoucauld's maxims. This staggered Wycherley, and brought the farce of poet and critic to an end. The unfortunate manuscripts were recalled, and Pope about the same time wrote to say, that as merely marking the repetitions on the margin would not get rid of these repetitions, nor rectify the method, connect the matter, or improve the poetry, it was his opinion and desire that his friend should take the papers out of his hand! There is a dash of petulance in this closing epistle, and Mr. Leigh Hunt's summing up is the correct one: 'Of the two Wycherley appears to have been less in the wrong, but then his experience left him the smaller excuse for not foreseeing the result.'—"The Life of Pope," by Robert Carruthers, Esq., pp. 24—27.

(11) John Dennis (see *British Controversialist*, 1865, p. 156) published in 1708 a tragedy entitled "Appius and Virginia," for which he invented a new imitation of thunder—that, we believe, still used in theatres. Dennis took these lines to himself, most probably justly, for Pope, in his "Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris" on the frenzy of J. D., thus bars the line in a description of the apartment of Dennis:—"I observed his room was hung with *old tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers *tyrants*, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him."

Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more 35
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And *charitably* let the dull be vain:
 Your silence there is better than your spite;
 For who can rail so long as they can write? 40

[Incorrigible poets portrayed.]

Still *humming* on, their *drowsy* course they keep,
 And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew their race,
 As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these impenitently bold, 45
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still *run on*, poets, in a *raging vein*,
 Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull *droppings* of their *sense*,
 And *rhyme* with all the rage of *impotence*! 50

38. Good-naturedly allow; empty-souled.

40. Is able to find fault.

41. Busily writing; sleep-causing.

47. Proceed as if they were; inspired style.

48. Squeeze; lees; minds.

49. Tag line to line; helplessness.

Literary Notes.

DR. JOHN LINDLEY (b.1799), author of "The Vegetable Kingdom," d. Nov. 1.

I. S. M. Fonblanque (b. 1787), author of "Medical Jurisprudence," &c., died 3rd Nov.

Dr. Max Letteris has translated Goethe's "Faust" into Hebrew, with preface and notes.

Dean Milman has translated "The Agamemnon" of Æschylus, and "The Bacchanals" of Euripides.

Macaulay's "Speeches" (People's Edition) may now be had in three shilling parts.

Francis Thynne's Animadversions on Speight's "Chaucer" (1598) is in the press, in a new edition, superintended by Dr. G. H. Kingsley.

Dr. Rowland Williams, whose "Bunsen's Biblical Researches" in *Essays and Reviews*, attracted some attention, has translated "The Hebrew Prophets."

Mr. Cohn, author of "Shakspeare in Germany," member of the firm of Asher and Co., has a fresh Shakspeare book *in the press*.

Strauss's new "Life of Jesus" is now issued by subscription, translated, by Williams and Norgate.

Rev. A. W. Haddon, who was chosen Bampton Lecturer for 1866, has resigned through illness, and Rev. H. P. Liddon has been appointed in his place.

A new religious monthly serial, entitled, "The Watchmen of Ephraim," edited by the author of "The Mission of Elijah," "The Millennium," &c.

Dr. F. Ahlfield, of Leipsic, has translated the "Pilgrim's Progress" into German.

"The Historical Ballads of Germany from Thirteenth to Sixteenth Century" are being published.

Dr. M. J. Chapman, author of "He-

brew Idyls and Dramas," &c., translator of "The Greek Pastoral Poets," died 19th Nov., aged 69.

Captain Gronow, whose "Mémoires" has recently excited some attention, died 18th Nov., at Paris.

"A Life and History of Holbein" is announced, as engaging R. H. Wornum.

A first part of Napoleon's second volume of the "Histoire de Jules César" is in type, and copies are in the hands of translators. The opening chapters relate to the Gallic campaign of A.U.C. 696.

The son of Mendelssohn, the musical composer, is about to enrich biography with a memoir of his father.

The sister of the late professor George Boole is engaged in composing a life of that distinguished logical mathematician; and I. Todhunter, F.R.S., is editing his memorial writings.

George Arnold, of New Jersey, an American poet, whose works are now in the press, died Nov. 3rd, aged 31.

Peter Bayne's "Neo Evangelism," as propounded in the *Fortnightly Review*, has been unsatisfactory to his supporters; and the author of "The Christian Life" has in consequence resigned his connection with *The London and Edinburgh Weekly Review*. Has the projection of *The Contemporary Review* any reference to this "event"?

A popular Journal of Anthropology has been announced; and an Anthropological Lecturing Club has been instituted.

T. J. Pettigrew, the Egyptologist, died 23rd Nov., aged 75.

The Gentleman's Magazine, in its 135th year, is about to pass into the hands of E. Walford, M.A., of Balliol College, as editor.

M. Cousin has founded a prize on Ancient Philosophy. The Academy of Moral and Political Science, in whose hands its management has been vested, have announced as the subject "Socrates as a Metaphysician." The prize amounts to £1,200, and is open to competition till Oct. 31, 1867.

As the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has

found an equivalent in English literature in *The Fortnightly Review*, so the *Revue Contemporaine* is about to have its analogue in *The Contemporary Review*.

Charles Aug. Defauconpret (b. 1797), one of the translators of Sir W. Scott's, Cooper's, and Irving's works, died Dec. 6th.

The Countess Guiccioli, Byron's *inamorata*, has, it is said, supplied Lamartine with the letters which the poet wrote to her, and a portion of, as well as annotations on, "Don Juan," hitherto unpublished.

Prof. Agassiz is engaged in exploring South America.

The Gospel Magazine has completed a century of publication. Rev. D. A. Doudney has edited it for a quarter of that time.

"Religious Poems," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, are announced.

Cram is becoming so systematic, that it has called into existence a special literature. W. M. Lupton will shortly add to it "A Manual of English History" for candidates for examination, containing "all the matter required to be mastered as a necessary step preliminary to passing with credit the most searching examination in English History;" and the Rev. R. Demane will do a similar service for those who require to "pass" upon "English Literature and Composition."

Edw. Healy Thomson, M.A., has prepared a new Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus.

J. Parker, D.D., is to edit *The Pulpit Analyst*.

The grand "Gobert" prize has been awarded to M. A. Trogmon's "History of France," by the Academy.

M. Thiers has written a "History of Florence" in ten vols.

A verbal and glossarial index to Chaucer is being compiled by H. Coesen.

Dr. Pusey is to give us shortly the opposite side of the Tractarian movement from that contained in Newman's "Apologia," in a work of a similar nature.

Modern Logicians.

GEORGE JARDINE, A.M., LL.D.,

PROFESSOR OF LOGIC AND RHETORIC IN GLASGOW UNIVERSITY.

Author of "Outlines of Philosophical Education," &c.

IN a dark and densely-peopled pathway, stretching from the cathedral towards the river Clyde, and named of old *High Church Street* (though now, in the haste of our age, ordinarily denuded of its ecclesiastical reference) may be seen—on the right-hand side going *St. Mungo*-wards—a dingy, picturesque, many-windowed and massive range of curiously carved Elizabetho-Gothic buildings, which look strangely misplaced amid the on-hurrying life of the decay-stricken thoroughfare which once formed the main highway of the city of Glasgow. That fine smoke-blackened antique edifice is the University. Since James, the first Lord Hamilton, in 1460, endowed the old *Pedagogium*—founded in 1450-1—with a suitable site; and the teaching of theology and law was emancipated from the Blackfriars Monastery and the Cathedral crypt, the college has imparted dignity, grace, and impressiveness to that dinful, bustling and much-frequented city street. Around is the stir and strife of lowly life; and the signs of the sins and sorrows of a great city are patent to the most casual observer—in its neighbourhood abounds the incessant machinery of active manufactures, the constant hum of commerce, and the unresting haste of labour; but

“Here Science rears

Her proud emblazoned front on high, and here—
By these time-darkened pillars, and beneath
These reverend colonnades—in distant days
Did sages send those words of wisdom forth
Which circled all the echoes of the land,
And yet are in our ears.”

It is soon, however, to be so no longer. We read in the advertisement columns of the newspapers that “its removal has now become necessary, in consequence of the college grounds and buildings being required for a railway station.” As Alexander Smith has said—“in a little while the famous University will be a famous university no longer. Learning is about to take its flight westward to a spick-and-span new building on a sunny hill; and the old halls which have held so many eloquent voices are about to be transformed into a central railway station. And yet in such a

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change there is a certain fitness and propriety. The old building has brought its fate upon itself. It was the cradle of the infant steam-engine; and it is perhaps right that, when it has done its work, and fulfilled its original purpose, it should become the main home and haunt of the locomotive. Like Frankenstein, it will be destroyed by the monster it has created."

To those who have paced the well-worn pavement of its quadrangles; who have debated in its antique courts; who have conned their tasks in the dull-gray light of a winter's morning on its griffin-guarded staircase; jinked in gamesomeness round the Roman-Doric pillars of its museum; or, in the choice companionship of youths of similar tastes, strolled through the sequestered walks of its pleasant *green* in converse both book-learned and quaint, in which they "gauged the sages old,"—this must seem a breaking-up of pleasing associations, and almost a desecration of the time-hallowed residence of learning. But—

"The sober gainful arts of modern days
To such romantic thoughts must bid a long adieu."

And we must all consent to the changes of a changeful world. The old class-rooms, in which so many eager students sat, must be ceded to Trade's fleet-flying messengers, and another of the landmarks of many a one's mental history must lose its suggestiveness, its influence and its associations, that it may become serviceable in the more practical utilities of life. Even so be it.

But suffer us to snatch from the annals of that doomed collegiate building some records of a life strangely fallen into oblivion, which can surely not be regarded as unworthy of a brief memorial when we reflect that he was the loved and honoured instructor of minds so various as among others, Thomas Campbell, James Grahame, Francis Jeffrey, Ralph Wardlaw, Principal Haldane, John Wilson (Christopher North), John Gibson Lockhart, and Sir William Hamilton.

Of him, Professor Wilson has borne the following testimony:—"Perhaps no man ever did more service in his generation than Professor Jardine. Many of the most distinguished characters in the literature, the law, and the politics of Scotland have been his pupils, and not one of them all, however brilliant his career in after life, would hesitate to ascribe the cultivation of those talents and powers that lead them to wealth and fame, to the admirable system of education so admirably exemplified in the Logic Class of the University of Glasgow." Lord Jeffrey in his rectorial address acknowledges—"It is to him and his most judicious instructions that I owe my taste for letters, and any little literary distinction I may since have been enabled to attain." The present amiable and thoughtful occupant, at the second remove, of Jardine's chair informed the present writer that Sir William Hamilton "found and retained a high opinion of the system of mental discipline carried out by Professor Jardine, and referred to his instructor in after-

life with feelings of gratitude and esteem." Equally favourable estimates have been recorded in many biographical: and it seems a just thing that a man of such large and stirring influence over many minds should not be unremembered by any one who is engaged in tracing the systems and sketching the lives of modern logicians.

It may perhaps be profitable, if not very interesting, to take a brief introductory survey of the progress and evolutions of philosophical teaching in the University of Glasgow. This will enable us not only to place on record a few facts not generally known, but also to indicate more clearly the position taken, and to estimate more truly the results effected by George Jardine. We suspect, however, that our record may be dull, both from defect of materials and from the narrow interest which any question relating to the early history of syllogistic reasoning excites. But, to those who take delight in tracing the influences of great movements when their circles are dying away in the distance, we believe that even the out-of-the-way notices we can give, scant though they be, will possess a human and a philosophical charm, apart altogether from those associations which may affect chiefly the present recorder.

During the earlier portion of the history of the Glasgow University the Regents in Arts, who taught logic, physics, and morals, were frequently changed, and the offices seem to have been little coveted. The earliest Regents in Arts were Alexander Geddes, Duncan Bunch, and Wm. Arthurlie. The books on which they chiefly prelected were "The Introduction to the Aristotelian Categories" of Porphyry (233 — 304); and "The Abridgment of Logic" of Petrus Hispanus, a Dominican monk, born at Lisbon, who afterwards became (according to some authorities) Pope John XXI. (d. 1277). In this work first occur the well-known mnemonic verses commencing "Barbara Celarent," &c., of which he is supposed to have been the author, and which were at one time thought to "display an ingenuity which might have excited the envy of the Stagyrte himself." After the reconstitution of the University by the statute named "The Charter of Nova Erectio," issued by James VI., king of Scotland, in 1577, the system of teaching was changed. Instead of each of the three regents taking his own students in succession through the entire arts each was to keep to his own profession, and one was specially set apart to teach "dialectics, morals, and politics, with the elements of arithmetic and geometry." The old system of logic which had been taught was, on the appointment, in 1574, of Andrew Melville (next to John Knox the most illustrious of the Scottish reformers) to be Principal of the University of Glasgow, displaced by the logic of Peter Ramus. "What Luther was to the church Ramus was in the schools. He overthrew the infallibility of the Stagyrte, and proclaimed the right of mankind to think for themselves in matters of philosophy,—a right which he maintained with the most undaunted fortitude, and which he sealed with his blood. If Ramus had not

shaken the authority of the long venerated 'Organon' of Aristotle, the world might not have seen the 'Novum Organon' of Bacon.* "It has been justly said of Ramus that, although he had sufficient genius to shake the Aristotelian fabric, he was unable to substitute anything more solid in its place; but it ought not to be forgotten that even *this* praise, scanty as it may now appear, involves a large tribute to his merits as a philosophical reformer. Before human reason was able to advance it was necessary that it should first be released from the weight of its fetters."†

Although the adoption of the logic of Ramus afforded an opportunity for constructing a more improved method of reasoning and investigation, we know of the issue of no original outburst of logical light from any of the subsequent regents. The inaugural address of Robert Baillie, *De Agente Mente*—"Concerning the mind in an active state," was indeed sometimes referred to with praise by subsequent psychologists as a treatise of merit. It is now, however, all but forgotten. He held the office from 1626 to 1631, after which Mr. Robert Mayne was appointed. He was, however, in 1637 advanced to the prelectorship on medicine. Here my notes (taken long ago) fail me. Of the occupants of the chair for nearly a century thereafter I have not been able to discover any traces worthy of mention. In 1727 John Loudon was advanced to the chair of First Philosophy. In this year a royal visitation of the University took place, at which it was resolved to alter the mode of determining the qualifications of professors by syllogistic contentions, which had been previously passed, and to appoint new professors to conduct the classes for teaching logic, ethics, and physics. Robert Dick was appointed to the oversight of the class for Natural Science; Gerschom Carmichael (called by Sir Wm. Hamilton "the real founder of the Scottish school of philosophy), that of morals, and, as we have said, John Loudon that of logic. He taught in the Latin tongue, and continued the practice of public disputations and responsions during his tenure of office. By his death, in 1750, a vacancy was created, and Adam Smith‡ was called from Edinburgh, somewhat unexpectedly, to occupy the Logic chair. He delivered, however, a few introductory lectures in English on the Art of Reasoning, and then made use of the prelections on rhetoric and *belles lettres* which he had prepared for his Edinburgh classes. In 1751, on the death of Professor Thomas Craigie, he was chosen to fill the chair of Moral Philosophy; and the professorship of logic became the object of a keen contest. David Hume made great exertions to get this chair, but was, much to his chagrin, disappointed though supported by Smith, Cullen, Elliott of Minto, &c. "Edmund Burke, whose genius led him afterwards to shine in a more exalted sphere, was thought of by some of

* "Dr. Thomas M'Crie's "Life of Andrew Melville," p. 302.

† D. Stewart's "Diss. on the Progress of Metaph. and Ethical Phil.," p. 30.

‡ See *British Controversialist*, August and September, 1860.

the electors as a proper person to fill it. He did not, however, actually come forward as a candidate," though a pretty universal and generally received tradition asserts that he did. Sir William Hamilton, indeed, asserts that "On this occasion Hume and Burke* were unsuccessful candidates for the professorship vacated by Smith."† "The successful competitor was a Mr. [James] Clow. Concerning this fortunate person literary history is silent; but he has acquired a curious title to fame, from the greatness of the man to whom he succeeded, and of those over whom he was triumphant."‡

As the election to the Logic chair was at that time vested in the Faculty, of which the chief members were Principal Neil Campbell, and Professors Leechman, Rouet, Dick, Adam Smith, Robert Simson, (editor of "Euclid's Elements"), George Rosse, Dr. Moor, &c., we may presume good, though to us unknown, reasons were laid before them, justifying this somewhat singular choice.

He is represented by his successor to have been a gentleman "of well-known attainments as a scholar," who "explained the subject of which he treated with great perspicuity and distinctness:" at the same time he frankly admits that "the benign simplicity of manners by which he was distinguished could not prevent his class from being emphatically, though rather rudely, designated, *the drowsy shop of logic and metaphysics* . . . and almost the only motive which now remained, to secure attendance upon this part of the course, was the title thereby procured, of being admitted into the succeeding classes, and particularly those which qualify candidates for the church." Some very severe strictures were published in Glasgow during Mr. Clow's professorate, regarding the utility of logic and metaphysics as taught in the University. "These arts or sciences," it was said, are to the greater part of students quite unintelligible; and, if they could be under-

* "It might afford curious matter of speculation to conjecture what effect the appointment of Mr. Hume, or of Mr. Burke, to the chair of Logic in Glasgow, would have had upon the character of that University, or upon the metaphysical, moral, and political inquiries of the age in which they lived; and what consequences were likely to have resulted from the influence which the peculiar genius and talents of either of these great men, had they been exerted in that sphere, must necessarily have had in forming the minds of such of their pupils as were to be afterwards employed in the pursuits of science, or the conduct and regulation of human affairs. It seems difficult to conceive how, as instructors of youth, they could either of them, without a considerable modification of their opinions, have taught philosophy upon the sceptical or the Berkelian systems which they had respectively adopted; while the strict purity of their moral characters, and the great reverence which they both entertained for established institutions, give the fullest assurance that, had either of them been appointed to the chair of Logic, their academical duties would have been executed with an unceasing regard to the improvement of their pupils, and to the reputation of the society into which they had been admitted."—Dr. John Thomson's "Life of Cullen," p. 73.

† "Discussions on Philosophy: On the Revolutions in Medicine—Dr. Cullen," p. 244.

‡ J. H. Burton's "Life of David Hume," vol. i., p. 351.

stood, we cannot for our life discover their use." Logic in that day was exposed, in fact, to the same adverse criticism—though with much more reason we confess—as it gets in the present day. It was then, as now, affirmed, that "as an *art*, logic, even in the most extended use of the term, and applied to inductive as well as deductive reasoning, is of the least possible utility. No man ever learnt to reason by its rules, or avoided blunders, because all possible blunders lay ticketed and defined before him. And as a *science*, it is part of the great science of psychology, and will be better studied without, than with the peculiar technicalities that have gathered round it."*

Professor James Clow "followed the example of his illustrious predecessor [Adam Smith] in giving his prelections in English." He commenced his course by reading and commenting on Xenophon's "Memorabilia of Socrates;" this was followed by an explanation of Aristotle's Logic, in teaching which he used as a text-book Dr. Hutchinson's "Logicæ Compendium," which is more properly an epitome of the Port Royal Logic than of the Stagyrte's "Organon." He proceeded next to treat of the human mind and its activities, gradually rising to ontology and the abstract conceptions of the intellect; and closed the course with an exposition of the question of liberty and necessity, a discussion on the immateriality and immortality of the human soul, and a statement regarding the nature, attributes, perfections, and relations of the Divine Being. From the time that the lectures began to be delivered in English, the eyes of men had been opened to the unsuitable nature of the subjects upon which they turned; and the defects of the system, as embracing a very important department of public education became every day more striking, and called more loudly for a radical reform. He whose best endeavours were given to the accomplishment of this radical reform in the manner of teaching the art of reason is surely worthy of remembrance among "modern logicians."

George Jardine was born in the Barony of Wandal, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, North Britain, in 1743. His father was a farmer, who tenanted the land of which his ancestors had formerly held the lordship, as being descended from the ancient family of the Jardines, of Applegirth. His mother was a Miss Weir, of Birkwood, in the neighbouring parish of Lesmahagow. He received his early education in the parochial school of the united parishes of Wandal and Lamington, in which, as in all similar seminaries in Scotland, Latin, mathematics, and the elements of Greek were taught. Of his early life, we know nothing. In 1760 he entered the University of Glasgow as a student, and passed successively through the Humanity Class, taught by George Muirhead (a relative of James Watt); and the Greek class, presided over by Dr. James Moor, an eminent though almost self-taught Hellenist somewhat, like Porson, given to dissipation; the First Philosophy class, under

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, January, 1866, p. 25.

James Clow (formerly mentioned); and that of *Morals*, then taught by Adam Smith; the class of *Physics*, the professor of which was Dr. John Anderson (afterwards founder of the Andersonian University in Glasgow); and *Mathematical* class, which was under the superintendence of James Williamson, D.D. He subsequently studied *Divinity* and the *Oriental languages*, under Robert Traill, D.D.; and *Ecclesiastical and Civil History*, under William Wight, D.D. In the greater part of these classes he acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of his instructors, that he was given to understand that on the occurrence of a suitable opportunity he would be held by them as eligible for a chair in the University. In consequence of this hint, which harmonized with his own ambition, although he in due course obtained a licence to preach from the Presbytery of Linlithgow, he did not prosecute his way to the pulpit. He was chosen in 1771, by William Mure, of Caldwell, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, who had been Lord Rector in 1764, during Jardine's student-career, to accompany his two sons to France to superintend their education at one of the seminaries of Paris. Mure was one of the most influential men of his day, and as he consorted with the literary circles of Edinburgh, he was able to obtain letters of introduction for the tutor of his sons to some of the most distinguished literary and philosophical celebrities of France. Among these may be mentioned C. A. Helvetius (1715—1771), author of the treatises "*De l'Esprit*," and "*De l'Homme*," unequivocal apologies for selfishness; J. Le Rond, D'Alembert the encyclopedist, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy and élogist general of the members of that body; and Dr. Gemm, the uncle of William Huskisson, the English statesman, then an eminent physician, and forecasting the Revolution. In 1773 he returned with his charge, having enjoyed the social intercourse and literary confidence of the best minds in Paris. In the same year a vacancy occurred in the chair of *Humanity*, owing to the death of George Muirhead. Jardine became a candidate. He was, however, defeated by one vote, that of Charles Lord Cathcart, who was Rector of the University for that year, which was given in favour of William Richardson, M.A., who had been tutor to his two sons at Eton and in St. Petersburg. In the succeeding session Professor James Clow intimated his desire, in consequence of his advanced age, to be relieved from the toil of teaching, and his wish that Mr. Jardine should be appointed to be his assistant and successor. Dr. Moor at the same time resigned in favour of John Young, M.A. George Jardine and Mr. Young were, therefore, in June, 1774, appointed, respectively to the chairs of *Greek and Logic*. By this arrangement three young men of considerable knowledge of the world, of fair attainments, each anxious to acquire position, reputation, and respect, were placed at the threshold of the Arts curriculum of the University, and by their united efforts and merits they soon not only gained personal renown, but also raised the standard and the taste for education in the south-west of Scotland.

Jardine contributed very greatly to this desirable improvement by suggesting "the institution of prizes." In this proposal Professors Richardson and Young at once and "heartily concurred." The projector says, "The plan of which we had thus privately arranged the outlines was first realized in our own classes, and was, indeed, for some time confined to them. Experience, however, not only verified all our expectations, but soon recommended our example to others in the University. . . . It suggested, moreover, to the Senatus Academicus the expediency of extending the principle still further, by prescribing to the more advanced students, at the end of every session of college, a number of prize essays, to be executed during the ensuing vacation. I have pleasure in adding that several opulent and liberal-minded persons, in token of their approbation of this part of our system, have supplied us with a certain amount of annual revenue for its maintenance and extension."

It was, however, on account of some singular felicity of tact by which he overcame the listlessness usual with youths attending lectures, and because of his judicious efforts to induce his pupils to think, that Jardine most of all succeeded in increasing the prosperity of the University, while he advantaged education and won for himself renown and affection.

Professor Jardine adopted as the object of his course of lectures, "The improvement of the faculties of knowledge, of taste, and of communication;" and determined to combine with his theoretic teaching "a system of active discipline on the part of his students, with a view to create, invigorate, and improve the important habits of inquiry and communication." His lectures aimed at presenting, "in a simple and intelligible form, the elements of the science of mind, with an analysis of the different intellectual powers in the order of their connection and dependence—the theory of language as illustrative of human thought—the principles of taste and criticism—and the means of improving the powers of communication by speech and writing, as exhibited in the best models of ancient and modern composition." As a supplement to these instructions he instituted a strict, constant, and impartial examination, which generated emulation, zeal, ardour, and enthusiasm, and constructed a system of themes to be worked out by his students during the entire course of his lectures.

These were of five orders, viz.:—1. Those calculated to accustom the students to form clear, exact, and adequate *notions*, and to express them in plain and perspicuous language. 2. Those likely to promote the exercise of those powers of mind—abstraction, generalization, and classification—by which notions are arranged, either in the order of nature or on some other fixed principle. 3. Those capable of exciting in the mind those processes of analysis and investigation by which science is made possible; and this firstly consisting of such operations as require the combined activity of attention, abstraction, and judgment, as directed to the parts or qualities of complex objects or ideas, in the order of their connection and dependence; and secondly, such as may put the mind in the attitude of awakened research, and exercise not only abstraction and judgment, but reasoning as well, by discovering and tracing out the cause or principle from which facts or

effects originate. 4. Those which may enable the student to communicate to others the knowledge he has himself acquired,—such as explaining, illustrating, and enforcing any suitable subject; establishing its truth or falsehood by appropriate arguments; or the maintaining of important probable propositions which require proof or confirmation. These must be arranged and expressed in a lucid order and in a regular form; as their general object is to determine the assent of the mind in the most irresistible manner possible, and to habituate students to the skilful management of argument and evidence. 5. Those which have a tendency to improve the powers of genius and taste. In these the choice of a subject and the manner of treatment are left to the student, with the condition that he is to be subjected to criticism on both points by his fellow-students and his professor. To each of these there must be subjoined a signed declaration that the composition is their own, and neither selected from nor colourably copied from any author.

It will be seen, from the foregoing epitome of Prof. Jardine's system of teaching, that he agreed with Dr. Isaac Barrow that "the communication of truth is only one half of the business of education, and is not even the most important half. The most important part is the habit of employing, to some good purpose, the acquisitions of memory by the exercise of the understanding; and till this is acquired the (other) acquisitions will not be found of much use." The judicious system he arranged and introduced was not one of rule and discipline, labour and obedience to law only on the part of the student. He placed himself, too, under a most rigid regimen of routine duties, often tedious and always laborious, in correcting and criticising the themes of the students, at the same time that he diligently endeavoured to conform his own professorial practice to the following overruling requirements, viz. :—

"1. That the powers of knowledge, taste, and communication cannot be improved, nor their operations rendered habitual, but by frequent and regular application of those powers to their proper objects.

"2. That the objects to which they are applied, or about which these powers are exercised, must be selected with reference to these powers, accommodated to their nature and progress, and such as are qualified to interest the mind, and to encourage the exertion of its faculties.

"3. That the lectures delivered to students, as above mentioned, be so composed and adjusted as to furnish proper materials for the specimens, essays, or exercises which are regularly prescribed to them, executed by them, and their merits determined by the professor in the presence of the class, at an hour different from that in which the lecture is given.

"4. That the specimens or essays required from the students and publicly examined by the professor, must proceed in a regular series; at the opening of the class beginning with such as chiefly require the students to comprehend, to distinguish, to define, to class and arrange materials submitted to them, and proceeding in due time to such as require from the student the collection of the materials as well as the composition of them according to established rules, and the expression of them in plain and perspicuous language."

Recognizing the foregoing principles as essential to his own success, he felt that there were also principles on which the success of his students depended. Hence he drew up with care the following

general rules regarding diligence and application, which he affectionately pressed upon the students in his class as essential to their progress and improvement. As they appear to us to be important in themselves, and likely to be useful to many of our readers, we quote them *verbatim*.—

“The student must be convinced—

“1. That a clear and distinct notion of the end in view in every undertaking quickens and directs labour and exercise.

“2. That all advancement of knowledge and habits of application must spring from desire and voluntary determinations.

“3. That the art and usefulness of the teacher consist in generating and increasing such desires, in producing such ready voluntary determinations, as may support the necessary labour and exercise.

“4. That no valuable object or end of any kind can be attained without regular and increasing exertions.

“5. That persevering diligence and application will improve the meanest abilities and give additional lustre to the best natural talents.

“6. That sacrifices must be made by youth—command of mind and capacity of resistance acquired—else no plan of study or of business can be prosecuted with success.

“7. That personal talents and virtues are the noblest objects of human acquisition.”

Of course this radical reform was not effected without effort or all at once. Indeed, for several sessions he pursued the same plan as his predecessor, who still retained an interest in the class. But the evil of persisting in the old system became more and more evident, and though he did not venture on any sudden or precipitate change, he resolutely planned and effectually carried out this system, which was so well fitted to direct the expanding energies of young minds, so as to maintain their development in just relation to each other, and to secure that reciprocal aid in their progressive improvement which seems pointed out to us by the order of nature itself.

The private life of Professor Jardine presents no variety of stirring personal interest. Two years after his appointment to the chair he married Miss Lindsay, a resident in and native of Glasgow, and began, like his brother professors, to take in student-boarders, who under his charge found a free enjoyment of good society, a fair amount of innocent pleasure and affectionate superintendence. In 1787 Adam Smith was Lord Rector of the University. In 1788 James Clow, his immediate predecessor, died. In 1790, reflecting that the medical school in the University was much retarded in consequence of the want of an infirmary, he stirred up his colleagues to exert their influence to secure the establishment of such an institution. A voluntary subscription was opened, and met with ready and liberal encouragement. In 1791, on the petition of the subscribers, a Royal Charter was obtained, besides a grant of the site of the Archbishop of Glasgow's castle, with the grounds attached to it, to build upon. Designs prepared by Robert Adam, Esq., architect, were accepted, and, at an expense of £8,000, a handsome edifice was added to the city, and a great boon was conferred upon.

the poor. It was opened to the public 8th December, 1794. George Jardine exerted himself most energetically in promoting this undertaking. As secretary for the scheme the chief labour fell upon him. He received the thanks of the subscribers, and continued to give his services gratuitously for nearly thirty years. In 1793 he had the pleasure of seeing his first pupil, William Mure, Esq., of Caldwell, elected Lord Rector of the University. About the same time, having thriven in worldly affairs, he bought a small property in the neighbourhood of Hamilton. Hallside was about seventy acres in extent, sloping towards the east, and bounded in part by the river Calder, on the opposite side of which stood his brother-in-law's residence. The mansion which Jardine possessed there was modest in architecture, but comfortably fitted up. He took great interest in adorning it, and found pleasant relaxation after his winter's labours in the employments of a rural life, in roving among the woods of Bothwell, or the trees that surrounded Blantyre Priory, and taking healthy exercise on Dychmont Hill, or on those banks where then—

“More pure than amber flowed the river Clyde.”

His residence near the chief town in this picturesque and pleasant neighbourhood brought him into connection with the Presbytery of Hamilton, and that ecclesiastical court for upwards of thirty years selected Professor Jardine to be their lay representative in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—the sort of annual ecclesiastical parliament in which the affairs of the Northern Church are consulted about and arranged. In the business of this, the supreme court of judicature in the ecclesiastical communion of which he was a member, he took an active part, and among its members few received so much attention or were considered to possess claims equal to his for fidelity and wisdom. He in general supported what was known in Scotland as the evangelical or popular party in ecclesiastical polity, in opposition to that which was denominated the moderate or High Church League. His knowledge of business, his distinct and vigorous style of speech, the combined simplicity of manner, strength of thought, and fire of emotion gained him attention and respect, while the amiability and sterling worth of his character, at once genial and Christian, procured admiration and deference. As a controversialist he was solid, firm, and dignified, stated the questions with precision, reasoned with pertinence, and, warming as he advanced, his words glowed while his logic shone, so that speech rose to eloquence and mounted to oratory. But for the most part he preferred the calm style of a judge to the hurry and cunning of an advocate.

Though Jardine furnished his pupils with a “Synopsis of Lectures on Logic and Belles Lettres,” and a “Synopsis of Rhetoric,” from time to time as required, and improved these as his system gained greater consistency and worth, he made no direct effort in authorship till he had attained his seventy-sixth year, and had been upwards of forty-four years the occupant of his chair. In 1818 he

issued his "Outlines of Philosophical Education, illustrated by the Method of Teaching the Logic or First Class of Philosophy in the University of Glasgow." This he was induced to do by "the suggestion of some of his pupils, who were pleased to express their conviction of the advantage which they derived from this mode of instruction; and also by the hope that, imperfect as they are, they may perhaps be the means of directing the attention of the public to the important subject of academical education. . . . The author does not lay claim to the merit of any new discoveries in the science of mind," but presents his work rather as a record and exposition of an experiment made to bring about "a regular elementary system of academical study, which, uniting speculation with practice, principles and rules with suitable illustration and exercise, would embrace the means which seem best calculated to call forth and strengthen the intellectual power of youth." Of this work, which is now somewhat rare, we shall endeavour to present a summary and abstract, such as may enable the reader to comprehend the main elements of its contents:—

Mental philosophy he regards as "the mother-science, from which all others derive at once their origin and nourishment. Thus logic, metaphysics, ethics, jurisprudence, law, and eloquence have their common origin in mind; whilst in all the branches of natural philosophy the powers of intellect are the instruments by which knowledge must be acquired." Hence "an intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of mind must form a suitable introduction to the study of every branch of human knowledge." The mind is *that* which, in human beings, thinks, feels, wills, and is conscious of its actions or operations." Its several faculties of thought and feeling may be arranged as—1st, The powers of acquiring and preserving knowledge. 2nd, The powers of sensation. 3rd, The powers of volition. 4th, The powers of communication. Perception, as that faculty which opens up "the first communication between mind and matter," he defines as "that faculty by the operation of which we receive notions, ideas, sensations, from the qualities of external objects, by the means of certain impressions or effects upon the organs of sense, when attention accompanies the direction of these organs to the objects before them." He affirms that "our mental powers possess principles of inherent growth and strength, by which in due time they arrive at that degree of perfection and vigour to which they are limited upon earth;" and therefore "perceives, in the first play of the imagination and in the first attempts at reasoning, the prolusions of those brilliant powers which charm the world in the poet and instruct it in the man of science. . . . *Attention* is the intellectual power of notice, whether directed to external objects or to objects of consciousness," and a *habit of attention* is a facility and readiness in exerting that power, acquired by frequent repetition. "Observation, reflection, and meditation may be regarded as the same intellectual act, modified only by the particular circumstances which determine the preference or degree of interest which the mind feels for the several objects of its inquiry. Attention is improved by removing obstacles, hindrances, and temptations, by controlling memory and imagination, and by resisting restlessness, fretfulness, and impatience. . . . Observe, read, hear, and compose with attention." The tax of labour, which is imposed upon every great and noble acquisition, must be paid by the individual who aims at it." Sensation is either voluntary or involuntary; a wise man tries to command the latter and to improve the former. "The improvement of the memory depends on—1st, The exercise of attention whilst the mind takes cognizance of objects, whether presented to the senses or to the intellect.

2nd, A judicious selection of objects. 3rd. By careful arrangement, so as to strengthen the bonds of association among the several parts of our knowledge.

"Imagination is improvable in vigour and activity, in regularity and chasteness. . . . The term *judgment* is applied when, by alternate attention to two objects in juxtaposition, the relation between them is discovered; the term *reasoning* is used when that relation cannot be discovered but by means of a comparison instituted between each of these two objects and one or more intermediate ideas having some affinity to each. Thus reasoning is only an expedient for arriving at a judgment when the terms of a proposition involve some obscurity. . . . It is impossible to teach men to reason until they have been first taught to know; that is, to form clear and accurate conceptions of the things about which they are to reason. . . . In the different professions and occupations of life men reason easily and justly from mere habit, because, in their daily pursuits, they have previously formed clear and distinct notions relative to the several objects about which their reason is employed. . . . But though by this natural logic the understanding may be so improved as to answer all the practical purposes of life, the assistance of art may be extremely useful by suggesting certain positions and arrangements of thought which lead the mind by safe and easy steps to the perception of truth. . . . We have received from the philosophers of Greece an art for the improving and directing of reason—a system of rules according to which comparisons may be fairly made and conclusions justly deduced." The syllogism is unquestionably founded upon a just analysis of a simple act of reasoning, as may be seen in the sentence, "The sky lowers, I shall put on my coat," if examined. Lord Bacon hoped, with his "*Organon*," by the aid of experience, founded on observation and guided by judgment, to change entirely the state of philosophy, and to teach mankind one art which would minister to the improvement of all others. What Bacon, &c., did for Physics, Locke, &c., essayed in Mental Science. Logic is "a fourfold art—1, of observing; 2, of experimenting; 3, of generalizing; 4, of anticipating or conjecturing. . . . The art of reasoning, like all other arts, can only be acquired by habit not by mere knowledge of speculative rules. . . . There is something to be *done* as well as to be *known*. . . . There is no other way of teaching young men a true and rational logic except that of inducing them to think and reason. . . . Rules prevent deviations and irregularities, but they cannot create ideas, or lead to any high degree of excellence. . . . No man ever acquired the habit of reasoning well on any subject except by reasoning frequently and regularly." The mind must be trained in some way or other—

"1. To know before it can reason. 2. To be careful and accurate in observation respecting the objects of knowledge. 3. To distinct and careful comparison and inference. 4. To a natural and regular process of analysis of every subject. 5. To a careful observation of the nature, kind, and degree of evidence by which truths are or may be supported."

Such are, in the briefest terms, the general tenets of this admirable treatise, in which a solid thinker, revealing the secrets of a life's thought and experience, recommends and enforces the acquisition of active and industrious habits, and the exercise of methodical zeal in the attainment at once of knowledge and of power.

Immediately on the publication of the "*Outlines*" John Wilson reviewed the work, and spoke of its author as universally known throughout Scotland as a most zealous, unwearied, and enlightening teacher, whose "acquaintance with the different systems of philosophy is intimate and extensive;" and whose "character, consid

merely in a literary view, is justly entitled to great respect ;"—of the work as "a plain, simple, and unostentatious account of the practical system of discipline to which the students of his class are regularly subjected for the purpose of acquiring these intellectual habits of thinking, judging, reasoning, and communication, upon which the further prosecution of science and the business of active life almost entirely depend,"—and of his system as "admirably calculated for the education of youth, and worthy of all the praise that can be bestowed upon it." In 1820 his former pupil, Francis Jeffrey, received his first official honour by being chosen Lord Rector of the University; and on 28th Dec. of that year delivered a splendid oration, in which he spoke of Jardine as "the one surviving instructor of my early youth,—the most revered, the most justly valued of all my instructors," and as yet "proceeding with unabated vigour and ardour in the eminently useful career to which his life has been dedicated." It must have been a proud hour for both.

After having completed a professional career of half a century, George Jardine placed his resignation in the hands of his colleagues—only expressing a wish that they should select some zealous and able man who would continue his system of common-sense teaching and active employment of the faculties of the students. In this he was gratified, for their choice fell upon the Rev. Robert Buchanan, then minister of Peebles, a gentleman of astute mind, high literary attainments, and singular sagacity,* who followed in the footsteps of his predecessor with equal popularity and success, for thirty-seven years, and has but recently retired from his post of honour and usefulness, to indulge, it is understood, those literary tastes and that dalliance with the muses which he almost wholly intermitted for behoof of his class so long and so patiently. He has been succeeded by John Veitch, M.A., a native of Peebles, a favourite pupil of Sir William Hamilton's, translator and editor of Descartes' Philosophical Works, and a studious man, whose task must be hard,—if he attempts to supplant nearly a century's teaching of logic as a medicine of the mind, or a corrective against wrong-thinking by a logic of "the science of the laws of thought as thought."

On the retirement of George Jardine a public dinner was held in his honour in the Town Hall of Glasgow, which was attended

* Professor Buchanan, though he has issued some poems and a tragedy has not, so far as we know, added anything to logical literature. Several of his pupils, however, have, viz., John Leechman's "Logic; an Introduction to the Study of Reasoning," 1842,—a compilation of no very high type. H. H. Munro's "Manual of Logic, Deductive and Inductive;" an incomplete, but very able work, of quite a higher order than the preceding. An "Elementary Treatise on Logic," 1852, has been published anonymously by another student; but the style, taste, &c., despite glimpses of ability, do little credit to the writer. J. D. Morell, the historian of philosophy, has issued a "Handbook of Logic," 1857, whose object is "to exercise the intellectual faculties," and which ably presents the subject in a form fitted for schools. Of Dr. James M'Cosh we may require to write on an early occasion.

by upwards of two hundred gentlemen, many of whom had come from great distances to attend, as a mark of their respect. The chair was taken by Wm. Mure, Esq., of Caldwell, while the Marquis of Breadalbane acted as croupier. Both had been pupils under him, and were much attached to their old and able master.

In 1823, on the occasion of the appointment of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlane to be Principal of the University, as well as minister of the Inner High Church, a great agitation against pluralities arose. This question had gone the usual course through Presbytery and Synod, and had come for final adjudication in this case to the General Assembly of 1825. Jardine had been on all occasions an opponent of pluralities. Though he was at that time eighty-three years of age, he opened the second day's debate in a forcible speech against the union of any other office with that of a clerical charge. Though the immediate appointment was sanctioned by a majority of twenty-six votes, in a subsequent assembly the principle of non-plurality was affirmed, and is now the law of the Scottish Church. He attended and spoke at the next Assembly, in May, 1826, but was seized then with an attack of illness, almost the first silent which he had felt. From that time till January, 1827, he lingered, though he faded. The infirmities of old age thickened around him, and on the 27th of that month, having entered the eighty-sixth year of his age, he expired in his house in the College Quadrangle, calmly, hopefully, and seriously, with the ardour of a philosopher and the piety of a Christian, praying in these beautiful words: "O send out Thy light and Thy truth. Let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill and to Thy tabernacles." Then "will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy."

His wife had predeceased him twelve years. His son John Jardine was educated as an advocate, became sheriff of the shires of Ross and Cromarty, and died in 1850.

Few words need now be added to our already lengthy paper. Dr. Jardine was a man of vigorous judgment and active mind; of singular tact and energy; he was genial and gracious, yet grave; he delighted in his task and bent all his thoughts towards being effective for good; he inspired respect and affection in all his students; and probably no single mind in Scotland ever exerted so wide an influence originating solely from mental devotedness to duty, as he did. Dr. Chalmers, in a glowing eulogium, declared that he was one of the brightest ornaments of the Universities of his country. In eloquence, acuteness, and originality he may have been surpassed; in usefulness, professional devotion, personal worth, and public merit he has seldom been equalled. To his determined inculcation of reflectiveness, observation, and thought, it is doubtless owing that criticism has been reformed and improved by Jeffrey, Lockhart, Wilson, and Campbell; philosophy has been invigorated by Young, Cairns, and Hamilton; and that the ecclesiastical history of Scotland has been changed within and without the Establishment of which he was a member.

S. N.

Social Economy.

DOES THE DRAMA ELEVATE OR DEGRADE?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

THE beautiful is being banished from human life. Utility is driving its ploughshare over all the fields of effort. The poetry of existence has been dried out of man. We have cast aside as superfluities many things which in earlier times were regarded as necessities of life. Over the word enjoyment we would write sin. The harp and the viol, the dance and the song, the theatre and the pageant, are no more to charm us in the pilgrimage of time. Sackcloth and ashes—with an occasional outburst at a public dinner—are now to content us. Virtue and pleasure are no longer to be recognized as sisters but as rivals whose love and friendship we cannot enjoy together, but between whom we must choose. Yet surely utility is not supreme over the earth. The wild rose blooms in the hedgerow, the heathbell lifts its modest beauty by many a roadway, and God's forget-me-nots peep out on one from many a nook on the hillside and from many a tree-root in the forest path. The love of laughter animates the heart, and the power of imitation exists in almost every spirit, and the capacity for joy tingles in every nerve, and throbs in every vein. Both presentation, as in sculpture and painting, and representation, as in poetry and the drama, impart enjoyments, and so legitimate themselves as justifiable amusements for mankind. The tone of the drama is representation. Now all true representation is instructive, and it is all the more instructive in proportion to its liveliness and correctness. To the intellects, the feelings, the imaginations and the passions of men, the drama makes appeal, and anything that makes its appeal to the higher qualities of human nature cannot justly be regarded as degrading or corrupting.

It is a fact that all nations have a drama; that this form of entertaining instruction is as widespread as the human race; that it is as popular among the wigwags of the savages of the West, and by the evening fires of the aborigines of the East, as it is in the capitals of Europe. It is no less true that all children naturally and unreluctantly assume the imitative when they are recounting their experience, and that they are most captivated by the imitation of the various events narrated to them. The universal diffusion of the drama in all countries and in all ages seems to give it a distinct place among those pleasures which the Deity intended man to enjoy and use. The drama is the very poetry of enjoyment and intellectual vigour. The caprices of fashion, the revolution of empires the change of human habits, have all alike been survived

by it. The sceptre of Alexander is broken, but the dynasty of Thespis is yet endued with true stability.

The dramatic poet is the creator of a mimic sphere of life. The imaginary beings to whom he imparts palpability, volition, and speech, exist within one main design, and take their form and pressure from that scenic purpose. He proposes to himself the representation of an event, and he gifts his *dramatis personæ* with such stations, qualities, and purposes as may evoke the event naturally and in accordance with human sympathies and consciousness. He, it is true, rules with absolute and irresistible sway over the creations whose destiny he shapes and determines, according to the plan which he adopts and fixes on, but he himself is overruled by the dramatic necessity of imitating the course of mortal life and conforming his representations to the method of the life of humanity. As he affects to "body forth" an incident in history, whether that of gods, heroes, imaginary beings or human creatures, he must bring about the destiny of each agreeably to the general principles which regulate the transactions of mankind, —or such as man can conceive of as effective in stirring and moving the kind of creatures he brings upon the microcosm of the stage. This necessity of dramatic art involves the poet in a series of laws which makes it imperative on him to preserve some likeness to the common transactions of the world. Hence, as he must imitate the ways of Providence with man, he would mar his own end if he did anything calculated to degrade men's minds or habits; for in so far as he did so he would spoil the resemblance between his performance and that on which it was modelled. Men will not acquiesce in any representation of life or history which transgresses the bounds of naturalness and probability, but stamp with their disapprobation and dislike all unlikely plots, scenes, and speeches. He would play false to his own art who would introduce upon his mimic world anything distinctly at variance with the ordinary flow of human life, anything whose tendency was to degrade humanity or lessen the holiness of life. On this account we feel constrained to maintain that the drama does not degrade and would greatly injure itself were it to attempt to degrade the characters in the plays or the audiences who behold them; for then it would be forsaking its own distinct mission, and would cease thereupon—

"To hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature."

The drama has occupied the greatest minds in all ages and in all literatures. In the first rank of Hebrew writings there appears to us the grandly simple, yet sublimely imaginative, dramatic poem of Job. This nobly spiritual production in which, perhaps, earliest in the world's history an attempt was made "to assist eternal Providence and justify the ways of God to man," we have a prologue, three acts of three scenes each, and an epilogue,—a grand trilogy of antique fact and incident, woven into the splendid dramatic unity of representative poetry. The elaboration and elevation of

the poem is such that in no ancient literature has the grandeur, graphicness, and artistic glow of imagery been so thoroughly incorporated with noble discursive thought and carefully distinguished dialogue. Whether we allocate this poem to an Abrahamic, a Mosaic, or the Solomonic age, we cannot but regard it as one of the most extraordinary poems of antiquity. We have next to this the luscious and delicious drama of "Solomon's Bride,"—the sweetest and most precious of the thousand and five songs, *i. e.*, poems, of which the son of David and Bathsheba is said to have been the author. This "song of songs which is Solomon's" is on all hands admitted to be interpretable only upon the supposition that it is dramatic, that its effects are scenic, and its form is representative. In two distinct cases, therefore, we find the drama incorporated with the sacred books,—as the form in which the Deity himself chose, in accordance with the special gifts of the agent, to reveal in the one case a justification of his moral providence, and, in the other, the mystical relations of Christ and his Church. We might notice also the highly dramatic form which the recitals of Scripture events assume in many cases; how often *scenas*, if we may so speak, are introduced into the narrative portions of Holy Writ. The destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah; the plagues of Egypt; the choosing of Saul as king; the life of David; the heroism of Daniel, &c.,—are only a few of those intensely dramatic scenes which occur in Old Testament history. Portions of the New Testament, too, are steeped in dramatic colouring. The dedication of Jesus, with its colloquies, soliloquies, and magnificent chorus; the stilling of the tempest; the trial before Pilate; the resurrection; Paul on Mars-hill, &c.,—may be mentioned as some of those appearing in the sacred writings.

When we turn from sacred to profane literature, we find all the noblest intelligences of humanity devoting themselves to the dramatic form of elucidation. "The Homeric epic is," says Schlegel, "in poetry what *relief* is to sculpture, but tragedy is the distinctly-seen separated group." Æschylus created the Greek drama; Sophocles realized it, and Euripides popularized it. Roman literature has higher names, we grant, than those of Plautus; Terence, or Ennius; yet they are great, and many of the Cæsars might sigh for their fame. Marlowe, Shakspeare, and Johnson are the master-spirits of a glorious age, and we have had of late Knowles, Jerrold, and Horne. Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire are among the greatest names of which France can boast—without mentioning Moliere at all. Lessing, Goethe, and Schiller are the grand triumvirate of modern Germany. Alfieri, Monte, Manzoni, and Niccolini are far from being the least noted names of Italy. Cervantes, Calderon, Lope de Vega, and Molina hold the highest rank in the literature of Spain. Even Holland enrols among its dramatists Grotius, Van der Borch, and Hofman. We challenge our opponents to name among any single class of what they call elevating writers an equal number of men of world-wide fame as

we have here noted amongst those whom they deride as degrading. These are only the merest selections, scarcely even a sample of those who have employed dramatic art for the instructive entertainment of the people. No literature whatever—pulpit, scientific, or historic—can rival in grandeur of representation the drama. It is a sorry argument for the degrading tendency of the drama to require to confess that its authors are the best in every literature, are, in fact, the chief of those whom we read to learn how—

“To turn agreeably some proper thought.”

Another great recommendation of the drama is that given by Bacon in his famous definition, “*Dramatica poesis est veluti Historia spectabilis.*” Dramatic poetry is as if history were made visible. Ordinary minds have a great difficulty in realizing to their imagination different forms of life, motives of action, passions and their effects, &c. Without the power of realizing them, these different elements of being remain enigmas to them. But when the drama vivifies them, when it brings within eyesight and experience the very spectacles of which history speaks, or shadowy representations of the actors of history, conception is quickened, and the comprehensibility of many things is greatly aided. In this way the drama is one of the grandest powers for education within the reach of the human race.

A very important point of view in which the drama as an elevating agent may be noticed, is closely connected with our foregoing remark. It was in the drama that the idea of a philosophy of history was originated, and the working of God in history was first shown. It was one of the necessities of the drama that a design should pervade it and hold it together. Mere scenic succession could not satisfy human cravings. It required plot-interest. Now a plot to possess interest must grow and progress, must begin, go on, and end. A thread of purpose must hold the various beads of events together; and this must be perceptible to the audience. What the philosophers call *evolution* was first shown in the drama; it passed thence into history and from history into theology. Now this suggestion of design running through, acting upon, and incorporating itself with human life, this shadowing forth of the truth that—

“There’s a divinity doth shape our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will,”

which attained such palpability in the drama was a grand idea. It made, as it were, Providence visible in man’s career, and lifted man’s life above mere earthliness by showing that the determination of the gods bore rule among mankind. This surely proves that the drama elevates rather than degrades.

I have, as I think, shown some good reasons for believing that the drama elevates. I am not, however, so unhesitating in my approval of the drama as my colleague F. S. Mill, able and trust

worthy as his paper is. I do not affirm that the drama in all its forms and varieties, and in all its conditions of being and being performed is elevating. Few things in this sinful world escape degradation; even religion is no exception to this sad fatality: I cannot justify much of the drama of the Restoration. But it may be questioned how much of this degrading tendency was due to the degradation of the time; and we know that the putrefactive tendency of this immorality has been such as to put the dramas of that time off the stage and off the shelves of respectable libraries. In this itself proving that the drama does not degrade but elevates.

I would close this paper with the concluding sentences of the preface to Taylor's "Philip Van Artevelde":—"There is perhaps nothing which more enlarges or enriches the mind than the disposition to lay it genially open to impressions of pleasure from the exercise of every species of talent; nothing by which it is more impoverished than the habit of undue depreciation. What is puerile, pusillanimous, or wicked, it can do us no good to admire; but let us admire all that can be admired without debasing the dispositions or stultifying the understanding." PHILOMATHES.

Education.

ARE PUBLIC LECTURES PROFITABLE FOR INSTRUCTION?

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

It may seem to some people rather a sign of retrogression than of progression, that in the early issue of a fresh volume of "our own" magazine, any one could be found willing to advocate the negative side of the question which heads this paper. We have of late been the victims, to so large an extent, of the "lecturing" mania, not only in metropolitan and provincial towns, but even in outlying rural districts, that it seems like offering an insult to the entire tribe of platform occupants to assert that, viewed as an agency, their declamations are not "profitable for instruction," however they may prove so, for themselves, in a pecuniary sense—yet so it is. We are foolish enough to entertain an opinion adverse to the utility of public lectures as a medium for conveying instruction, properly so called; and we therefore gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity now presented of laying before our readers the grounds upon which such an opinion is based. We are sure that the impartial and intelligent jury of readers, to whom the arguments in these debates are from month to month submitted, will be able to appreciate the soundness of our views and the applicability

of our illustrations, even though they may in the end record their verdict against the side we advocate.

At the outset we are required to analyze the terms of the question we desire to discuss, in order that we may clearly understand the point at issue between our opponents and ourselves. The question itself is, "Are public lectures profitable for instruction?" and the elements in it, which seem to suggest comment, are, "What are embraced under the head of 'public' lectures?" and "What is conveyed by the phrase 'profitable for instruction?'" Adopting this division, we shall now proceed to advance our views.

"Public" lectures are those, of course, which are delivered before a public audience, composed of a variety of classes and individuals, whose tastes, capacities, and inclinations differ materially from each other. In a meeting at all deserving of being regarded as a public one: that is, one to which the general body of the community in the locality have access, irrespective of their individual powers of thought or reflection, or their individual educational status, there must always exist that variety of mind and character, of taste and capacity which to so large an extent influences those who address it. Such an influence finds its exercise and development, not only in restricting the lecturer or speaker to a certain class of subjects upon which to dilate, but very much in the mode in which his observations are to be framed. Addressing a "public" audience, the lecturer, who would aim at success, must first of all select for his theme a subject likely, from its general character, to offer to the representatives of each class or variety of people before him some fruits of a pleasing and acceptable kind; and in presenting his bill of fare for their criticism, he must clothe his remarks in language so popular and free from pure technicality, that all who listen may be able to comprehend his meaning. The very necessity which exists for making his address capable, not only of being understood, but of being appreciated by the general audience before him, circumscribes the lecturer, first in selecting a subject, and then in his mode of dealing with it; and hence arises one great reason why such addresses must, as a class, fail in proving profitable for the instruction of those before whom they are delivered. Being "public" lectures they must be upon subjects more or less "popular" in their nature, and must deal with those popular subjects in a general and popular manner. They may interest, therefore, or even amuse; they may to a certain extent contribute to the moral and spiritual improvement of an audience, but they must of necessity fail as agencies for conveying any solid or permanently useful "instruction" to the minds to which they are addressed.

A very eloquent and excellent lecturer has himself, within the last few years, placed on record his ideas regarding the utility of those popular addresses, and they accord so fully with the opinions we ourselves entertain, and are now endeavouring to advocate, that we make no apology for succinctly alluding to them here. There are, he urges, but three conditions, under any one of which it is pos-

sible for popular lectures to be useful; and these are:—"1. When they convince a man of ignorance, and send him away to study. 2. When they awaken interest in some important subject, and predispose people to meet it halfway; or, 3. When they quicken latent knowledge and help on the real student." If any one of these ends is accomplished by a popular or public address, it may be said to that extent to have proved "profitable for instruction." Tried by this standard then, we yet have no difficulty in deciding that from the very nature of the thing it is almost impossible for the end to be gained by means so inappropriate. To speak of an ignorant man being convinced, and sent away to study, by the observations of a public lecturer who is restrained by the very position in which he is placed from doing more than pass in review the general features of the topic he discusses, is to imagine that ignorance can be removed by a very inefficient lever, and study induced by very trivial allurements. It is true that public lectures may awaken interest in some important subject, and for the time afford an audience some insight into the elements which need examination in order to produce a healthy and vigorous opinion upon them; but unless they lead those who listen to them to enter upon that close examination for themselves, they have only succeeded in gaining for the lecturer's peculiar views a host of blind adherents who coincide with him, either because they have no materials upon which to form any other conclusions, or because they prefer accepting his "cut and dry" opinions to taking the trouble of engaging in a study of the matter for themselves. A large amount of superficial knowledge may be conveyed by means of public addresses, and that even upon most interesting and important subjects; but if the effect of the lecture ends with its delivery, it is idle to say that it has proved "profitable" for an audience. The very fact which we are now pressing on the attention of the reader, namely, that the character of the auditory very much precludes a profitable train of thought and reasoning being adhered to by a public lecturer, has been, over and over again, recognized by public lecturers themselves. When the time has come for their issuing their public addresses in a permanent form, they find it expedient to apologize for the very general nature of their remarks, by stating that they were originally prepared for delivery before a public assembly; and very frequently they substitute in the printed form the very elements which constitute their address profitable for the student, but the absence of which during its delivery rendered it, as spoken, practically valueless. As frequently we find that while a public lecture abounds in general conclusions, for arriving at which no data whatever are produced, in a subsequently published form it bristles with facts and figures which strengthen the lecturer's views, and substantiate his arguments.* But that in such amended and amplified form public

* *E. g.*, the Bampton, the Hulsean, and other public lectures, delivered first and published afterwards in which the notes often form the most considerable portion of the volume.

lectures may prove useful to the student, and profitable for the instruction of the thinking and reflective mind, does not in the least degree detract from the force of our previous arguments; on the contrary, it affords further proof of the acknowledged inability of the address, as delivered, to accomplish the end ostensibly in view.

But our opponents will, no doubt, urge, as against this, that the utility of public lectures, as agencies for "instruction," is recognized in our several collegiate institutions; and what is maintained on such high authority cannot be open to the objections we have made. A moment's reflection will, however, show that, even if we admitted that collegiate lectures were a species of public lectures which proved "profitable for instruction," we would by no means give up the opinion we started by maintaining. The audience addressed by a collegiate lecturer is composed of those whose minds are intent on the acquisition of the knowledge he is there to impart; they are to a great extent occupants of a common platform in an educational point of view, both in relation to each other, to the lecturer, and to his subject; and it is their business to accept his *dictum* as a fitting termination to their own studies. The subject is one peculiarly bearing upon their collegiate training; its treatment by the lecturer is designed to summarize their individual course of study, and to generalize that knowledge which in their own rooms they have studied in detail; and being strictly professional in its character and belongings, the lecture is methodically and logically arranged so as to accomplish its object irrespective of meretricious adornings or attractions. But even as regards university lectures it has been truly said that, except under certain conditions of mind and disposition, they, too, may prove unprofitable.

Captain Burrowes, in his very interesting work called "Pass and Class," dwells particularly upon this topic; and, as the result of his experience of college life, and of his subsequent reflection, states, in substance, "That professors' lectures, when used carefully and thoughtfully in connection with and supplemental to private study; when used as the crowning part of the course, cannot be too strongly recommended." But the same authority does not hesitate to affirm that the same kind of lectures, "as elementary means of instruction," are *worse than useless*; because, instead of enlightening, they will either lead a man to fancy he is learning something when he is not, or they will give him a wearisome disgust of the entire subject." If this sentiment be accurate with regard to lectures of such a special character, and intended for audiences nominally so well prepared to receive them with profit—and no one who has studied the subject for a moment, and who has had any experience in its bearings, can doubt it—it is plain that public lectures, delivered before public and mixed audiences, must be far more open to the censure which Captain Burrowes has thus passed upon collegiate lectures, looked upon as "elementary means of instruction."

We refrain from saying more on this subject at present; for writing in ignorance of what the affirmative advocates may have

propounded, we are unable to conjecture even the grounds upon which he intends to claim a verdict in his favour. But when our opponents have riddled our armour, and, to their own satisfaction, placed us *hors de combat*, we shall venture in a parting paper to endeavour to annihilate their theories, and scatter their arguments, if we can, to the winds.

Dublin.

G. H. S.

Religion.

IS THE OFFERTORY PREFERABLE TO THE PEW-RENT SYSTEM IN OUR CHURCHES?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

THE pew-rent system and the offertory are, or ought to be, considered as two distinct things having two distinct objects. But unfortunately now-a-days the two are confounded, and the one is made to do duty for the other. Whatever may be said as to the propriety or otherwise of taking advantage of the pride and selfishness of those who are willing to pay for appropriated seats, and levying a tax upon them, the offertory system should in no case be abandoned. The reasons for this will be adduced presently. The people have in great measure themselves to blame for the existence of the pew-rent system. There seems little doubt that in olden times the wealthy and selfish parishioners voluntarily gave money to obtain seats for their exclusive use, and that the clergy, the majority of whom were poor, willingly fell in with such a disposition, which promised to increase their income so materially. This infringement of the law was winked at at the time, and now general custom and venerable antiquity have so far given it the force of law, that in nearly every place of worship, from the hamlet chapel to the loftiest cathedral, pew rents are exacted; for though in these latter there is no nominal trading in sittings, it is well known that those who fee the vergers, quarterly or half-yearly, have virtually seats appropriated to them; while those who do not do so obtain sittings where best they can. Thus, then, the pew-rent system and the offertory should not be brought into comparison—the one originating from a desire of the few to maintain a class distinction, and the other affording opportunity for all to give of their abundance or of their little to the service of Christ.

But as the two things must, in the course of this debate, be compared, it is time that reasons should be given for the affirmative of this question. And—

First, the offertory is preferable to the pew-rent system, because it is of apostolic institution, or at least conformable to apostolic precept and practice. This, it is certain, can never be pleaded in behalf of pew-rents. In the eyes of some, who have no great reverence for antiquity, or who do not consider themselves bound to follow in the present day apostolic practices, this consideration will avail little in its favour; but to us, at least, who think that all old and good practices should, wherever possible, be retained, it is far otherwise. In 1 Cor. xvi. we have St. Paul giving directions to the church at Corinth concerning a general laying by on the first day of the week for a collection for the poorer saints. This collection was general, for the apostle declares he has given a similar commandment to the churches in Galatia; and it is plain that this was made when they assembled themselves together for worship, or the first day of the week would not be so specially mentioned, and that the distribution was in the hands of the apostles. In the early days of the Church's history, when the society of Christians was small, there was, as we are told in the Acts, a community of good; but as the Church multiplied, this was abandoned, and collections made in various quarters for the poor. It is plain, also, from 2 Cor. viii. and ix. that the distribution of this fund was in the hands of the apostles; and from other parts of the Pauline epistles we gather that collections were made not only to relieve the necessities of the poorer saints, but also for the expenses of the apostles themselves, in accordance with the apostolic maxim, "they who preach the gospel must live of the gospel," and for all efforts made for the spread of that gospel, and consequent extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth. This offertory, then, was of apostolic institution; it was regular, it was weekly, and not confined to the spasmodic efforts put forth by too many Christian congregations in aid of any particular charity, when stirred by some new or eloquent preachers are engaged for the occasion. But—

Second, the offertory is indeed, as we should expect from its first characteristic, in entire consonance with Bible teaching; while we need hardly say pew rents are virtually opposed to it. Admission to the courts of the tabernacle and temple, and to the synagogues, was, as far as we can gather, absolutely free to all. But offerings, both fixed and voluntary, were appointed from the earliest times. "Freely ye have received, freely give," was the moving principle of the old dispensation long before its enunciation by the divine founder of the Church. Prayer and praise or thanksgiving are the essentials of divine worship. But how shall we thank the Almighty for His mercies continually vouchsafed to us? Shall it be in words alone? or shall it not rather be both in word and deed? Should we not give an offering of a free heart, and be ready to give and glad to distribute, knowing that with such sacrifices God is well pleased: if we have much, giving plenteously; if we have little, doing our diligence gladly to give of that little. The true Christian principle, then, is that we should never assemble ourselves together to ask

those things which are requisite and necessary, as well for the body as the soul, without rendering thanks to Almighty God for the great benefits we have received at His hands, by some offering, however small, knowing that by so doing we gather to ourselves a good reward in the day of necessity.

These two considerations are designed to show that a regular offertory should in any case be retained in the Christian church, and that, as a consequence in the consideration of any means for obtaining money for charitable purposes, it must have the preference as being already in existence, and as being in strict accordance with Bible teaching. We are not of those who, as Hooker says, will do nothing—no, not so much as the lifting of a straw—without Scripture warrant, but of those who hold that “every particular or national church hath authority to ordain, change, and abolish ceremonies or rites of the church ordained only by man’s authority, so that all things be done to edifying;” yet “whosoever, through his private judgment, willingly and purposely, doth openly break the traditions and ceremonies of the church, which be not repugnant to the word of God, and be ordained and approved by common authority, offendeth against the order of the church.”

Why, then, are pew rents levied? Every parishioner has a right to a seat free of charge in his own parish church, and they have been declared illegal on high authority. Church livings are, unfortunately, very unequal in value, and the holders of poorer ones have been glad to trust to what they considered would prove a surer and larger augmentation in the form of pew-rents, than in that of a regular offertory; while ministers of unendowed chapels, who depend entirely upon voluntaryism, have, from observing its seeming success in one church, been reduced to adopt it for themselves. The chief object, then, of pew-rents in all branches of the Christian church is to raise an adequate income for the minister, while the various charities which are the natural result of Christianity and civilization, are left to the chance of appeals made more or less frequently to the congregation. But the offertory answers this object still better. In every place in which it has been regularly practised for any length of time, and where it has become an established thing, the produce of the offertory has been found to yield as much annually as is obtained from pew-rents and collections put together, and not unfrequently a great deal more. Writing far away from books and papers as we are at present, we are not able to give here detailed proofs of this assertion; enough, however, that it has been proved, and some kind friend, who follows on the same side, may perchance be able to support it, if it be called in question.

Any objections urged against the offertory must tell with much greater force against pew-rents. We are now considering the offertory solely as a means for providing or augmenting the income of the minister. Its lawfulness and desirability as a Christian institution is, we think, impregnable. There is, of course, a radical

objection to voluntarism as a means of support for Christian ministers. The minister, to discharge his duty faithfully and fearlessly, must, from the nature of the case, be above pecuniary considerations. Such, unfortunately, is the state of affairs at the present day; though it was not always so, and even now the feeling is in some places quite extinct. Still, though it is desirable that the minister should in all cases be independent of his flock, he need have no scruple in receiving their contributions for his maintenance; and therefore the assertion of a late canon of the church at the Manchester Congress, that with the offertory, the minister must needs be listening to the rattling of the box, and speculating as to what he and his family shall do for support for the next week, is, even where the minister is totally dependent upon it, highly overcharged, and, as the general derision with which it was received seemed to show, not true in one case out of a hundred.

With voluntarism it is said, and often found true, that the people will leave if the preacher hit them too hard, and that he must humour their caprices instead of rebuking them. Now, of course, whether he depends on pew-rents or collections, the same takes place; and this no doubt accounts in part for the emptiness of many of our churches and chapels, and the overcrowding of others.

But the pew-rent system is bad in itself, because it tends to keep up and increase that distinction between man and man, in the place where, above all others, all are really equal, and to drive away from our churches and chapels those whom we should make the most strenuous efforts to draw to the house of God, and to keep them in the good habit,—viz., the poor to whom it is our duty to preach the gospel. They, of course, naturally feel acutely the humiliating distinction put upon them, so severely reprehended by the apostle James, of marking certain seats as “free,” and telling them to “sit here under my footstool,” while “the rich are put into a good place.” It may perhaps be urged that the poor would be driven away equally as much by the use of the offertory and the continual demand thus made upon their slender resources. But experience has not verified this. In fact, the general testimony is quite the other way. In all metropolitan churches where the offertory is in use, and pew-rents are abolished, the churches are quite full on the Sundays, and very fairly attended at the week-day services. And a glance at the congregations of these churches will show that the *poor* really do attend, and that they form no inconsiderable portion of the assembly; while an analysis of the sums collected shows that the poor are only too glad to give of their little, and this will be further proved to the satisfaction of any one who will watch the bag as it is handed round among the congregation. We have not, for the reasons previously given, any reports at hand giving the exact figures; but such may easily be obtained by any who who feel interested in the matter, and wish to see for themselves.

To conclude. Pew-rents are opposed to the whole system and spirit of Christian worship, and vitiate its chief object, while the

offertory is in strict accordance with the letter and spirit of it, and must therefore be preferable, while it possesses the further recommendations, that it does not drive away the poor, but draws and retains them, and produces pecuniary results equal to, and frequently better, than those obtained by pew-rents. R. S.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

"THE National Association for Promoting the Freedom of Public Worship in the United Church of England and Ireland," has been in existence in that city which—since the successful Anti-corn-law League—has been the head-quarters and capital of a hundred futile and unsuccessful organizations—Manchester—for more than ten years. It has recently given a spasmodic sign of regvanized life, by issuing proposals for "Prize Essays on Free Worship and Finance." Certain gentlemen, in the hope of gaining the fee, have, it seems, mastered the case, and have set themselves to prove their point, and, like all bad lawyers, have materially spoiled their argument by overstating it; for they have gone so far as to assert the sinfulness of the pew-rent system. A John Sandford, B.D., of Balliol College, a canon and something else of the reverend order, has become sponsor for these prize bantlings in a preface; and has, thus laid himself open to the *tu quoque* argument, for there are quite as many who believe in the sinfulness of the Church canon system—but with better reason—as have a grounded faith in the sinfulness of pew-rents. To him, therefore, we may safely apply this proverb, "Physician heal thyself;" and to the patronized essayists,—“Come ye out from among them and be ye separate; touch not the unclean thing.”

If a pew-rent is sinful, to what heinousness does the enjoyment of a canon's prebendal revenue and status rise? or is "free worship and finance" possible in a church where canons hold dignities exercise lordship and receive church revenues? We mention these said essays, of which we only know from advertisements, that they exist, to show to what length in inconsistency men will often go in favour of an opinion; to note that materials are readily at hand for advocates of the affirmative of the question and to remark on the moderation of manner in which the question is laid before us; for we are asked, "Is the offertory preferable to the pew-rent system in our churches?"

If, however, the advocates of the affirmative can prove the sinfulness of the pew-rent system, there is a short cut to the conclusion; for if the pew-rent system is sinful and the offertory is sinless, there can be no question regarding the preferability of one over the other. We question, however, the propriety of endeavouring to gain a debate by such a *coup d'état* as this, and shall conclude our introductory remarks by saying that the Manchester confederacy have scarcely met with a large measure of success when they required to adopt the prize essay system, which is a sort of refuge for the destitute among movements, and seems to us, in a

case like the present, very like suborning witnesses in favour of an unsuccessful cause. It is a case of double bribery: the writers were bribed to look at the one side of the question—that which paid or offered to pay; while the readers are bribed to buy and read on the assumption that these are pre-eminent productions for the authorship of which payment has been made in admiration of their talent and truthfulness and at the cost of printing, of which they have only to bear a share. They may be, for all we know, most excellent compositions; all that we affirm is, that the conditions of their existence are not prepossessing, do not ensure either impartiality or ability, and certainly lay the whole scheme which they advocate justly open to suspicion. With these remarks we shall commence our counter argument.

The great authority upon which, so far as we know, the antagonists of the pew-rent system rest their argument is, the general epistle of James ii. 1—10, the text of which we shall lay before our readers, in order that they may see the mere makeshift of argument to which the advocates of what they call free worship are reduced to employ:—

“My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory with respect of persons; for if there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment, and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, ‘Sit thou here in a good place;’ and say to the poor, ‘Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool.’ Are ye not, then, partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But ye have despised the poor. Do not rich men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment-seats? Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called? If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture—‘Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,’ ye shall do well; but if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors.”

Now who, that had not a case to make would ever think of an exegesis on this text leading in the remotest degree to the solution of the question of the offertory *versus* pew-rents? Yet this is the grand test-proof quoted from Scripture against the pew-rent system. We have somewhere read of a celebrated statesman, who—

“Gave up to party what was meant for mankind.”

This was considered a stinging rebuke. Of what reproof are those deserving who—

“Reduce to paltriness the word of God!”

•For what else is this magnificent passage but a protest against seeming “to be religious;” representing oneself as filled with the Christian spirit, and doing the works of “the world, the flesh, and the devil,” at the very moment of our profession; judging men by outward evidences in a manner affording no proof, having reference to the point at issue instead of by inward graces? It is

not at all a mere legitimization of a scramble for any seat you like, but agitation. But the very opposite. If the pew-rent system is observed, there can be no invitation to sit in a good place, for the place is either chosen or assigned and then fixed; neither can there be any scornful sit thou here under my footstool spoken to the poor; for his sitting is as fixed and sure as that of the rich. It is only where the offertory scheme is afoot and beaded civilities are employed to enrich the treasury that such *invites* can occur. So that, in fact, if the passage has any reference to pews at all, it is a warning against having any uncertainty in the matter of sittings left for adjustment when divine service is engaged in, but to have all the requisite arrangements made beforehand and secular work done at secular times. But it really refers to the spirituality of worship. It inculcates that as God is no respecter of persons, so far as regards the giving of his saving grace, we ought not to judge of our neighbour's grace by his worldly prosperity, but to value each man for what he is and does, and the spirit in which he lives and acts. Pure religion exists in the heart, and is not worn on the garments or shown in the outward condition of the person. In the church and before God man is a *soul* and not a person; and in themselves neither the poverty of the one gives us title to despise, nor the wealth of the other a ground for respecting those who come to worship in God's house. But no Scripture abolishes earthly rank, levels all disparities of worldly condition, or proclaims equality in external state. Hence we affirm that the argument drawn from this passage in favour of the abolition of pews is altogether an overstrained one, and, in the use of it, the partisan spirit—

“doth o'erleap itself
And falls on the other side.”

It is easy to dignify things with grand and taking names. “Freedom of worship!” is a fine cry to juggle with; but is it really anything else than a fine-sounding phrase? The Free Church movement, in its English sense—which has been appropriated for a far nobler idea nearly a quarter of a century ago by the Scotch—means an agitation for the non-appropriation of the sittings in churches, but for the opening of these edifices to any who choose to occupy their pews, without rent and without restriction, and the substitution of the offertory for the pew-rent. It is easy to see that this so-called “simple and equal” plan of non-appropriation is not at all so honest and true as it seems. There are old, weak, timid, irresolute, just as there are young, robust, proud, and self-asserting people seeking the accommodation of Christian churches. The former would shrink from contests for sittings while the latter would enjoy the victory. The poor would be even more servilely distinguished from the rich then than now; for if they took any sitting desired by a wealthy and prosperous man they would create for themselves foes. There could not but be envyings and strifes in such a form of shirking the question of man's equality before

God at worship. The pew-rent is honest far, for it acknowledges the personal equality of men before God, but recognizes the differences of station which exist by His appointment, and, by the pew-rent, calls upon the rich man out of his abundance to give to him who hath need, so that, by his paying, seats may be left free for the poor,—seats to which the Christiana might of poverty give them a guaranteed right. Then the pew-rent system secures order of worship. Many would not go to church at all if they required to scramble sabbath after sabbath for a sitting; and man is so much the creature of habit that he feels discomfort in his mind when in a familiar place he is always shifted about. This every one who has attended lectures in a public hall in a small locality must have observed,—he must have seen the tendency of people to return to their old places, and noticed sometimes the tenacious grudge with which some old frequenter will sometimes even claim a seat which he has occupied for some time consecutively. If we are to have a system in harmony with man's liability to form habits, we must adhere to the pew-rent system, which supplies a fixed seat at a reasonable fixed price, and leaves ample room for the poor in our churches free.

We admit, of course, that many parishes have outgrown the church accommodation legally provided, and that in some of these there is not space within the church walls for even the well-to-do; and that in such instances, the poor may come to be looked upon as intruders, even in God's house. This only shows, as we think, the need for church extension, not for free and unappropriated sittings. The poor would never scramble for and claim sittings in a church so preoccupied. But with the pew-rents well used, and the offertory put in activity for its right purposes, there should be no difficulty in such parishes in securing a new church to which many would for various reasons readily go,—thus leaving space in each for the poor, and yet satisfying the possessory feeling and the habit-forming nature of mankind. But the offertory itself, we think, would fail to secure a response in such a case. The rich could secure their sittings always by their offertory, and the Sunday-given mite of the poor man would be given with shamefacedness if given on the same bench with the banker or the lawyer, the chief physician or the head farmer of a district. This would make the poor man's poverty a source of, every Sunday, irritation and dissatisfaction.

It would be better at once to have churches for the poor and churches for the rich than this. The offertory looked upon as a contribution for charity's sake is quite a different thing from the offertory used as an every Sunday's payment for seat rent,—or "penny to pay parson for sarmint." Such a mode of putting up sermons to auction and paying for God's service as a dole, cannot commend itself to rational minds. It is sentimental I grant. But why should clergymen, more than other men, be put into a situation which would make them ostensibly "trust in God," while they

were in reality compelled to depend upon men? They are not now like the apostles; they do not freely get that they may freely give. Their education is an expensive process: during all the time of their student career they can earn nothing, while other men are earning money and preparing for earning more. The efforts they make during this unpaid and expensive period are often greater than those made by those who think themselves hard wrought. Capitalize all this, and few clergymen get even good interest for the money spent on their up-bringing. They are compelled to give freely enough already, without being called to give all this for permission to be a parish beggar every sabbath.

The high-flying theology of S. S. has very little to do with this question. And I do not think St. Paul would agree with him that the minister should take no heed regarding the just and honest fulfilment of a fair bargain between himself and his congregation or parish. Provide things honest in the sight of all men is quite impossible so long as those who preach the gospel are to live by the gospel without some fairly stipulated provision for the gospel ministry. I accept the offertory as a Christian mode of "giving to the Lord;" but not as an honest means of maintaining ordinances. I agree with S. S. in his premises but not in his inferences. I do not believe that God can accept an intermittent charity as the best way of "stablishing the churches." Nor does it seem to me that a clergyman effectively guards himself against letting any man "despise" him who merely trusts to the offertory for the support of his family, his reputation for meeting all demands on him, and keeping himself unspotted from the world. Hence I cannot but believe that the settled "living" provided by the pew system is preferable to the uncertain and precarious charity of the offertory for the support of the ministry, while the security afforded by the pew system for the rights of sitters gives it an additional recommendation in my eyes.

TREVELYN.

"No fiction" is our motto. Knowledge, life, and religion are three pretty considerable districts of thought to cultivate, and there is a poetry attached to each which is not fictitious. Imagination, like every other human faculty, was given for use. In knowledge it furnishes hypotheses, in life it is the mother of hope, and in religion it is the origin of earnestness. History is not exhausted, and the nature of the universe has not yet been thoroughly searched out, that we should begin, or, rather, that we should be under the necessity of manufacturing history and inventing substitutes for travel, geography, and exploration.

The Essayist.

IN MEMORIAM MDCCCLXV.

"Non omnis moriar!"—I shall not wholly die!—is a natural and universal expression of a general hope. A dread of annihilation, a fear that the fluttering heart and the thinking spirit may pass away with the aftertime, comes sometimes on the heart with a sudden dulling coldness; but the soul rises in insurrection against this blank of futurity, and resistantly as well as persistently asserts,—

"I change, but I cannot die."

Why is the eager longing for "a deathless name" so strongly and repeatedly expressed in the writings of the olden time? Is it not that, having no assured hope of a glorious immortality, the appetite for prolonged existence sought the best consolation it could get, by consecrating a fictitious immortality—Fame—in the imagination. This earnest solicitude to outlast the tie-dissolving oncoming of death, and to be able to transfuse a portion of the individual being of the writer into the spirits to follow it in the hereafter, had it not its origin in a desire to seek compensation for its doubts and fears of a future state in endeavouring to do something which "aftertimes would not willingly let die"? It substituted posterity for futurity, and reputation for life, and found comfort in the idea of "having a name to live," though death might vanquish all the actual vitality of the soul. The theatre of the present life is not large enough to gratify the human spirit, even although it were capable of causing a simultaneous thrill of admiring ecstasy to pass along the entire surface of the globe, unless the hope can also be granted to it that the dark, distant, and far-stretching future shall catch up the praise of the past, and voice it forth again to farther distances of time. It cannot be satisfied only to bloom a summer and then wholly pass away, though the love of its beauty and the sweetness of its perfume may have delighted many an eye, and given gladness to many a heart. Few indeed are there who have no secret wish to have a "forget-me-not" of some kind growing on their grave.

Are we wrong in thinking that, though the dull, cold ear of death may not hear the accents that are spoken, few of the living will grudge the laying of a *souvenir* of the departed upon the bier of those who, could they speak, would surely now tell us that—

"The almighty Mind,
Who breathed on man a portion of His fire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confined,
To heaven—to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope, His mercy reared,
 By vain philosophy be e'er destroyed;
Eternity, by *all* or wished or feared,
 Shall be by *all* or suffered or enjoyed?"

It is from no personal love for pronouncing *oraisons funèbres* that we undertake of late to wreath an *In Memoriam* of admiration for the dead and lost of each fast-fleeting year. It is melancholy to watch the falling of the fruit, ripe or unripe, from the tree of life into the ever-unstanch'd maw of the grisly skeleton; it is sad to reckon up a book in which each item is loss,—for the entries *per contrà* of gain cannot be known till years have flown, and the hand of the reckoner himself may be passive to the touch of the fat graveworm; it is grievous to see the solid, hard-won forests of intellect withered into seeming nothingness and worthlessness, often as the nations are only becoming sensible of their sweetness and perfectness; there is a dull monotony of feeling inseparable from this watching of the work of death, whose circumscription and confine is so surely to be laid upon all. But there is also an intense joy when the powerlessness of the cold dialectics of materialism is shown at the grave's mouth, and feeling with resistless might rebels against the belief which contains itself within "things seen and temporal," and darts, with the supreme gladness of emancipation, to seek comfort and support in fixing the thoughts upon those which, though unseen, are eternal; so taking—

"The sting from death, the victory from the grave."

In a few brief words let us recall the memory of the dead,—lost to us in their being, living to us in their works, yet neither in their works or being wholly lost; for quick as death strikes the soul of the worthy, and makes him quit the tenement of earth's clay,—

"Straightway the heart of God takes in"

the unhoused spirit to a nobler home and life.

A mere sense of brotherhood of being should incline us to note and remember those who have gone from the world of work and earthly visibility into that mystery of change which men call death. But there shall be small utility in such a review unless we learn from the story of their efforts, and even their failings, the useful lesson of individual responsibility. While we mark, then, what manner of spirit they were of, let us notice also the works they effected in their day of life, and become convinced, by what we know and have seen of them, that—

"We are but farmers of ourselves, and may,
 If we can stock ourselves and thrive, uplay
 Much, much good treasure 'gainst the great rent-day."

In the hope that this *In Memoriam* may not only speak justly and truly of the dead, but also prove itself to be a word in season to the living, we proceed to mention in order, as far as we can, the

chief writers and thinkers who have left their places vacant during 1865.

It is not our duty to pen a brief and tear-stained summary of "some historic page of kings and crowns unstable." We cannot attempt to express the heart-throe of a nation's grief when an assassin's hand basely bereft it of the noble, honest "sovereign spirit" of Abraham Lincoln. It is not ours to paragraph the sorrow of the family of the Czar when his kingdom's hope was stricken. We should hesitate even to record upon this page the sterling and unstinted regret of our own nation when its prime and foremost politician, Palmerston, was chosen by the hailfellow of all. The demise of the King of the Belgians, too, we think ourselves debarred from noticing. Of the peers whose names heralds have uttered with rapture, and who have submitted to the cold, unflattering touch of death, we assume not to be the "sweet recorders." Our peers are those whom mind has made so; our gallery of the great consists of those whose thoughts have entered into the circulation of the souls of men, and have become a living element in the most vital energies of men.

"No power can die that ever wrought for truth;
Thereby a part of nature it became,
And lives unwithered in its sinewy youth,
Though he who called it forth is but a name."

January was but two days old when Richard Thomson, an antiquary of great industry, and skilful in reading the secrets of time, passed into the land where time has ceased. Dr. John Robertson, a clergyman of earnest holiness, expired, "looking unto Jesus" as his hope, while the light of the ninth day of the year was fading. Leitch Ritchie died upon the day that Robertson was buried. He was one of literature's hard-worked "genii of the lamp." Apprenticed to a banker, but lured away from the pursuit of wealth to the pursuit of fame, he has worked as a journalist, politically and literarily, with terrible industry. To play "the Game of Life" on "Wearyfoot Common," and outwit "the Magician," are not every-day tasks, but Leitch Ritchie's pen had not only composed for many a magazine and newspaper, and borne the *baton* of *Chambers's Journal*, but he wrote upwards of thirty independent works, and edited so many as to bring the catalogue to nearly a hundred. But it was scarcely bread-winning, and the fame they won was long in coming, and dearly bought. Yet he was a man of more than ordinary sagacity and power, whose name will survive for some years as an author, and whose memory should be preserved in any future work on self-made men. On the succeeding day, Edward Everett, one of the leading rhetoricians of America, departed. He had a certain sort of fame as a student, a divine, a professor, and a statesman; but he was, perhaps, more thoroughly an orator than any one who has been much engaged in the public life of the United States. He was laborious as a writer, but there

was a breadth and spontaneity in his utterances as an orator which captivated audiences and held them spell-bound by the combined elegance of fancy, thought, and diction. Perhaps he erred in modelling his style on that of Cicero. Ciceronianism cannot be truly effective in a land of bustle and growing power, and ever-changing men and manners. Grand Titanic outbursts of power suit such nations better than those in which thought is—

“Knit with the Graces and the hours in dance.”

He fell in the very dawn of the bright morning future of his own land—a Moses on Pisgah, seeing the joy of that day in vision, not tasting it in person. He was an advocate for freedom; now he is himself free with a freedom divine. Of Canon Hoare, S. H. Christie, Jonas Quain, or R. M. White, the Anglo-Saxon scholar, we can say little but that the world lost in them a divine of work, a man of science of rare integrity, a physician of eminence, and a good elucidator of England's olden speech. Of the inventor of the hot-blast, James Beaumont Neilson, record has been made in a former issue; and we remember only now the name of Pierre Joseph Prudhon among those who require a word of sorrowful recognition. He was a man of singular gifts, energy, and self-raising merit. In his lifetime, on all subjects but one he acted on the maxim that “one hour idled away jeopardizes the happiness of all the future;” but the supreme interest of the future whose date is endless he jeopardized without hesitancy. His “Commentaries on the Bible,” the work of years of toil, have even now been prohibited in France, as out-licensing the licence of that land of licence. “Property,” he said, “is theft:” how frequently is it the thief of the soul's hope and the joy of eternity! for faith is only hope grown wise, and we can ill bear to meet with death when hope and faith are absent from our souls.

February's icy breath chilled the death-day of one of the finest, grandest, truest spirits that ever was wrapped in a muddy vesture of decay. Love was too weak a word to use for the admiring, venerating affection, mingled with awe, which he inspired. In external aspect almost leonine, his heart was tender as a summer cloud heated with the heaven's sunlight. William Ramsay, known in letters as a classical scholar, is written down in the hearts of many as the noblest benefactor of their lives, as having taught them the genuine uses of God's gift of life. He was the Arnold of Scottish professors, a Christian gentleman and scholar. We remember the agony of his soul when his girl-daughter died, and we knew that the worst pangs of death had been passed then, that he looked to heaven as a treasure-house, and to death as that which would bring him nearer to her and to the heart of the Master of masters—Christ.

His Eminence Nicholas Cardinal Wiseman claims record here as a man of high mark in his influence over other minds. He was grandiose in spirit and in expression, and loved the gorgeous in ceremonial as well as in composition. He was a man of singularly

varied tastes and capacities, industrious as a writer, moderate in his hopes, yet insatiable in his desires, and proud of his place in the mighty machinery of the church. Like a famed forerunner,—

“He was a scholar, and a ripe and good ‘one,
Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading,
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer.”

In his Lectures, Essays, and “Sketches of the Popes” he has left some few contributions to literature; while, in his assumed position as papal Primate of England, he has given a hostage to history that he will not be forgotten.

We do not remember any distinguished person lost to us in mild March. The President of the Wesleyan Conference, Rev. W. L. Thornton, has, so far as we know, little reputation in literature, though one of the chief lights of that stirring and sterling body of believers of which he held the temporal headship. The Duc de Morny has a slight renown in letters; he has a more appropriate place in history as one of the arch-conspirators in one of the most flagrant and unholy thefts of power known in our day. Hartshorn, the antiquary; Schomburgh, the man of science; Holden, the Biblical scholar, are some of those lesser lights which death extinguished while March passed into the mighty sum of time gone.

But April was crueller and colder. It reft from us Cobden, the great and genial spirit of reform and finance, the keen observer, the obstinate assertor and defender of God’s truth against statesmen’s errors, the cautious yet true friend of the people, the very soul of honour, one of the world’s choice and precious ones, whose memory the earth reveres, and whose life and glory history embalms and heaven rewards. Of him already speech has been made in a former page, and the tongue of praise is hampered now.

“All thoughts that mould the age begin
Deep down within the primitive soul,
And from the many slowly upward win
To one who grasps the whole;
In his broad breast the feeling deep,
That struggled on the many’s tongue,
Swells to a tide of thought whose surges leap
O’er the weak thrones of wrong.”

Such a one was Cobden, the peaceful revolutionist, the great king of the Commons by right of genuine principle, clear foresight, intrepid endeavour, and a firm trust in the ultimate triumph of truth, duty, and righteousness.

John Cassell, at once his own and the working man’s friend, merits a word of note as a co-labourer in elevating the masses, as an active agent in diffusing education, and inciting to earnest endeavours in toiling upwards, among the classes whom labour claims and names. Mrs. Theodosia Trollope, a member of a family whose renown in

English literature is well assured, a lady of fine taste, generous instincts and impulses, genial sympathies, loving Italy and freedom well, and giving to England the fruits of her Italian lore and honest love,—in Florence the beautiful, she the beautiful is laid, and her memory is written alike in the letters of England and Italy. If it is true that—

“Death ever fronts the wise;
Not fearfully, but with clear promises
Of larger life, on whose broad vans upborne
Their outlook widens, and they see beyond
The horizon of the present and the past,
Even to the very source and end of things,”

there is hope for Italy yet, for Theodosia Trollope died in the faith of a regenerated Italy and a sanctified world.

Very near to each other came the deaths of good Abraham Lincoln, the apparent hope of America, and the Cæsarewitch, the hope of Russia; but Providence outworks His special ends by, through, and above all events; and the great Confederation of the West, as well as the mighty Empire of the East, will yet fulfil the holy destiny of progress, and take their places in the march of human advancement, by whose hands soever the sceptre may be wielded. Heaven is not limited in ways and means, and the fore-ordinations of Deity are independent of human guilt or kingly accident.

We cannot note as coming within our province the two ex-Members for Lambeth, who left their places vacant in the roll-call of human influences that they might give place to Thomas Hughes, in whom high hopes are centred; nor Sir Samuel Cunard, the subduer of the Atlantic distances which lie between the Saxon of England and the Saxon of America. We must write, however, a word of regret for the noble and true, but sadly overwrought and disastrously misunderstood, Robert Fitzroy, who, as the head of the Meteorological Department of the Board of Trade, has done so much for the safety of commerce, life, and human emotion, but who, overcome by the terrible weight of self-imposed anxieties, was overbalanced in mind, and in a moment of fatal powerlessness of will devoted himself to death, and so offered himself a sacrifice to love, duty, and patriotism. How much the opposition of interested parties to the fair trial of the truth of his theories; how far the egotism of a discoverer subjected to annoyance from without; how far the perilous labours of an anxious soul, tended to warp the nerves and cast the mind distraught, we are not called upon to say. We hold that whatever happens to individuals, truth is secure; and that he who dies in truth, or for truth, dies usefully,—we may not, perhaps, so short-sighted is man, say—dies well; still we dare say,—

“Toil on then, Greatness! thou art in the right,
However narrow souls may call thee wrong;
Be as thou wouldst be in thine own clear sight,
And so thou wilt in all the world's ere long;

For worldlings cannot, struggle as they may,
From man's great soul one great thought hide away."

Early in May the Hon. Edmund Spring Rice, a political economist of sober judgment and clear insight into the minor difficulties of that science in its adaptation to modern requirements; D. F. Walker, a clever expositor of science; and Raleigh Trevelyan, a versatile miscellaneous writer, were taken away. Then John Stan-
yan Bigg, the poet of "Night and the Soul," one of those psychological dramas which aim at setting the mind of the age to music which, with all their power and beauty, strike on the recollection as failures, issued from—

"The robe in which the soul invests itself,
To join the countless myriads of the sky."

Bigg was a great and noble man, a Cumberlander of whom the Lakes may be proud. Long drudgery on the Irish press, and much hard labour otherwise, could not check the vitality of the divine element in him. Under malign advice, we think, he left the field of poetry for that of fiction, and though he wrote fairly, even in that he did not find the pence-ful profit that he sought. Hardship sat heavy on his heart, and illness pressed sore at last upon the life-powers. In his sorrow and suffering he felt that—

"The holy heart
Fulfil the dream of olden alchemists,
Turning all things it touches into gold.
The highest wisdom of the highest seer,
Is that which brings his childhood back again."

Looking on death as the apostle of eternal peace, he learned the last lesson of life in serene hopefulness and pious trust in the Infinite Love. Four days afterwards W. M. Hetherington, D.D., one of the ablest and best of the clergymen of the Scottish Free Church, followed the foregone multitudes of men unto the bourne where human aids and sympathies are vain. His early life was one of struggle, yet his student career was almost unequalled, and by dint of unhesitating toil he attained a foremost place among his fellows. He wrote poetry, history, theology, &c. "The Minister's Family" is a sort of novel; his paper on "Rome," in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was thought worthy of separate publication. He edited the *Free Church Magazine*, and contributed to many Reviews. He was an eloquent speaker and a favourite preacher. His reward came late, and his crown of fame became also his decree of death. Appointed to the chair of Apologetic and Systematic Theology when fifty-four years of age, he overworked his already sorely worn frame, and stealthily paralysis crept into his system, and killed him slowly. The lovable, honest, and wise man at length, after three years' illness, yielded to the subtle life-thief, and went hence. He was one whom any earthly church might have valued, though he himself yearned most of all to be permitted through Jesus to enter the

church of the firstborn. Only three days elapsed before another call was made — Charles Waterton, a fine old genial life-suffused gentleman, in whom the love of animated nature was a passion, whose heart loved every living thing, and delighted in the works of the great Source of all. He was a man not only of science, but of holiness; he was a Romanist in creed, but he believed and acted on the faith that—

“Worship is wisdom, as it is in heaven.”

After eighty-three years' looking on the works and reflecting on the worth of God, he went where men no longer behold these “through a glass darkly.”

June took from us another naturalist of repute, Sir John Richardson, a man of energy, resource, and purpose, to whom life was serious and duty an intense joy. To him we owe much of our information regarding arctic regions and many additions to scientific fact. His life, too, is a lesson worthy of study. After years of arduous labour apoplexy struck him, and he died when June was five days old. Three days thereafter, Sir Joseph Paxton, whose efforts in the literature of horticulture are all but eclipsed by his reputation as the self-raised designer of the Crystal Palace of 1851 and Sydenham in 1854, was compelled to yield obedience to the Summoner. In America, Mrs. Sigourney, an amiable and pious authoress, whose pathos, delicacy, and didactic earnestness had won for her many admirers, went “away from the dwellings of careworn men” into the stirless haven of God's acre. Then, as June was closing in midsummer's prime, Isaac Taylor, one of the most gifted yet humblest-minded men of our age, was ordered to the great audit. He was full of years, ripe in thought, and the fruits of righteousness and of faith hung in clusters on his tree of life. From the solitude of his Ongar home his voice went into all churches efficaciously. The spirituality of his temper, the translucency of his style, the almost unfailing acuteness of his intellect in argumentative effort, and the *suave* Christian candour of his polemical career, have made his name one of the most cherished in holy households, and have gained even the respect of antagonists and doubters. Of his claims and labours as an inventor we are not here called to speak. To us he is a seer of truth whose eye has been dimmed while gazing on the Star of Bethlehem with such hopes as the sight of that suggests and supplies.

July made small breaks in literary life. Woodward, the geologist; Gompertz, the scientist; Maude, a minor poet; Dickenson, the botanist; and Morton, a biographer, are the chief among those who closed their eyes upon the light of this life in July's sun-hot time.

Far different was it with August. But four days after its advent it struck at once from the roll of law advocates, sheriffs, professors, and literary men a great name, that of Wm. E. Aytoun. Though he has made few substantive additions to British literature, he has

exhibited a versatility only surpassed by his illustrious father-in-law, Professor Wilson. His parodies have seldom in this age been surpassed; his translations are tasteful and fluent; his ballads stirring and vividly picturesque; his novel may not hold its place at the highest level, but his "Bothwell" approximates more nearly to the standard of Scott than has been reached by any modern hand. He was an able and faithful teacher, and wound himself by a mysterious instinct into the affections of his students. The time came for him to say his farewell to friends, kindred, influence, and fame;—

"For there's a hand upon my heart,
That makes my being thrill and start;
A voice is in mine ear."

He heard the voice, and answered it with submission. Thereafter there fell to the fatal archer's hurtling bow, Joseph Parkes, the legist, whose "Junius" inquiries perhaps exceeded those of any one else; Hooker, the distinguished botanist; and R. Le Coxe, theologian, classic, and poet. These all heard the resistless word, and—

"Know the sense that sign
Bore in the language of eternity."

Then came thereafter, too, the death of Mr. Justice Haliburton, whose "Sam Slick" wit could not "soft-sawder" the "messenger of doom." He was a shrewd, sarcastic, and quaint humorist, whose influence was exerted for behoof of humanity, and whose exhibition of the weaknesses of *human natur* was kindly and full of the love of holy things. The Nova Scotian member for Launceston was, perhaps, as a politician less relishable than as a writer; but the general delight must for many days depend upon the humours of T. C. Haliburton.

Sir Wm. Rowan Hamilton, one of the rarest minds of the Victorian era, as distinguished in mathematical science as his Scottish namesake and contemporary was in logic—a perfect prodigy of acquisition, thought, and influence—died in September. The honours of all the great societies for the promotion of science were put in his gift, and his name is indelibly marked on the chart of human thought. He was a scholar, a poet, a philosopher, and one of the most eloquent expositors of the marvels of heaven, except, perhaps, the late Professor J. P. Nichol, of whom we have ever heard. The mortal in him was unlinked from the immortal, and the wisdom of the Creator, of which he was on earth an eager investigator, must be, like all other mysteries, plainer and more fully disclosed to his unscaled eyes.

Wm. Nanson Lettsom, a Shaksperian of the finest and most thorough tact, taste, and talent, who studied the Elizabethan literature in the spirit of one who was—

"Thrilled by the inward lightning of its might,"

expired on the following day. In a week George Linley, whose

songs and music were so sweet and so domestic, was also among those who had been; and Henry J. Purkiss, one of the most promising mathematicians of the time, met with a sudden death by accidental drowning before another week had passed. September carried with it as the hostage of its closing day Dudley Costello, a novelist of no slight reputation among those who write laboriously to wile away the leisure of reading multitudes to whom amusement is a necessity.

October lustily bore away two lexicographers, Dr. Charles Richardson, the most mature of British dictionaryists, and Dr. J. E. Worcester, the Johnson of America. Years and work had lain heavy on them both, and they each laid down his burden with a sense of sweet relief. J. N. Pearson, a theological writer of some sagacity, and Hugh Stowell, a controversialist of much adroitness and subtlety, a man of fine powers and commanding influence, breathed out their lives on the October winds.

Lindley, the botanist; J. S. M. Fonblanque, the jurisprudentist; and Lady M. T. Lewis, historian, died in the early part of "gloomy November." With a swoop as sudden as that of a bird of prey came the death-word to Mrs. Gaskell. The blood-congealing touch was given in the very midst of cheerful converse and lively thought; with the work of to-day laid aside, and the work of to-morrow planned. Many sat in far-scattered homes, awaiting with anxiety the results of that to-morrow's labour which should bring to a close a tale to which her genius had imparted a creative vitality beside which common life seemed tame and dull, such were the fascinations and the spells which her imagination had thrown around the ways of ordinary men and women. But the unimaginable romance of true life was already preparing a greater surprise than novelist could invent, for the *dénouement* was the author's death. Truly we spend our lives as a tale that is told, but we know not at what moment the Interrupter may come, and the story become sealed with seals that cannot be broken. Can it be that the creative soul should in a moment lose its gifts and powers, because the body has been emptied of it, and lies,—

"Like a disabled pitcher, of no use"?

Is it not rather true that the diviner essence evaporates and rises? And even of the body it may be said,—

"You may break, you may scatter the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still;"

for memory venerates the grave, and love haunts it.

Even the relics of the great departed have become dear to human hearts, and the children of men of genius are looked on often with the light of love. So was it with John Glencairn Burns, the Scottish peasant-bard's son, who not only cherished his father's memory, but was touched in some measure with his genius. He

died, carrying away with him another link of present with past, and so did Captain Gronow, whose "Recollections and Anecdotes" brought so vividly before us the changes of time; and both were laid in the grave in "chill November with its days of gloom."

December did not much increase the literary losses of the year. Sir Charles Eastlake was not only an artist of renown, but also an author of considerable ability. He was an early contributor to the "*Penny Cyclopædia*," and is the translator of Goethe's "Theory of Colour;" he supplied "Materials for a History of Oil-Painting;" and has written several choice biographies of painters. He was a man of power and worth, and added the glory of a real life to that of a splendid representer of the outward aspects of men and times. On the very last day of the year Frederika Bremer, the Danish novelist, was taken from among the living, and betook herself to a long-expected grave. She was a woman of fine mind and pure life, whose personal and literary influence were exerted for good. She is no longer among our "Neighbours," but has gone to "The Homes of the New World," where her "Morning Watch" will be enduring.

So passes the revolving year, and so pass away the children of men. As Homer of old has declared, "As is the race of leaves, even such is the race of men. Some are shed upon the ground, but the fertile stem produces others, and these grow up in the spring season. Even so the generations of men come and go; and as one produces another ceases."* Life and death are not only alternate, but simultaneous active agents in history and time. If there is a loveliness there is also a grandeur in death. Of its awful loneliness no living spirit can form a conception. It requires us to gird up our loins for a sublimely solitary journey, in which there is neither human aid nor companionship. From the panorama and pageant, the stir and whirl, the hum and strife of life, each must pass alone—biography in hand—to the world to come. Each takes the authorcraft of his life-long conduct to the tribunal of Infinite Criticism. How have we written, and how are we now writing, that which we must take with us there—our personal character? Is it in script which can meet the all-wise Eye? Does it contain matter suited to the opportunity our life has given us for composing—out of our feelings, intellect, and will, our circumstances, age, and means—a noble, beautiful, and compact biography of one to whom much was given, and to whom heaven has been proffered, should death compel us to write *Finis* on it *now*? These are questions for our own hearts; but they are such, we believe, as arise spontaneously from a consideration of the memorials of death which we have been perusing. If they seem to the reader too solemn, to the writer they are much more so. As the procession of the dead arose in his mind, and he marshalled the thoughts to which it gave rise, could he avoid the self-reference?—"To me also that messenger must

* Homer's "Iliad," b. vi., l. 146, &c.

come; how will he be met, and to what issue shall it be?" Then the aspiration rose for ourselves as for all,—

"In life's closing hour, when the lonely soul flies,
And death stills the heart's last emotion,
Oh, then may the Saviour in mercy arise,
As a guide through eternity's ocean."

Our paper has been sombre. In the dark valley and shadow of death human light is unavailing; only a divine light—the "Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world"—can give the blessed radiance the soul needs. If occasionally, as it arose upon the writer's heart, it has been flashed, as it fell through the breaking clouds, upon the thoughts he has uttered, he will be forgiven by all who believe that man needs a "true light" to lighten the darkness of death:—

"Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid our spirits rise and join
The chorus of the sky."

N. L.

POWERS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The English language has a veritable power of expression, such as, perhaps, never stood at the command of any other language of men. Its highly spiritual genius and wonderfully happy development and condition, have been the result of a surprisingly intimate union of the two noblest languages in modern Europe, the Teutonic and the Romaic. It is well known in what relation these two stand to one another in the English tongue; the former supplying, in far larger proportion, the material groundwork; the latter, the spiritual conceptions. In truth, the English language, which by no mere accident has produced and upborne the greatest and most predominant poet of modern times, as distinguished from the ancient classical poetry (I can, of course, only mean Shakspeare), may, with all right be called a world language, and, like the English people, appears destined hereafter to prevail with a sway more extensive even than its present, over all the portions of the globe. For in wealth, good sense, and closeness of structure, no other of the languages at this day spoken deserves to be compared with it; not even our German, which is torn, even as we are torn, and must first rid itself of many defects before it can enter boldly into the lists as a competitor with the English.

GRIMM.

Toiling Upward.

LUKE HOWARD, F.R.S.—SCIENTIFIC METEOROLOGY.

THE phenomena of meteorology are at once so numerous and so complex, they are so involved with the results of other sciences, and so difficult to extricate from surrounding influences, so as to be made the subjects of careful observation or methodical experiment, they demand so much patience in investigating them, and so great an amount of fidelity in recording them, that it seems at a first glance quite an impossibility that they could ever be effectively reduced to a science. The ever-changing landscapes of the sky, the uncertain variations of the weather, the gradual progress and regress of the seasons, the differing effects of clemency or inclemency on the human frame, and the influence all these fickle elements exerted on vegetable and animal life, could not fail to make the desire to forecast these changes one of the chief wishes of mankind. From a remote period there has consequently been a sort of traditionary and empiric meteorology in vogue, the maxims of which were handed down from sire to son, and passed along from neighbour to neighbour, often in epigrams, sometimes in proverbs, and not unfrequently in rhyme. Indeed, weather and climate are such large factors in the production of human happiness, that to be weatherwise is to be able often to preserve health, life, and property. The several elastic fluids by which man is surrounded exert a salutary or baneful effect on him in many ways; and hence it is of the utmost importance for him to know the causes which excite changes in the skiey amphitheatre which whirls incessantly around him.

Aristotle, in whose mind everything tended to take a formal exactitude, was the first who definitely attempted to cause these various traditionary and empiric statements regarding the changes of weather to crystallize into a science. His "Meteorologia" is stated by G. H. Lewes to be "in many respects one of his most interesting treatises." "It has," he says, "a more directly scientific attitude, and is guided by a more consistently inductive method," than several of his other works. "The work shows what could and what could not be effected by observation when unassisted by instruments." He objects, however, that it contained qualitative not quantitative knowledge, although his speculations "often display remarkable sagacity, and bear the stamp of an earnest investigating mind." Theophrastus, his pupil, continued his researches. Cicero, Virgil, and Lucretius have supplied a few notices regarding

the seemingly capricious and irregular changes which take place in the thin woof of the sky and among the unresting winds.

Without instruments scientific observation is scarcely possible, and scientific experiment wholly so. Torricelli, in 1643, by the discovery of the means of ascertaining the weight and pressure of the atmosphere, gave a scientific possibility to Meteorology. The thermometer came to the aid of the barometer, and to these, in a brief period, the hygrometer was added. From the time when she became possessed of these instruments Meteorology was able to acquire and preserve a record of well-authenticated facts, and trustworthy experiments could be made in proof or disproof of the common hypotheses on the subjects of climate, weather, fogs, frosts, winds, dews, &c. Then observers were multiplied, and an interest was felt in the recording and investigation of changes in the degree of heat, cold, moisture, &c., the effects of these changes on animal health and vegetable growth, and the connections which may be traced among these as forecasts or concomitant signs. In 1793 modern meteorology was reduced to scientific principles by John Dalton. Dr. Wells (1753—1817), in his singularly acute experiments on dew, made science his debtor. In Humboldt's treatise on *Isothermal Lines* in 1817 many notable facts and inductions were incorporated, and in Daniell's *Meteorological Essays* (1823) the subject was much advanced. The names of Davy, Maury, Arago, Fournet, Dove, and Fitzroy, are written in indelible characters in the history of the science. The scientific literature of the subject has been enriched not only by the works which have been noted above, but also by the labours of Kaerntz, Drew, Espy, Herschel, Fitzroy, Brewster, &c.

The name which we have chosen as that of one who deserves to be remembered as an example of toiling upward is not perhaps so eminent as that of several we have quoted. It is, however, a name recognized among meteorologists as that of a man of singular clearness of eyesight and fineness of observation who could not only see but describe, not only observe but comprehend, not only notice keenly but describe with reproductive fidelity and with informing pictoriality. To him meteorology is indebted amongst other important things for the scientific classification and naming of the clouds. His nomenclature has been universally accepted and adopted, and it is applicable in all climates and in all conditions of the atmosphere. If the intense labour of three quarters of a century spent in the endeavour to solve the mysteries of meteorology do not entitle the labourer to honourable mention, and do not cause a little curiosity to be felt regarding his life, his works, and his career, we cannot tell why there should be any record kept of men made memorable by toiling upward. We hope our notice will justify its place and possess interest for our readers.

Luke Howard, the son of members of the Society of Friends, was born in London in 1772—the year of the first partition of Poland, and of the appointment of Warren Hastings to the governorship of

Bengal when George the Third was king." His lifetime, therefore, has been one of varied change in social manners, political measures, commercial progress, and scientific attainment. "He learnt too much of Latin grammar and too little of anything else" at a country school in North Oxfordshire. The year 1783 was one of singular atmospheric vicissitudes and strange meteoric phenomena. These portents and signs in the heavens appeared to have impressed him much, and to have called forth his tastes for meteorological studies. After his schooldays were over Howard became apprentice to a chemist in Stockport,—a town which, though stirring and populous now, was then a quiet and somewhat sleepy place—like most of those in Cheshire at that time. Here, besides studying with zeal and care the elements and principles of chemistry as was his duty, he devoted his spare hours to a systematic course of self-improvement. He delighted to recreate himself in botanical research, and pursued with ardour the acquisition of French. In these he made considerable and rapid progress, and not only from the direct results of these studies, but also from the habits of disciplined life and thought they occasioned he received great and lasting benefit.

The works of A. L. Lavoisier (1743—1794), the founder of Antiplogistic chemistry, attracted his attention early, and he epigrammatically described the effects on his mind of his acquaintance with the writings of the new school of chemists as being "like sunrise after morning moonlight." Mr. Howard married in 1796, Mariabella Elliott, a lady belonging to the Society of Friends, with which he was himself connected, and began to look out for a life-position. In 1798 he became partner with the well-known manufacturing chemist, William Allen, lay-preacher and philanthropist (1770—1844); though this way of life lasted but a short time. The partners made an amicable division of the estate and trade. Mr. Howard by inclination preferred the laboratory at Plaistow, and the business connected with it, [while Mr. Allen retained the central department in Plough Court, Lombard Street.

As a member of the Askesian Society, he wrote essays on many scientific subjects, *e. g.*, atmospheric electricity, the structure and functions of plants, in which he mooted the now generally received cell-theory. His chief paper, however, was one delivered in 1802, "On the Modifications of Clouds." In this paper, which was published in 1803, he proposed that classification and nomenclature of clouds which has been incorporated most welcome with the science, *viz.*, into Cirrus, Cumulus, and Stratus, with their intermediates, Cirro-cumulus, Cirro-stratus, Cumulo-stratus, and one compound, Nimbus,—which are indicated respectively by the following contractions—Ci., Cu., St., Ci-cu., Ci-st., Cu-st., and Ni.

In 1802, Dr. Abraham Rees began his extended and improved edition of the Cyclopædia of Eph. Chambers, in which he provided that scientific subjects should be treated of by persons competently conversant with them as their cultivators. Mr. Luke Howard con-

tributed the chief papers on meteorology. In the early issues of the *Athenæum* he published a series of papers in which he embodied his observations on the "Climate of London." These he afterwards republished in two volumes in 1808-20. This work led to his being elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1821, and his reputation as a meteorologist was thereafter regarded as established. In the mean while he was far from inactive otherwise. He continued his literary studies, attended to politics—taking an especially active part in ameliorating the condition of the Germans when their sufferings were rendered so intense by the conquests of Napoleon, and exerting himself in the origination and promotion of schemes for the physical, moral, and religious welfare of the community, active beneficence no less than industrious reflectiveness being among his best known characteristics. As an instance of this, it may be related that he bought in 1823, the Ackworth Villa estate—which he used as his summer residence,—that he might be near, ready to counsel and encourage Ackworth School—a favourite place of education for the children of members of the Society of Friends, and also that he might give hospitable welcome and cheer on its behalf to the annual visitors of that institution. In almost all the charitable and philanthropic movements of the day he co-operated with purse, labours, heart, head, and prayers. In 1832 he issued his "Essay on the Modification of Clouds," revised; and in 1833 he republished his "Climate of London." The *Yorkshireman*, a religious literary serial, occupied his efforts between 1833 and 1837. In the latter year he published "Seven Lectures on Meteorology." He supplied a record of "A Cycle of Eighteen Years in the Seasons of Britain, &c.," 1842. His "Barometographia—Twenty Years' Variation of the Barometer in the climate of Great Britain"—a highly valuable series of observations carefully accurate—appeared in 1847. He issued "Papers on Meteorology," 1850-4.

In 1852, after a married life of fifty-six years, the issue of which was seven children—of whom two sons survive,—Mrs. Howard died, and Mr. Howard in his eightieth year was left in comparative loneliness to wait for the end; but for twelve months Death restrained his hand from piercing his heart, though disease racked him with severity, and kept him feeble and worn.

To him who had given the observations of three quarters of a century to the changing sky, there came a longing and a yearning for the changeless heaven. The keen eye, to which sunrise brought joy and sunset delight, which looked upon each "nursling of the sky" as upon "a thing of beauty," informed the saddened heart that earth contains nothing capable of yielding "a joy for ever." To him now the thoughts which Wilson found suggested by the evening cloud came as a comfort;—

"A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow,

Long had I watched the glory moving on
 O'er the still radiance of the lake below ;
 Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow.
 Even in its very motion there was rest ;
 While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
 Wafted the traveller to the beauteous rest.
 Emblem, methought, of the departing soul
 To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given ;
 And by the breath of mercy made to roll
 Right onward to the golden gates of heaven ;
 When to the eye of faith it peaceful lies,
 And tells to man his glorious destinies."

When age had dimmed his intellect, and weakened his memory, so that the very nomenclature of the clouds, which he himself had given, slipped from his mind, he still found it a precious enjoyment to look out upon the fleece-like woof of the sky, and watch the changing hues which the sun cast upon the clouds when,—

"His day's hot task was ended in the west."

He seemed then most thoroughly to recall old thoughts and impressions, and to knit the days of his early childhood to those of this his second heavenly childishness, and to see in those mystic forms—

"In heaven's loom,
 Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
 In ample folds of drapery divine,"

a strange commingling of earthly life with heavenly aspiration. His powers faded gradually away, as light at sunset, dying into heaven. On March 21st, 1864, at his winter residence in Tottenham, in his ninety-second year, he passed away—the fitful meteorology of the earth being exchanged for the undying glory of that scene wherein the God of nature is also the God of eternal joy.

In a life of long-continued and zealous effort in advancing knowledge, as well as in a life of beneficence, hope, and faith in Jesus Christ, Luke Howard was an example for those who endeavour to rise by "Toiling Upward."

"These evening clouds, that setting ray,
 And beauteous tints, serve to display
 Their great Creator's praise.
 Then let that short-lived thing called man,
 Whose life's comprised within a span,
 To Him his homage raise.
 We often praise the evening clouds,
 With tints so gay and bold ;
 But seldom think upon our God,
 Who tinged these clouds with gold."

The Eloquence of the Month.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK ON SCIENTIFIC METHOD.

[Of His Grace the Archbishop of York (Wm. Thomson, D.D.) we have on a former occasion (January and February, 1865) supplied our readers with a somewhat detailed biography. His Lordship has since been chosen President of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society, in succession to the late G. W. F. Howard, Earl of Carlisle (1862-64)—an honour due not only to his station but his merits. On 17th January, in the theatre of the museum of the Society, he delivered his Inaugural Address to an audience such as is seldom seen, even in the capital of the primacy. This valuable speech, through the kindly courtesy of his Grace, though it is to be printed otherwise, we are permitted to give in our pages. The Archbishop—after a few remarks on the early history of the Society—its originator, Rev. W. V. Harcourt—its former Presidents—and some of its more prominent members; as well as upon the nature of knowledge, in which he announced himself as “believing that in the end all truth will be found to harmonize with all other truth, and that every truth is a segment of the great circle of knowledge, though our short-sighted eyes may not be able to follow it into its place in the roundness of the perfect whole”—proceeded to descant on the methods of research in physical science in the following terms:—]

“In all sciences,” said Condorcet, “the knowledge of the method employed to discover the truth is, so to speak, more precious than that of the truths themselves, because it contains the germ of all those which remain yet to be discovered.” Bacon made no important discovery, nor did he even comprehend the whole scope of the inductive method, and yet his name will never be forgotten in the history of science, will rank with those of Galileo, Newton, and Harvey, because he seized fast the leading principles of physical inquiry, and branded some errors under which science had come into bondage. And although no one ever made a great discovery by adopting strictly the *Novum Organon* as the code of laws that would govern his proceedings, the verdict of history is just. To improve the method is to shorten the labours of inquirers, and to make the fruits of inquiry more certain. The physical are known as the inductive sciences. The method by which they are pursued is called induction; but this method cannot be employed without the use of deduction also. It is necessary to recall the precise meaning of these terms. *Induction is the process of gathering from the observation of many facts the law or rule which governs them all. Deduction is the application of this law or rule to new cases of the same kind as they occur, so that we can predict of them some property already discovered by the inductive method.* As a simple example of induction we will take this:—gold, silver, copper, &c., will combine with oxygen; gold, silver, copper, &c., are all metals; therefore all metals combine with oxygen. As an example

of a corresponding deduction, we will say all metals combine with oxygen; iridium is a metal; therefore it will combine with oxygen. Now it is difficult at first to see how such a process, however true and exact, could advance science. If in an induction we have taken up all the metals, and upon an examination of each have discovered that it combines with oxygen, then we may truly say of all combined what we have said of each separately; and with equal truth we may afterwards affirm of any one separately what we affirmed to be true of all. But this process only seems to apply to cases where all the examples are in our power to examine, whereas Science wishes to reason about single examples as they occur, where it is impossible for her to examine all. In an argument such as this there is no more discovery than there would be profit in exchanging twenty shillings for a gold piece of the same value, and then exchanging back the gold for the silver pieces. Given the twenty silver pieces we can combine them into the gold; given the gold we can easily get back a single silver piece for our needs. But the exchange thus made will not enrich us, though we go through it a thousand times. Besides, the truths which we gain from observation are gained not from all the cases that can occur, but from a very few cases; and yet we are as certain of them as though we had exhausted all. That all men must die we firmly believe, although some of us never saw even one man pass into "the valley of the shadow of death." Nor would a hundred new deaths, nor a thousand, add to the certainty with which we believe that all of us must die. How is this? How do we dare to believe of all what has only been seen to be true of some? To gain a general law from a few facts only, and then to take that general law about with us, and to find that it is an unerring interpreter in new cases, is indeed a step in discovery. But under what circumstances is such an inference, larger by far than the facts that sustain it, admissible? All our experience is that natural facts show a uniformity of operation in nature. The world we are placed in is not a scene of tricks and surprises, but of even, orderly activity. If we were set to reason in a world where change and caprice were as much a part of its system as order and constancy are of this world, then the process we are now describing would be useless. We should trust nothing but a complete enumeration as a record of experience; and as for deduction or prediction, that would be impossible. The snow that had always chilled us might burn us to-morrow. The refreshing water of the spring, that yesterday slaked our thirst, might to-day turn to deadly poison. The stone that now falls innocuous to the ground when our hand releases it, might spring up and smite us on the forehead. The day and night that now succeed each other might become perpetual light, and the earth that now revolves daily to produce them might turn one side only to the sun. Why does no one expect these things? Because we have lived long enough in the world to know that law, order, regularity, are impressed upon it. From the time when we

burned our childish finger in the candle, and were taught by fear and pain to shun the next lighted candle, this conviction, that the world is ruled by settled laws, has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength. We may express it thus (always remembering that the belief is universal and does not depend on scientific precision):—“*Under the same circumstances, and with the same substances, the same effects always result from the same causes.*” If this be true, it follows that a few examples, well selected, may be as decisive as a thousand, of the existence of some law or principle. But how can we be sure that the examples have been well selected? Here the value of deduction appears. At first an induction is little better than a guess; as a guess we will regard it until it has been tested on fresh cases. Every new case will give to the inductions less of the character of a guess, and more of that of an act of reasoning. For example, the metal we call potassium was discovered in acting on the alkali called potash by the voltaic battery. From the alkali a metal was undoubtedly produced. In a world where caprice ruled, the operator would only have dared to think exactly what he saw, namely, that from one given alkali one metal had been formed. Not so with us. The operator thought that all alkalies probably contained a metal. Why in a world like this, full of order, should one substance have a metal for its base, and another substance, like it in all general properties, be glaringly different from it in this one? Accordingly it was assumed for the moment, and for the purpose of further experiment, that all alkalies had a metallic base. Such an induction, from one fact, is bad beyond all pardon if it be taken for proved already; but it is only assumed, for the sake of trying whether it be true or not, and this is no sin against logical rules, but is the very process by which the knowledge of nature is advanced. It is now applied to soda, as if it were true, as if we could trust it to predict. Soda, too, yields up its metallic base. The deduction proving right has greatly helped the scanty induction. By-and-bye the deduction shall be made with the earths, which bear a close analogy to the alkalies. If all the alkalies have a metallic base, why not, in this world of likenesses and uniformities, the alkali-like earths as well? Accordingly we form calcium from lime, the aluminium so useful for its lightness from clay, the magnesium that burns so brightly from magnesia. The law is now established. Alkalies are not simple substances: each is a compound of a metal. Yet no. Our enumeration is not complete. Ammonia, which we know well as pungent *sal volatile*, will not render up its base; it is too volatile, and we cannot fix and isolate the metal. Yet hardly any chemist would on that account doubt the soundness of the induction, or the certainty of the law. He sees that here some circumstances are not the same; that ammonia, having all the properties of an alkali, is yet a liquid tending always to fly off as gas; and he attributes to this his failure. Accordingly he speaks of the metal ammonium and its compounds before he has ever seen it. The compounds

exist: the existence of the metal is matter of inference only. Let us notice then this principle, a fundamental principle of science. The discovery of a new property in one single thing of a kind may be an indication of a general law; this is the beginning of an induction. All induction is the getting out of laws from facts.

We will try upon new cases of like kind, whether this new property was there by law, or only by what we may call accident. This is deduction; the holding a law in our hand, and seeing if it will explain new cases. Both the induction and the deduction are weak at first; the induction because it goes too fast in concluding about all of a class from one of a class; the deduction because it has borrowed this conclusion, all too large, from the induction. But both processes are only provisional. "I know," says the inquirer, "that it will not do to say that a metallic base has been found for every alkali because I have obtained potassium." But lend me the general principle, just to try if it is true. If it prove false, we will dismiss it as a wrong guess. *Science makes many a wrong guess before she reaches a right one.* All alkalies have metallic bases shall at least be true till we have applied it to soda." It is right as to soda too. Thus every discovery almost has first existed as a guess, until repeated trials have proved that it is more. From fact we have inferred the supposed law; from this law we go to new facts, and find that they are explicable by it, and add them to our induction. And ever as we pass from fact to law, and then from law to fact, our conviction strengthens, until we reach the utmost degree of certainty that physical science admits of. In this process of reasoning there is great scope for one faculty, not usually supposed to be needed in physical inquiry—the imagination. Many subjects of inquiry not only demand classification of facts, but also explanation of unexpected facts, which at first are quite unintelligible. Why did the mercury in the Torricellian tube sink till it stood at about thirty inches? The conception that it was counterpoised by a column of air equal in weight to thirty inches of mercury was not a mere reading off of patent facts; it was a flash of imagination. To import the thought of weight into the subject was a discovery. It was easy after that to test the notion by carrying the tube up a mountain, and watching the mercury recede as the column of air above it grew shorter, and therefore lighter. When the German naturalist, Oken, saw in one of his walks the skull of a deer bleaching and decaying with sun and wet, it occurred to him that the bones of the head, which were falling to pieces, were but developed vertebræ. That idea has founded a revolution in natural history; how, I must not stop to explain. These flashes of thought, these importations into some darker region of inquiry, of conceptions belonging to some other region, are only given to those whose minds are well stored with various observations, and who are quick to perceive resemblances. They do not visit the mere dull and plodding collector of facts. New inventions are not the property of him who can gather the most examples, and group

them in tables most laboriously. They fall to him who, from superior imagination, or accident, or necessity, is impelled to interpret facts that else might have remained dark. As a rule, great discoverers have been men of great general power as well as industrious observers. A conception that explains certain facts may be very valuable, and may serve the uses of science for a generation or two, and yet, as facts are multiplied, may have to give way to some other conception. It is not illogical to adopt an inadequate conception, even though we are conscious that it must one day be abandoned. Such a conception is sometimes the sole condition on which we can think of or reason about the facts at all. Recall, for example, the Cartesian theory of vortices, by which all the facts were to be accounted for which we now group under the law of gravitation. There was assumed to be a subtle fluid carried round the sun with all the planets immersed in it; and this bore all bodies along with it; and also by its centrifugal force, in rushing away from the earth and other planets, it caused all other bodies to fall to the earth to occupy the space which it was leaving. This is a strong instance, because the hypothesis did not coincide with many facts easy to be ascertained by experiment. Bodies in a thin fluid, whirled round rapidly, did not, upon experiment, fly to the centre, but rather *from* it, and the heavier they were, the greater the tendency to do so. Yet, unquestionably, this conception served for a time to connect the facts together, and helped in the examination and discovery of those opposing facts which at last proved that it was untenable. The Newtonian theory of gravitation took its place. Who knows whether hereafter a larger induction may not supplant this theory, which is now a household word with us, by some hypothesis still more complete? Before a theory gives way to its successor it is modified, enlarged, assisted with supplemental theories, in order to let in the new and opposing facts as they are discovered. Dr. Whewell has shown forcibly how this transformation of hypotheses takes place, from the history of vortices, and also from that of the theory of emission of light, as it passed into the theory of undulation. Theories, like states of society and of the natural world, do not perish by a violent death: they are so altered and attenuated before their final departure, that death is easy, because there is so little of the old nature left.

The theory of vortices is dismissed now with a smile, and yet it satisfied the mind of one of the greatest lights that have ever shone upon philosophy—that of René Descartes. Before we smile at the theory, we should reflect what were the facts which it was then set up to explain. With a scanty collection of facts, with rude instruments of observation, and worst of all, with the glamour of false facts and wrong observations not yet cleared away, those old discoverers did more perhaps in their penury than we with our abundance. The lesson they teach us is not a lesson of self-confidence, but a warning against clinging too long to a hypothesis that has served its purpose, so that new facts are warped or excluded in deference to it.

The debt which science owes to language must be mentioned in any sketch, even the briefest, of scientific method. Under our language lie buried, so to speak, the forgotten theories by which Science has reached her present state, and a single word is often the monument of a dead theory. When we speak of a jovial, a mercurial, or a saturnine disposition, which of us remembers that we are borrowing from astrology, and that we are speaking of our friend as born under the influence of the planet Saturn, of Mercury, or of Jove? Our grandmothers were troubled with the vapours; we talk of animal spirits—like to be in good humour: all these expressions are relics of theories of physiology which we should refuse to admit as true. Words are more in philosophy than means of intercourse; a name is often the summary and the permanent record of an investigation. A modern writer refuses to admit the expression, "attraction of gravitation," introduced by Newton, but will accept the term gravitation by itself; and this is no verbal question, but involves the theory. Comte contends that gravitation is enough to express the mutual action of all parts of the material universe, but that in adding the word "attraction" we affirm of this mutual action that it is a drawing of each particle towards each, which is more than we quite understand, and is more than we require for grouping our facts together. Whatever may be said of this particular phrase, the line of criticism is just. The conception by which we bind our facts together should be reduced to the simplest form that will embrace the facts, and the name should, of course, express no more than the conception. The word phlogiston is all that remains of a chemical theory. Affinity, organization, inertia, each of them sums up a law. Observe how readily any new theory in science is focussed, so to speak, for the popular eye in one word. Thus, Professor Forbes, after most acute and careful observations, explained the motion of glaciers as that of a viscous mass. A controversy has arisen out of this one key-word of his system. How can hard ice be treated as a viscous mass? The word at least was useful to keep preserved the record that a rigid mass moves and behaves like a viscous mass. A new observer has brought us in the word *re-gelation*, a fresh light upon the problem; ice when crushed under great pressure freezes again, is *re-gealed*, if I may say so, at once. In science words are things. They enable us to sum up a new theory, and to recall it easily without a long definition, and they record it permanently in a compact and enduring form. How far have my hearers followed me in this meagre sketch of that scientific method by which man, with open eye and thinking brain, is allowed to interpret the universe? We have seen that we begin by observing facts, that their resemblances suggest to us a rule or law which may apply to all like cases; this is an act of induction. To try whether the law is real, or is only a fancy of our own, we assume its truth, and see whether it holds good in new cases; this is deduction. If the observed properties, though striking, are strange to us, we are obliged to import some conception from

like things which we do understand, in order that we may conceive the new facts; as did Descartes, when he explained the heavenly motions by the notion of whirlpools in a fast-flowing stream. Such conceptions may be useful, even when they are not the whole truth, for they may enable us to grasp all the facts which are known at a given time. For the conception a name is found which records the theory of discovery, and gives it a place in the history of science. About the proper share of induction and of deduction in the work of discovery the world has been disputing ever since there was any science. The question now takes this form. How far does the mind itself contribute to discovery, and how far is discovery confined to recording cautiously and without addition our observations of external facts? If we do nothing but observe and group facts, science is purely inductive. If from a few facts we jump swiftly to an hypothesis, and with that, which is rather a garment from the loom of the mind, wherewith we have clothed the bare observations than the observations themselves, pass on to explain other facts, then deduction is too prominent. From the days of Bacon to those of Comte and Mill the mind has needed cautions and reproof rather on the side of its deductive tendency. Scientific research needs to be sober and cautious, but the mind, full of that "vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself, and falls on the other side," will not climb up to her saddle. She leaps, and is discomfited. Students of natural history may find two excellent examples of these two opposite tendencies in Cuvier and Schelling. Cuvier says that science consists in observing, proving, and classifying facts. Systems and hypotheses excite a momentary surprise; then fall into ruin and pass away. The fundamental axiom of positive science is this, that facts rightly observed are the only durable acquisition. "One sees," he writes, "how many systems might be founded upon resemblances so extraordinary. The imagination never found a more curious subject for her exercise. But we who have long professed to confine ourselves to the exposition of positive facts, confine ourselves to-day to a description as exact as possible of the external and internal structure of the animal." This strict profession is taken from a "Memoir on a certain parasite worm of a new kind;" and the younger Saint Hilaire observes that, with all this exactness, the memoir starts with *two* wrong assumptions, for the animal in question was neither a worm nor a parasite.

Cuvier was the great representative of the school of facts, as against the school of hypothesis and deduction. The language of Schelling seems to come to us out of a different sphere. "Nature," he says, "is the divine spirit expressed in visible shape; it is *thought* becoming material things. Hence the beauty and the harmony of it all; it is the visible expression of the divine mind." It follows that our minds are in harmony with nature from the first, for our minds are from the same spirit that has expressed and represented itself in matter; hence, to have a right notion of physics, we must, so to speak, create nature anew,—that is, think

over again the great thought that is expressed in nature. We cannot dispense with experience, of course; but experience is gained by interrogating nature according to principles of reason. Every experiment is a question addressed to nature, of which the answer is foreseen. Every experiment is a prophecy. Nature is one organic whole constituted according to an idea; and all true natural philosophy consists in comprehending nature as one whole, and subordinating to this all secondary laws. Surely this conflict of philosophy is everlasting, between the law and the fact—deduction and induction—the mind within and the observations without. It rages between Plato and Aristotle; it is even louder between Cuvier and Schelling, who passed away but as yesterday. One says that there is no solid knowledge but the bare record of facts; the other that the soul of man brings to the study of nature an implicit knowledge of all nature, impressed on it by that mind from which all nature springs. These two are opposite as the poles. But physical science, as we possess it, was not constituted by Cuvier's ascetic abstinence from thought, nor yet from Schelling's glorious dream. Men used *all* their faculties in the pursuit of truth. They sometimes watched the facts with almost passive mind; but sometimes guesses flashed sudden light upon the ill-arranged storehouse where the facts were kept; and forgetful of all Cuvierian caution, they questioned the world of facts, without waiting till it should speak to them; and their question often contained a prophecy. Any fair mind will gather from the study of method that the instruments of human knowledge help us but a little way—that the circle of our operations is closely circumscribed. Science has never forgotten this truth, and the humility which it engenders, without injury to herself. Just now, in Germany, she is passing through one of the phases of self-conceit which have from time to time disgraced her, and shaken men's confidence in her. When we are told by a certain school that matter is eternal, and that the changes in the universe are only the metamorphoses of certain elements, the quantity and quality of which is and remains for ever the same, we have a right to ask whence this conception of eternity came. This is no induction from what we have seen. In judging of it the most careful observer is not more competent than we are, just because present facts, however questioned, say not one word about eternity. Modern science tells us that, so far as we see, no force nor particle of matter is lost; that, though the earth has changed its aspect within a generation, still it is probable that the whole sum of force and of matter that was present a generation ago is exactly preserved. But when our learned friends, having inspected half a dozen waves of this great flood of change, are pleased to tell us that the ocean of material change has no shores behind or before us, we are only surprised that little men can compass such big words. Grant that the sum of forces is ever the same, which is not proved. These forces may, to take the lowest ground, have once been folded up in Him who, at His

pleasure, spoke the word and let them go forth, at the day of creation, in motion, light, and life. And there may be an end answering to that beginning, a folding up, at the great evening, of that gorgeous flower of creation, which He made for His pleasure, and it may shine no more, and yet no force be lost. That is our belief. Is it more difficult, even on grounds of bare philosophy, than that to which our learned friend is driven? According to geology the world is advancing upward, from mere fire and water, to various and complicated organisms. Now this upward progress must have had a beginning; if we are high, there must have been a lower, and so a lowest. What was there before this? Was it the end of a descending series, the converse of this ascending one? Was it a sudden cataclysm that swept away some high state of things, and left the elements to begin again from the bottom? Or was an old universe dissolved in fire, and left to cool into a new? When our learned advisers have agreed upon any one of these solutions as fairly probable, we shall be then in a position to tell them, that when this present order was in its cradle they did not stand by, and that their hypothesis, whichever they may have selected, bears no proof, either inductive or deductive, and is indeed incapable of proof by any reasoning from present things, and that they are now not in the attitude of searchers of nature at all, but in that of soothsayers and diviners of things past and to come, a character which, unless well supported, is apt to become ridiculous. The same school bids us no longer seek for design in nature, for the tokens of a wise and beneficent Architect who has built the universe. It tells us of the existence of disease and of monstrosities among animals; the rising and disappearing of species, without any visible care for their preservation; the prodigal expenditure of beauty in the depths of the ocean, where there is no eye to admire it; the existence of useless parts in some species, which, however, are developed into useful parts in other species, above and below them; the absence of certain animals in certain ages from those regions where the same animals have afterwards been found to flourish best, as of horses from Arabia, camels from Africa—all these things are inconsistent with the belief in a wise and intelligent Creator, whose purpose is expressed in the universe that He has made. The notion that all things have been designedly prepared for the use of man is refuted, we are told, by this, that man occupies but a small space of creation, and for a very short time. Now if this, or any substantial part of it, were true the study of nature would be the study of a great machine, blind, awful, inexorable, and we should be the little grains of corn tossed about in it until our time came for being ground to powder. And the pleasure that men have found in natural study, the pleasure of finding daily more and more harmonies and uses in nature, and of feeling that they saw it more and more, though but a little, with the eye of Him who created it all, of adjusting their ideas more and more by the light of the all-wise Mind, would for ever disappear. But I

shall not open that great discussion; I shall protest against this rude materialism rather in the name of science than theology. And first against its confusion of thought, for which perhaps some theological writers are partly responsible. We are nowhere told in the Bible that the world was made only for man's convenience. And it makes the greatest difference to this argument whether we hold that nature shows a design, or that it shows signs of being prepared solely for the use of man. Some writers have staked too much upon its tokens of forethought for man's comfort and profit. When the world was made, we are told that "God saw that it was good." God, not man, took pleasure in its beauty. How does the Psalmist interpret nature? The heavens declare God's glory, and day speaks unto day, and night to night, of the wisdom and knowledge of God; and before the awful sight of the starry heavens, vast and beautiful man feels at first but lost by the reason of his littleness. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him." And yet he takes comfort from the great power and honour which God has conferred on him, unworthy. The sublime burden of that 104th Psalm is that God is glorified and praised in His work. "The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever; the Lord shall rejoice in His work." The creation is not for man's pleasure but for its Maker's pleasure. Man is invited to this great feast, as a most honoured guest; but the Master of the feast is God, not man. Now what is there in any scientific method which teaches us to exclude design in this sense? All inferences from facts around are that law and order prevail; if it were not so you could not predict, or infer, or classify by types. There is nothing in the facts themselves to tell you what lies behind this law and order. It is not, as natural philosophers, that you have any right to say there is no design visible in nature. What you tell us was said by Lucretius in an age when natural science hardly existed, and was said rather better. And supposing, that from another class of facts, from the sense of sin, the craving for peace, the consciousness of duty, and of immortality, I am assured that God exists and sees. Surely, to say the least, it is more likely that He who has His witness in the world of conscience and of the spirit, should have set His mark upon nature too. He who has appointed my soul to serve Him has appointed the creation of which I am but a part to do Him service also. You, as men of science, have no reason to exclude design; the utmost you can maintain is that you are able to investigate nature without the idea of design. We, as responsible beings, are so far interested in the question, that we know what God intended us to do, and cannot think that He left nature purposeless. All we ask is that you will not do this violence to your principles, of pretending to observe natural facts only, whilst you are dogmatizing about an idea quite above these facts. The imperfections you find in nature are only imperfections if they conduce to no higher good, and this you cannot pretend to see. Decay is seeming imperfection; but out of the decay of

the old leaves the most beautiful flowers spring and are nourished. In a series of species some parts seem wasted ; they are not suddenly withdrawn, although this animal or that has no use for them ; but the beauty and symmetry of the whole typical series may be itself a use and a purpose. This, however, is low ground to take. Men of science are themselves the best witnesses of a visible design and purpose in creation. For a moment science, peering too closely into material things, may think, as some do now, that there is nothing in the world but matter and the forces inherent in matter. But this cold fit will pass. The idea of design, albeit a design that is seen imperfectly, has never failed to arise in connection with the study of science. And as it helps to interpret what we see, it will be cherished by the unprejudiced for this purpose. Given *a priori*, perhaps, the contribution of the mind to the facts rather than an inference from them, still it is applied to the facts, and helps us to understand them : it belongs to science. We use it because we find it is more philosophical than the fanatical attempt to exclude it by all means. And so, thanks be to God ! the highest use of science still remains. We look out upon the universe, and we seem lost in its enormous measures, in its incalculable multitudes of living things, in its vast duration of ages. "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Man is much to the great Creator, for He has given to us alone the power to read Him there ; He has said to us, "Come up and see somewhat of the wisdom with which all things are made." Nature speaks to us of God, and because it can so speak, and I can so listen, there must be in me something that is divine, something that assures me of God's care in a world wherein material littleness is lost, something of a divine discernment which tells me that I belong to God, and rescues me in right of that spark of highest life and highest wisdom from the doom of the beasts that perish, from the fear of all this stupendous machinery ; which was not meant to crush, which could not crush, the soul that came from God and that goes back to Him.

MISSION OF CHRISTIANITY.—Christ appeared—the career of paganism was checked, the fate of Judaism was sealed. A character and a religion were placed before the eyes of men hitherto inconceivable, in the beauty and philosophy of their nature. Unlike all other founders of a religious faith, Christ had *no selfishness, no desire of dominance* ; and His system, unlike all other systems of worship, was bloodless, boundlessly beneficent, inexpressibly pure, and—most marvellous of all—went to break all bonds of body and soul, and to cast down every temporal and every spiritual tyranny.

—WILLIAM HOWITT.

The Reviewer.

The British Empire. By CAROLINE BRAY. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Co.

THIS book is a marvel of compressed and well-arranged information. It is 'a Sketch of the Geography, Growth, Natural and Political Features of the United Kingdom.' Its authoress has already done good service in education by her "Physiology for Schools;" an admirably simple compend of the chief elements of the knowledge essential to the attainment and preservation of health. In this work there is a fine and excellently selected blending of dry fact with living thought. A chapter on the growth of the empire gives an epitome of geographical history. In seven chapters we are then made acquainted with the chief facts relating to the British isles—such as size, position, physical geography, races, languages, religious belief; political, municipal, ecclesiastical, educational, commercial, &c.; divisions, internal communications, constitution government, &c. We are next successively told of the British possessions in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia; while a very complete index closes the whole, and makes every paragraph available for reference.

It is illustrated by small, neat maps, and is composed with a care, taste, and continuity exceedingly rare in geographical works. It is a most admirable combination of the reading and the text book. Interestingly written as the former should be, and skilfully arranged as the latter ought to be. While there is great faculty shown in what is introduced, there is no less in what is omitted—everything valuable for information, requisite for reference, or useful in exciting or gratifying curiosity appears to find a place in it; while burdensome and wearisome details, though gaining a place in it, have that place allotted so as not to interfere with the wholeness of the interest and the oneness of the treatise. It is a triumph of constructive and instructive educational literature, and will win the thanks of those who have had the good fortune to be trained by it to look upon geography not as an abstract and meaningless catalogue of names—worse than the ship-list of Homer—but as a vital unity of informing matter in which history, geography, science, thought, and feeling are all formed into one first-rate exposition of the state and condition of the land in which we live and of which we are a part.

Lending to the Lord. By Rev. Wm. H. SMITH. London : Elliot Stock.

"THE subject of systematic beneficence" is ably discussed in this essay. Its design is to prove the privilege, blessedness and duty of devoting a proportion of income to religious and benevolent purposes. The case is stated, the Scriptural argument is given, and applied to modern life; objections are noted, and the fallacies they involve are replied to, and put to the test of experience. When the relation of worldly to spiritual life has been expounded, practical remarks are made which bring home the matter to love and conscience. We commend this tract to all who desire to incorporate active Christian usefulness with their daily life. The view taken, and the method of stating it are alike judicious, and prove the writer to be one who knows how to succeed in exposition and application.

A Treatise on Algebra. By JAMES BRYCE, LL.D. Edinburgh : A. and C. Black.

THE Bryces are a race of teachers: and James Bryce is not one of the least able of that distinguished family of educationists. He is at once a man of powerful and clear intellect. Everything that he thinks of he sees. Sight, in the sense of intellectual perception, is his characteristic faculty. Though a great active stirring strong spirit he has not given himself up to speculative, but confines himself to practical matters. This treatise is the work of an experienced teacher who knows what is wanted and how it is to be supplied. His definitions and rules are clear and explicit, concise and intelligible, the theory of each operation is carefully explained and illustrated, while the examples by which the pupil is led to see the use and aim at the employment of Algebraic formulæ and processes are judicious and numerous. As an elementary treatise on the subject, we know none better and few equal to it. Knowing the punctilious accuracy of the writer's mind and the publisher's jealous care over all such matters, we have been led to wonder by what singular oversight an essay on number and quantity promised at the end of the volume has not been given.

HONOUR ASSOCIATED WITH SCIENCE.—To me there never has been a higher source of earthly honour or distinction than that connected with advances in science. I have not possessed enough of the eagle in my character to make a direct flight to the loftiest altitudes in the social world; and I certainly never endeavoured to reach those heights by using the creeping powers of the reptile, who, in ascending, generally chooses the dirtiest path, because it is the easiest.—SIR HUMPHREY DAVY.

The Topic.

HAS GOVERNOR EYRE BEEN JUSTLY JUDGED?

AFFIRMATIVE.

THIS is a question we cannot well answer from the imperfect information at our disposal, and because the result of the commission sent out to investigate the matter may modify or altogether reverse our present opinions. But if we consider the disapprobation which has been expressed so universally over the length and breadth of the land as a judging of his case, I unhesitatingly say that he *has* been justly judged. He carried his punishments to a most unwarrantable extent, and when we read of his flogging men and even women, so cruelly, and shooting them down wholesale, it is no wonder that our blood boils with indignation, and that we think him far more deserving of death than Gordon was. I do not think he had any grounds for proclaiming martial law; if he had he has not told us what they were.—R. D., Jun.

Judging, however, from the only evidence as yet adduced, Governor Eyre can never be wholly acquitted, however much judgment may yet be modified. It is plain that he and his coadjutors in power are to blame both for the injustice which provoked the insurrection, and also for the disgraceful haste and impolitic severity and tyranny by which it was quelled. From the evidence there can be no doubt the Governor evinced more *ire* than reason; more morbid passion or frenzy than cool, rational policy. Governors and Government to be respected must do rightly and wisely.

R. PLUES.

Governor Eyre has been judged by the British public upon the documents furnished by himself, and by accounts forwarded by himself, to explain his proceedings. It is too much rather than too little justice to accept a man's own plea. We know that prevention is

better than cure, and Governor Eyre ought to have taken means to prevent rather than to avenge an insurrection. If we compare Ireland and its Fenian movement with Jamaica and its negro uprising, we shall see that the Queen's representative in the West Indian possession has been less watchful with less to do. We cannot sufficiently reprobate the system of permitting rebellion to grow up that it may be cut down with every exhibition of force and harshness. No one can maintain that Governor Eyre in justice remembered mercy, while many believe that he forgot justice altogether; and, indeed, it seems too evident that in the case of Gordon he allowed a sense of annoyance and hate to hurry him into an indefensible act.—O. D. L.

NEGATIVE.

No. The fact that he has been judged at all proves that he has not been judged justly; for it was unjust to judge him before his conduct had been calmly inquired into. Especially is this seen to be the case when we remember that the distance from us at which Governor Eyre's proceedings were taken increased the probabilities that we were but partially informed on the matter. Besides, judging Governor Eyre previous to a judicial inquiry into his conduct is a direct contravention of the good maxim, that every man is to be held to be innocent till he is proved to be guilty. Ever since the Government has announced its intention to make a full inquiry into Governor Eyre's conduct, public meetings have been held denouncing his proceedings; thus showing the public mind to be indisposed to judge calmly and dispassionately, or to act with fairness towards Jamaica's Governor.

S. S.

Governor Eyre has been condemned by people who cannot possibly be acquainted with the true state of affairs in Jamaica, and consequently are not able to say what measures ought to have been taken to suppress what at first only appeared a riot. Moreover, the newspaper press of the island are unanimous in their approval of the steps taken by the Governor, which ought to be of great importance, when we consider that they are more likely to be practically acquainted with the true state of affairs in the island than any person on this side the Atlantic. The Governor would be well aware that his conduct would be freely criticized in England, and to assume that a man of his experience would act in direct opposition to all humanity and legality is preposterous. He is a man who has had considerable experience in colonial government, and his conduct has gained for him the good opinion of all, especially the negroes, whose friend he was always considered. That a rebellion and probably a massacre of the white population was contemplated, no one, I think, will deny. Happily it broke out prematurely, and the vigorous measures adopted to suppress it in its infancy, ought to make us thankful that such a man as Governor Eyre was in command at such a crisis, especially when the horrors of an Indian mutiny are still fresh in our memories,—to which this outbreak might have been a parallel had it not fortunately been quelled so soon. Sympathy with the negro is carried to a ridiculous extent by some, when we consider they are both idle and improvident. If injurious laws have been enacted, it is partly their own fault, as they were in a position to have a preponderance of power in the Legislature. The franchise was within reach of every one. Many of those who possessed it, freely sold their right to the rum dealers instead of using it for the advancement of their own interests and the good of the island. There is certainly something more than is at present known, which justified the executive

power in taking the steps they did, and to adjudge Governor Eyre without hearing both sides of the question, is both unjust and unchristian.—W. G. H.

A judgment which is pronounced hastily cannot be satisfactory, more particularly when the subject upon which it proceeds is far removed from those who judge. Ere judgment can be given it is generally understood that the judge thoroughly understands the subject in dispute, how it came into existence, and the various means employed for its prevention, so far as human sagacity could discern. There is a double difficulty encountered in political grievances, especially when an insurrection breaks out in a colonial dependency. Before an individual, therefore, can arrive at a just estimate, he must understand the ground of complaint, the laws, usages, and customs of the colony. He must have resided therein for some time ere he can attain a practical knowledge of its political and social organization. I come to the conclusion, therefore, that Governor Eyre, in consequence of his practical knowledge of affairs, and residence in the colony, acted judiciously at the Jamaica disturbances, and that those who passed judgment upon him did so through ignorance. Nine-tenths of those who judged Eyre so harshly never gave the state of the colony any consideration whatever, and knew nothing of its political machinery. The mere distance precludes a correct and impartial decision, as the British public made up their minds on the rumours first presented to them ere very authentic information had been received. Eyre's subordinates might have acted cruelly in many cases without his authority, and is he to be blamed on that account? Eyre preserved Jamaica to Britain, and had the fortitude to check the insurrection in the bud. If he had not done so, the blood that was shed would be in all probability comparatively trifling to that which would have followed. On these grounds I think that Governor Eyre has not been justly judged.—G. M. S.

The Inquirer.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

586. Who is the author of the quotation with which Mr. Bright's speech (*British Controversialist*, p. 56) is concluded?—**QUERIST.**

587. Who were the Feathers' Tavern Divines of the eighteenth century? and by what were they distinguished?—**S. S.**

588. Herbert Spencer is often named as a philosopher. What are his tenets, his works, &c. What record of him has been written?—**JOB PATIENCE.**

589. Is there any really good book on London: its history, antiquities, records, memories, suggestions, changes, manners, &c.?—**RICHARD J.**

590. What is the Nature and History of the United Kingdom alliance?—**DOWLEE.**

591. How should one proceed (and with what books should he furnish himself) to study thoroughly Milton's "Paradise Lost"?—**POETICUS.**

592. Who are the most trustworthy of our modern critics? what magazines are most celebrated for their literary criticisms, and in what work may the best principles of criticism be found?—**A DEBATER.**

593. Who is the author of a "History of the Edinburgh Speculative Society?" Who is its publisher, and where may it be had? Would it not be a good service done to give an epitome of it in the Societies' Section?—**NATIONAL.**

594. Why is the Council of Trent so frequently alluded to in religious controversies?—**QUERIST.**

595. The synonyms of the English language are very embarrassing from their number, and from the extreme nicety of their shades of distinction. What works could most fully and properly convey handy information on this subject?—**JOHN T.**

1866.

596. Are there any books written in English from which a fair ordinary idea of the worth and character of German literature could be obtained?—**LEX.**

597. May I beg "Elpisticos" to oblige me with a list of Latin and Greek authors to be studied previously to entering the University, arranged in the order they are to be read? also with a list of English authors in the same manner, but continued so as to form a complete course?—**J. S. M.**

I shall feel obliged if any of your numerous readers, or yourself would inform me what a young man should, or is expected to know, before entering either of the two great English Universities (Oxford and Cambridge)? The answer should state how far he should have proceeded in the Latin and Greek grammars, what authors in these languages he should have read, how much of mathematics he should know, &c., and whether there is any limit to the age at which persons will be admitted into college, and to the first degree. It is also expected that the answer will mention which is the better of the two universities, and which is the best college in each university.—**J. S. M.**

598. Can any reader describe the "Index Rerum" mentioned by Rev. J. Todd in the "Students' Manual," and give the publisher's name?—**S. W. YOUNG.**

599. Wanted, by a reader, a full account of the late illustrious Robertson, of Brighton, mentioning his characteristics as a preacher and writer and as a man; and also his peculiar religious views.—**G. P. H.**

600. I find a great want in French equivalent. I am equally puzzled in the use of French equivalents for many modern English words. Can anybody help me to a dictionary that would be

truly useful to a CORRESPONDING CLERK.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

573. The following condensed notice of Sir John Stoddart may be of use to "Juvenis." He was born in London, in 1773, receiving his education first at Salisbury School and then at Oxford. In his twenty-eighth year he became a member of the College of Advocates, and subsequently proceeded to Malta as Advocate to the Admiralty, &c. After four years' service, he returned, and resumed legal practice at Doctors' Commons. He next formed a connection with the *Times*, of which he was made political editor; but, after holding this responsible situation for four or five years, he was dismissed on account of his bitter attacks on Napoleon. He started an opposition paper called the *New Times*; but it proved a failure, and he again betook himself to pleading. In 1826 he obtained the supreme judicial office in the Admiralty Court at Malta, with the honour of knighthood. He remained in this situation till 1839, when he retired to enjoy the pleasures of a literary life. Besides the valuable treatises in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," he translated two of Schiller's dramas, and among others wrote a work on the "Scenery and Manners of Scotland," as well as a "Chart of the United Kingdom." He died in 1856. These particulars are derived from Beeton's "Dictionary."—BUDDY.

574. Political economy is defined by M'Culloch as "the science of the laws which regulate the production, accumulation, distribution, and consumption of those articles or products that are necessary, useful, or agreeable to man, and which at the same time possess exchangeable value." It has been defined by another writer as "the science that treats of the nature, the production, and dictionaries of a large number of modern words used by the writers of the day in senses for which it is difficult to find an the distribution of wealth." These de-

finitions, if inwardly digested, will be sufficient to show T. D. V. the precise object of political economy.—S. S.

576. Fosbrooke's "Greek and Roman Antiquities" in Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia" (Longman), and Ramsay's "Manual of Roman Antiquities," in cabinet edition of "Encyclopædia Metropolitana" (Griffin and Co.), are valuable works. To Biblical students, "Biblical Antiquities and Geography," by Dr. F. A. Cox (Griffin and Co.) will be useful.—NEMO.

578. Provost is a term having its origin apparently in the Latin *propositus*, which denoted the chief of any society, body, or community. In France the corresponding word *prévôt* approaches nearer the original form. In that country it is applied to the persons who discharge the functions of many different offices, but in England it is rarely used: we believe the only instances are those of the heads of certain colleges, as Eton, King's College (Cambridge), &c. But in Scotland it is used to designate the chief officer in cities, as the Provost of Edinburgh or of Glasgow, where in England the same officer is called the mayor ("National Cyclopædia"). The present Lord Provost of Edinburgh, William Chambers, Esq., is a member of the publishing firm of W. and R. Chambers.—NEMO.

578. William Chambers, Esq., of Glenormiston, who has lately been elected Lord Provost of Edinburgh, is the principal partner of the great publishing firm of W. and R. Chambers. The Lord Provost occupies the same position in Scotland which the Lord Mayor does in England. He is the chief magistrate of the city, presides at the meetings of the town council, and all public meetings; and is, *ex officio*, a member of most of the public boards. The office does not go by rotation, but is conferred upon some distinguished citizen who has the necessary time and money to spare. Mr. Chambers has all along taken a deep interest in public matters, and also antiquarian ones; and he well deserves the honour from the

lead he has taken in advocating and publishing cheap literature, such as "Chambers's Journal," and "Educational Course."—B. D., junr.

579. The following list of works on the Crusades, taken from the "National Cyclopædia," may be useful to "Historians":—Wilken's "Geschichte der Kruzüge," Leipzig, 1807; Mailli's "Esprit des Croisades," Paris, 1780; Voltaire's "Histoire des Croisades;" Michand's "Histoire des Croisades" (translated, I believe, by Robson, and published by Routledge and Co.); "Bongarii Gesta Dei fur Francos;" Robert Mons' "Historia Hierosolomitana;" Abertus Acquensis' "De Pasagio Godoffredi de Bullion;" Mill's History of the Crusades;" Michand's "Bibliographie des Croisades," which gives an account of all the writers who have treated this subject. Consult, also, Heeren's "Essay on the Influence of the Crusades." A valuable little work is Captain Procter's "The Crusades; their Origin, Progress, and Results," reprinted from the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and published by Griffin and Co. Mr. Thomas Keightley has also written a work on the "Crusades," published by Whittaker and Co.—NEMO.

580. Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, August 28th, 1749. The mental development of this extraordinary man may be traced by means of his own poetical account of his life in his "Aus Meinem Leben." His father was in respectable circumstances, and had a taste for literature and art. Religion, music, drawing, languages, and poetry occupied his thoughts at a very early age, and produced in him some interesting individual manifestations. Gretchen (Peggy), who gave a name to the heroine of "Faust," was his first love; but the connection was broken off, and he suffered severely from illness in consequence. Soon after his recovery he was sent to the University of Leipzig, where, instead of studying jurisprudence, as he was desired, he bent all his

attention to poetry. A little piece called "Die Laune des Verliebten" (the lover's humour), and a comedy called "Die Mitschuldigen" (the accomplices) next appeared. Having made some attempts at etching, the acid exhalations injured his health; and in order to recover it he was sent to the residence of a lady named Klettenberg, the "fair saint" whose confessions are recorded in "Wilhelm Meister." Under her influence Göthe became a mystic, and had actually some thoughts of founding a new religion on the basis of the Alexandrine philosophy. He was thus led to the study of natural science, and when he went to Strasburg, in 1768, to finish his legal studies, he really attended only to anatomy and chemistry. In 1773, having returned home, he published his play "Götz von Berlichingen," and in the following year the novel of "Werther," and became at once famous. The Prince of Weimar invited him to his court in 1775, made him a Privy Counsellor in 1779, and took him with him to Switzerland, and ultimately included him in his ministry. In 1786 Göthe went to Italy, and stayed there two years. He declined honourable marks of distinction from different sovereigns; and died March 22nd, 1832, after a long life devoted almost entirely to science, literature, and art. Göthe's chief works may be thus briefly noticed:—"Werther" was occasioned by the suicide of a young gentleman named Jerusalem. The English translation gives little notion of its immense power and energy. Götz von Berlichingen has for its subject the times of the Emperor Maximilian, and introduces the Fehmgericht, or secret tribunal of the middle ages. Sir Walter Scott translated this play at an early period of his career. The drama of "Egmont" is immortalized by an exquisite female character, Cläre. Göthe also wrote "Clavigo," a domestic tragedy, and "Stella," a sentimental comedy. "Iphigenia auf Tauris" belongs to a class of works that he wrote later in life, on classic models, and is a masterpiece of its

kind. "Torquato Tasso" belongs to the same division. "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" is a novel of a remarkable and indescribable kind, containing much admirable criticism and the character of Mignon, the original of Scott's Fenella, and Victor Hugo's Esmeralda. "Hermann and Dorothea" is a charming story of humble life, told in hexameter verse. "Faust," the most memorable of all Göthe's works, represents the agony of a student toiling after inaccessible knowledge, and then in despair plunging into sensuality. Göthe is the author of numerous other works, as well as of a great number of small poems, critical papers, &c. In natural science he was equally distinguished: for instance, his theory of colours, and his theory of morphology, now admitted by botanists to be true, which shows that the leaves and flowers of plants are identical in their origin, become different only under external influences, and will change into each other under due alterations of those influences. Göthe's correspondence with Schiller, Zelter, and Bettine Puentano (a child) forms another interesting class of illustrations of this wonderfully rich, universal, and profound mind. He may be almost considered the creator of German literature, and his life as its history to the year 1832. A cheap and excellent edition of his works have been published at Paris in 5 vols. roy., 8vo. ("National Cyclopædia"). Translations of Göthe's works have appeared in Bohn's "Standard Library." Dr. Anster's translation of "Faust" is considered the best.

586. George Withers. He was a Puritan poet, born in Hampshire, 1588. As the son of a country gentleman, he was educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, worked some time in superintending the farm at home, and afterwards entered one of the inns of court, but soon forsook law for literature. For his first notable publication, "Abuses Stript and Whipt," 1613, he was imprisoned in the Marshalsea, and during his incarceration there wrote his "Satire on Kings," from which the

quotation is taken, and his "Shepherd's Hunting," 1615. Withers, though loved by the Puritans, served the monarchy in 1639, but when the civil war broke out he sold his patrimonial estate to raise a troop of horse to serve the parliament. He was raised to the rank of Major, and made Governor of Farnham Castle, which appointment he was accused of deserting, and Sir William Waller was ordered to supersede him. He was captured by the Royalists, but released on the intercession of Denham his fellow-poet. He was a Major-General under Cromwell, and kept ward over the county of Surrey. After the Restoration he was dispossessed of his fortune, wrote libels on the Government, and was reimprisoned. He was released on bail 1663, and died 2nd May, 1667. Southey loved his poetry. In Mr. Ellis's "Specimens" many quotations occur. Mr. Farr edited his "Hymns and Songs of the Church," 1856. Sir B. Brydges made extensive collections regarding his life. Wilmot devotes 130 pages to his life and writings; and Mr. Park laboured long diligently on the "Bibliography of Withers."—R. M. A.

600. Perhaps the very thing "A Corresponding Clerk" wants is furnished by the "International Dictionary," edited by Messrs. L. Smith, and H. Hamilton, and published by M. Fournault, Paris. It is a gigantic book, containing about 800 pages of English-French, and nearly 900 French-English. We have such modern authors in French quoted as Scribe, Lamartine, Junin, Gautier, &c.; and such English writers as Carlyle, Jerrold, Wilson, Thackeray, Dickens, &c. It contains a great number of the colloquial phrases which form so large a proportion of the writing of modern novelists borrowed from real life. It is, indeed, the only dictionary known to me which deals with the idiomatic portion of either language with any fairness; although a good deal is done in a small French Dict., published by Weale, to accomplish this.—R. M. A.

The Societies' Section.

REPORTS OF MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

SHREWSBURY DISCUSSION SOCIETY.

AN inaugural address on the opening of the ninth annual session of the above Association was delivered by the President, Mr. R. ROGERSON, of Belle Vue Academy, on the 6th December last, in the Working Men's Hall.

Mr. Rogerson commenced by saying that he was glad to find the Society as healthy and vigorous as ever, although it had been so many years in existence. He doubted not that, with proper management, they would continue to be so for many years to come. When requested to deliver the opening address, his friend, the Chairman, had suggested "The Obligations of English Literature to Scottish Authors." The words, they would observe, although few, were most comprehensive in their import, and it would take about as many hours as they would be disposed to give him minutes to glance at the subject. In the hour or so it would be his privilege to stand before them he could, of course, only refer to a few of the many eminent names which had shed lustre on the literature of Scotland; but he begged of them to bear in mind that, although about to speak of great Scotchmen, he did not appreciate our great English writers less on that account; and, as he perceived by the programme that addresses would be delivered at the closing meeting of the session, he thought that would be a suitable occasion to consider the obligations of English literature to English authors.

He then expatiated with great eloquence and ability on the genius and influence of Thos. Carlyle, Sir Wm. Hamilton, and Professor Wilson (Christopher North), of the particulars of whose lives and merits the readers of the *British Controversialist* are already fully aware.

While regretting that want of space prevents our giving the entire address, we prefer laying before our readers the substance of the conclusion, which was as follows:—

Mr. Francis Jeffrey, the distinguished editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, famous also as orator and judge—(his biographer, Lord Cockburn, designates him as the greatest of British critics); John Gibson Lockhart, LL.D., the brilliant editor of the *Quarterly Review*, also justly celebrated as a critic and novelist; Professor Masson; the Chamberses, and a host of others in the general walks of literature. Sir Walter Scott was then briefly glanced at by Mr. Rogerson; he apologized for the inability to mention or even refer to the whole of his writings in the few minutes he had at his disposal. He stated that Sir Walter was not distinguished in any way when a youth; and this, perhaps, might be accounted for from the delicate nature of his constitution. He was, however, at a very early age, fascinated with the ballad poetry of his country. Old romances, old plays, epic poetry, and the traditionary lore of the border had an irresistible charm for him, and he spent a great deal of his time in visiting scenes, and conversing with old people who, in the days referred to, were full of such information. All this local and traditionary knowledge proved of great service to him in after years. He became a rhymester whilst very young, and even attempted translations from the German. His first literary

efforts were by no means successful. It was then stated that his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" was his first successful work, and that the leading facts and fictions of the border, from Carlisle to Newcastle, were chiefly embodied in the volumes, as well as a good sprinkling of original articles. "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," in consequence of its poetic excellence and the extraordinary descriptive powers of the author, at once secured for it deserved popularity. "Marmion" followed in quick succession, and at once enabled the author to take his proper position as one of the first poets of the age. From the period indicated his pen was constantly at work, and his prolific and in some measure unsurpassed productions are familiar to almost every reader. This great magician of imagination was enabled, by his transcendent genius, to captivate the mind of the reader, and hold it spell-bound, as it were, until the charming tale was told; and then reflecting on the same only increased the wonder and admiration of the reader. Even in history, generally considered a dry subject, the irresistible fascinations of his pen are abundantly manifest, and in the glowing language of the late Sir Daniel Sandford, the accomplished Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, "Granting that his novels may be included in the conception of his poetical character, he rises to the level of Homer, and—

'Rivals all but Shakspeare's name below.'"

He might add the names of Burns, Campbell, Thomson, Hogg, Blair, Ramsay, Tannahill, Cunningham, Moir, Aird, Aytoun, and many others, and ask if the obligations to English literature are not great in a poetical point of view? A mere glance could only be given at the theological writers of Scotland; and in the front of that distinguished galaxy stood out in bold relief the evermore-to-be-remembered Dr. Chalmers. His writings are so numerous, and on such a variety of subjects, that to attempt to enumerate

them from memory would be almost impossible, unless considerable time had been devoted to the task, which few, he believed, would be inclined to give. Chalmers was great in every point of view. He was great in the pulpit, he was great on the platform, he was great in the professorial chair, he was great in every subject that engaged his pen; and he succeeded in elucidating and popularizing all. His works extend to some thirty-four volumes, and they embrace Natural Theology, Evidences of Christianity, Moral and Mental Philosophy, Astronomical and other Discourses on a great variety of subjects, Clerical and College Establishments, Political Economy, &c. Posthumous Works, edited by Dr. Hanna, his son-in-law, Daily Scripture Readings (three vols.), Sabbath Scripture Readings (two vols.), Sermons from 1798 to 1847, Institutes of Theology (two vols.), Lectures on Butler, Paley, Hill, &c. (one vol.). I have only indicated a few of his principal writings, and the task accomplished by him in a literary point of view, appears to be almost superhuman, and more especially when it is recollected that the greater portion of his life was devoted to the duties devolving on him as Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh. In addition to all this labour, he was repeatedly preaching and speaking over the length and breadth of the country. The following names might be classed with that of Dr. Chalmers, although none of them, taking him all in all, could be compared to him:—Cunningham, Card, Welsh, Candlish, Duncan, Thomson, Guthrie, Bonner, Cumming, M'Leod, Buchanan, Hill, Blair, &c. Surely they had done something towards extending the bound of English literature. Hugh Miller, one of the first of Scottish geologists, is an extraordinary instance of a man in humble circumstances rising to the first rank in science. Receiving but a limited education, he commenced the world as a stonemason, after which he became

an accountant in a bank, and lastly, the editor of the *Edinburgh Witness* newspaper, and one of the most celebrated geologists of the age. In addition to geology, he also wrote poetry remarkably well, as well as several local works, and some of an imaginary nature. His last work on geology, "The Testimony of the Rocks," is an extraordinary testimony of his genius. He corrected some of the proof-sheets a few hours before his melancholy decease. In it he strives hard to reconcile natural and revealed religion with the science of geology, and, although exception has been taken to some of the conclusions arrived at, it must be admitted that he has succeeded in reconciling Scripture and geology in a very striking manner. His works on geology have taken the very highest place in the science, and whatever discoveries may be eventually made, it must be admitted that he has done much to place it in the elevated position it now holds, and his works will long continue, I venture to predict, as lasting monuments of his genius. As a proof of the estimation in which his genius was held by his brother geologists, Dr. Buckland, our famous English geologist, has left the following testimony on record:—"He would give his left hand to possess such powers of description as this man had." Perhaps more generous words than these were never applied by one gentleman to another when engaged in the same laudable pursuits in the prosecution of science. The speaker observed that having said so much about the man, perhaps they would not be averse to hear a few words from him bearing on his personal appearance, being requested by the chairman to make the statement. Having closed his studies in the University of Glasgow, a good many years ago, he agreed with a friend to spend a day in Edinburgh, in order to view the *Hions* of the place; and having stated to my friend that, being somewhat of a hero worshipper, I had a great desire to see the literary Cromarty stonemason before leaving the

city, my friend proposed that we should call at the *Witness* office and ask for an interview. Not possessing the same confidence then as I do now in such matters I declined to accede to the proposal. We walked past the office several times in the hope that we might perhaps see him going to or returning from the same. In this we were disappointed. It happened, however, that after we had seen most of the great sights in that famous city, we turned in for an hour to see the Art Exhibition, which was then open, previous to leaving by train. Immediately after we entered my friend accosted me thus, "Come this way and tell me what you think of the man with the Scotch plaid wrapped round his shoulders." Without appearing rude I examined him most minutely. He was dressed in what they would call in Scotland homespun gray clothes, all the same pattern. The beautiful Scotch plaid already referred to was wrapped completely round his body, and then folded over his shoulders, precisely in the same way that they are used by the shepherds on the mountains. His hair was of a dark sandy colour, and he had a beautiful little chubby-faced boy in his hand, seemingly about five or six years of age. Mr. Mackenzie (for this was my friend's name) asked me what I thought of him, and what I should take him to be. I told him that I would take him to be a Scotch laird, living on his own farm of perhaps three or four hundred acres, and in pretty good circumstances. He replied "You are mistaken: that is the great Hugh Miller, the man that you have talked about so much when I have been in your presence during the last six months." I then drew a little nearer to him, and gladly would have spoken, but was afraid that he might have considered me rude in doing so. I perceived the indications of deep thought on the lineaments of his face, and it was very evident that much of his time had been spent at the midnight oil. He shortly afterwards left

the exhibition, and I shall never forget his turning round and looking steadfastly at us both before closing the door. Mr. Mackenzie told me that at the time he was writing a series of sketches on the merits of the different paintings in the *Witness* newspaper. This was the first and last sight I had of a man the perusal of whose writings has been one of the pleasures of my life. I had previously made this statement to the Chairman, and as he appeared to be interested I presume he thought it might be interesting to you as well. Much might be advanced in praise of the writings of Sir R. Murchiston, Sir C. Lyall, Mr. Smith (of Jordan Hill), Mr. David Page, and other distinguished labourers in the same ennobling cause; also of the renowned Sir David Brewster in another particularly interesting science. He was aware, however, that the usual time allowed for such an address had expired some time ago, and he would not intrude any additional remarks with regard to Hume, Tytler, Robertson, and other historians of the country. He trusted, in conclusion, that he had advanced enough to establish the thesis which had been proposed for consideration (however inadequately he had discharged the task), namely, "The obligations of English Literature to Scottish Authors," and he begged also to remind them that many of the great men mentioned had been members of debating societies similar to their own, having precisely the same objects in view, namely, the exchange of thought and the improvement of the mind.

Mr. Harrison proposed, and the Chairman seconded, a vote of thanks to Mr. Rogerson for his able and interesting address. This was carried by acclamation and suitably acknowledged.

SUBJECTS SUITABLE FOR DEBATE.

- Are the Principles of Independency right?
- Is the Bank of England justly constituted?
- Was the Treaty of Utrecht advantageous and just?
- Has Britain a right to Tax its Colonies?
- Was Egbert or Athelstane First King of England?
- Was Dunstan a good and great man?
- Did Thomas à Becket deserve Assassination?
- Is Modern Preaching effective?
- Are there foreshadowings of Christ in Plato?
- Was the Expatriation of the Acadians justifiable?
- Should we have Imperial Railways?
- Ought "Telegraphy" to be national?
- Has the Influence of Rationalism been Injurious?
- Was the Massacre of St. Bartholomew expedient?
- Is Circumstantial Evidence reliable?
- Should we have Personal or Class Representation?
- Is the Doctrine of Nationalities effete?
- Should Translations reproduce the Form of their Original?
- Are the Relations between Science and Scripture Antagonistic?
- Does Baptism Regenerate?
- Is Recognition of Earthly Friends one of the Joys of Heaven?
- Will the Millennium include the Personal Reign of Jesus?
- Is Scripture Baptism that of Water or of the Holy Ghost?
- Is Christian Perfection or a Sinless Life attainable on Earth?
- Is man a Free Agent?
- Is Justification by Faith alone the teaching of Scripture?

Our Collegiate Course; OR, AIDS TO SELF-CULTURE.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."—PART III.

[Description of a shameful and dishonest critic.]

Such *shameless* bards we have, and yet 'tis *true*.

There are as *mad*, *abandon'd* critics too.

The bookful *blockhead*, (12) *ignorantly* read,

With *loads* of learned *lumber* in his head,

With his own tongue still *edifies* his ears,

And always list'ning to himself appears.

All books he reads, and all he reads *assails*,

From Dryden's fables down to *Durfey's* tales: (13)

55

MEANINGS OF WORDS IN ITALICS, AS SUGGESTIONS FOR PARAPHRASING.

51. Paltry; undoubtedly.

52. Insane; worthless.

53. Numskull; unreflectingly.

54. Burdens; worthlessness.

55. Instructs.

57. Attacks.

(12) It may be feared that a superficial and flimsy knowledge gained by reading a very little on an infinity of subjects, without prolonged and systematic attention to any, will be the ultimate result; and such knowledge, it can hardly be disputed, will be in effect much the same as ignorance. . . . In fact, we see this tendency more or less exemplified in the case of vast numbers, who, without definite purpose, or selection of topics, spend such time as they can give to the improvement of their minds and the acquisition of knowledge in little else than the casual perusal of fragments of all sorts of books; who live on the scraps of an infinite variety of broken meats which they have stuffed into their beggar's wallet; scraps, which after all, only just keep them from absolute starvation. There are not a few men who would have been learned, if not wise, had the paragraphs or pages they have actually read been on well-defined subjects and mutually connected; but who, as it is, possess nothing beyond fragments, of uncertain, inaccurate, ill-remembered, unsystematized information, and at the best are entitled only to the praise of being very artificially and elaborately ignorant.—*Henry Rogers's Essays*, vol. ii., "*The Vanity and Glory of Literature*," p. 267.

(13) Thomas D'Urfey was of French extraction, and is supposed to have been born in Exeter. He was educated for the law. He was a versatile rhymester, a boon companion, who could write and sing a free song well. He wrote a large quantity of dramas, odes, songs, &c., all of which are licentious and indelicate. He was the great mime of the vicious age of Charles II. He was in "in a blooming old age" when this poem was written. He fell into difficulties on the death of the king. Appeals for help were made for him by Steele and Addison. D'Urfey's play of "The Plotting Sisters" was performed for his benefit. The outrageous indecency of his works has secured their oblivion. Luckily they are rare, and few students of English literature can get them, even if they wished. Their author died 26th February, 1723, and was buried in St. James's, Westminster.

With him most authors steal their words, or bray;
 Garth (14) did not write his own "Dispensary." 60
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay, *show'd* his faults, but when would poets *mend*?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Church-yard;
 Nay, fly to altars, there they'll talk you dead, 65
 For *fools rush in* where angels *fear* to tread.
 Distrustful sense with *modest caution* speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But *rattling nonsense* in *full volleys* breaks,
 And, never shock'd and never turn'd aside, 70
 Bursts out resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

[On the qualifications of a genuine critic.]

But where's the man who council can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiass'd, or by *favour*, or by *spite*;
Not dully prepossess'd, nor *blindly right*; 75
 Though *learn'd*, *well-bred*: and though well-bred *sincere*;
 Modestly bold and humanly severe;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Bless'd with a taste (15) exact, yet unconfined; 80
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise with reason by his side?

- | | |
|--|--|
| 62. Told him; revise. | 74. Unmoved; partiality; ill-will. |
| 66. Blockheads intrude; hesitate. | 75. Ignorantly prejudiced; stubbornly certain. |
| 67. Humble care. | 76. Cultured; polite; honest. |
| 69. Unthinking stupidity; outbursts; dashes along. | |

(14) Sir Samuel Garth, an eminent physician, a distinguished Whig, a popular and benevolent man, was born 1670; published "The Dispensary, a Mock Heroic Poem, in Six Cantos," in 1699, to support the College of Physicians in a war waged by them against the apothecaries, to prohibit them from prescribing as well as compounding medicines. The case was carried from the Court of the Muses to that of Themis, and in 1703 the House of Lords decreed against Garth and the College. He was Addison's intimate friend, and wrote the Epilogue to "Cato." He pronounced a Latin oration over Dryden's remains, and was an early patron of Pope. On the accession of George I. he was knighted with the sword of the Duke of Marlborough. He was physician in ordinary to the king, and physician-general to the army. He edited Pope's "Metamorphoses," translated by various hands, in 1717, and died, tired, he said, of life, January 18th, 1718-19. In the chancel of the church of Harrow-on-the-Hill he was buried. He was sceptical and voluptuous, but neither very clever nor witty.

(15) The Essays of Mr. Addison, in the sixth volume of the *Spectator*, held out the first philosophical exposition which appeared in England, of those powers of mind whose office it is to appreciate objects of taste. Since his time, however, the writers in this field of literature have been both numerous and distinguished; among whom every one will recognize Hutcheson on the "Internal, or Reflex

[The history of criticism in ancient times—Aristotle, Horace, Dionysius, Petronius, Quintilian, Longinus.]

Such once were critics; such the happy few
Athena and Rome in better ages knew;
The mighty Stagyrite (16) first left the shore,
Spreads all his sails, and durst the deep explore;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star. (17)
Poets, a race long unconfined and free.
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

90

88. Advanced carefully; explored a wide area.

91. Ever eager for; uncontrolled freedom.

92. Accepted; made conscious; right.

93. Overcame; hold rule.

Senses;" Hume on the "Standard of Taste;" Burke on the "Sublime and Beautiful;" not to mention Gerard, Kaimes, Blair, Alison, Knight, and Stewart. But notwithstanding the great mass of talent, and of learning, which has been brought to bear upon the inquiry now before us, the very different and incompatible notions entertained on the subject at large; the opposite opinions held respecting the nature and offices of the mental powers; and the various and even contradictory definitions, given by some of these writers, of the faculty of taste itself, considered as a source of judgment and sentiment, prove too clearly that the philosophy of taste has not yet attained to perfection. The celebrated Montesquieu, for instance, defines taste to be a "Power or faculty of discovering with promptitude and nicety the degree of pleasure which everything ought to give to man." Now, a talent of discovering is wholly intellectual; and besides, there are many things which ought to give pleasure to man which cannot be called objects of taste. M. D'Alembert again, another French writer of eminence, defines taste to be the "Talent of discovering, in the works of art, that which ought to please sensible and feeling minds." This definition, it is very evident, applies more properly to the art of criticism, than to taste. Nor are the definitions of the English writers formed with much more accuracy. Addison calls taste "the pleasure of the imagination." Burke denominates it the "faculty, or faculties, by which we are affected with, or form a judgment of, the works of imagination and the elegant arts." Dr. Blair calls taste the "Power of receiving pleasure from the beauties of nature and of art."—Prof. George Jardine's "Outlines of a Philosophical Education," pp. 177—179.

(16) See the papers on Aristotle in *British Controversialist*, Sept., 1862; Feb., 1863; Jane, 1864; and March, 1865: in the latter of which an analysis of "The Treatise on Rhetoric" occurs.

Homer is sometimes said to have been born near Smyrna, and therefore to have been of Lydian descent. Mæonia was the ancient name of Lydia.

(17)

"Scriberis Varro fortis et hostium

Victor, Mæonii carminis alite," &c.

Horace, "Odes," I., vi. 1 & 2.

"Thou shalt be written of, as brave and victor over thy foes, by Varius, a bird of Mæonian song.

"Non, si priores Mæonius tenet

Sedes Homerus," &c.—Horace, "Odes," IV., ix. 6.

"Not though Mæonian Homer holds

The nobler throne," &c.

Horace (18) still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without *method* talks us into sense; 95
 Will, like a friend *familiarly convey*
 The truest notions in the easiest way. (19)
 He who supreme in judgment as in wit,
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ.
 Yet judged with coolness, tho' he sung with fire; 100
 His *precepts teach* but what his works inspire.
 Our critics take a contrary extreme:
 They *judge* with *fury*, but they *write* with *phlegm*:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations. 105
 See Dionysius (20) Homer's thoughts refine,
 And call new beauties forth from every line;
 Fancy and art in gay Petronius (21) please,
 The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

95. Apparent mastery and discipline.
 96. Agreeably and easily introduced
 to notice.

101. Directions dictate only.
 103. Censure; rage; compose; stolid
 dulness.

(18) An analysis of "The Art of Poetry," by Horace, will be found in the *British Controversialist*, August, 1862, pp. 122—127.

(19) The character of Horace's genius as a critic is principally to be drawn from his "Epistles" to the Pisos and to Augustus. There are two kinds of the "Epistles," the elegiac and the didactic. The former, the characteristic of which is sensibility of nature and elegance of mind, or perhaps, more properly, tenderness of heart, is Ovid's province. The latter requires superiority of sound and common sense, and extensive knowledge of human life, and the polish of high breeding and courtly address. Here Horace reigned without a rival, in that delicate department of moral criticism, which partakes more of refined sentiment than of scholastic learning or precision.—*B. H. Malkin's "Classical Disquisitions and Curiosities,"* pp. 151, 152.

(20) Dionysius also wrote a treatise on rhetoric; criticisms on the style of Thucydides, Lysias, Isocrates, Isæus, Dinarchus, Plato, and Demosthenes; a treatise on the arrangement of words; and some other short essays. His critical works are much more valuable than his history, and are indeed written with considerable power. The criticism on Dinarchus displays good sense and judgment, and shows the great pains which the author took to separate the genuine writings of the Attic orators from the fabrications which passed under their name. . . . His "Rhetoric" has been published separately by Schott, Leipsic, 1804.—*Penny's Cyclopædia*, "Sub Vocem," vol. ix., p. 2.

(21) Petronius Arbiter, of whom Tacitus gives the following singular account:—"The days of Caius Petronius were passed in sleep; his nights in the business and relaxations of life. As others attain fame by exertion, so he acquired it by sloth: nor was he like most spendthrifts, considered a profligate debauchee, but rather an elaborate voluptuary. The more negligent and free were his conduct and discourses, the more agreeable was his simplicity regarded. When he was Proconsul of Bithynia, and afterwards Consul, he showed himself vigorous and equal to his business; but after this, returning to his vices, or his imitations of vice, he became one of the few intimates, and steward of the refinements, of Nero, who esteemed nothing elegant and polite but what Petronius had previously approved. In this situation he incurred the jealousy of Tigellinus, who beheld in him a rival

In grave Quintilian's (22) copious work we find 110
 The *justest* rules and *clearest* method join'd;
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
 But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command. 115
 Thee, bold Longinus (23) all the Nine inspire
 And bless their critic with a poet's fire:

111. Most correct; most easily understood.

118. Earnest; eager and careful; appointed duty.

119. Excited feeling; judgment; scrupulously exact.

and superier in the science of pleasure; and who, appealing to the cruelty of the prince, to which all his other vices were subservient, bribed a slave to report Petronius as the friend of Scævinnus; then committing all his household to prison effectually deprived him of a defence. It chanced that at that time the Emperor made an excursion into Campania, and advanced as far as Cumæ, where Petronius lay, who resolved no longer to endure the suspense of hope and fear. He did not; however, have recourse to instantaneous death, but opening his veins bound them again from time to time. During this process he discoursed with his friends, but not on serious subjects, nor with any view to a reputation for fortitude; and listened not to discussions on the immortality of the soul and the opinions of philosophers, but to light songs and careless verses. Some of his slaves he emancipated, others he punished; he walked abroad; he took his rest; that his death, although violent, might appear natural. Unlike the generality of the victims of Nero, he did not in his will flatter the prince or Tigellinus, or any of the men in power; but having described the imperial debaucheries, with the names of those who shared them, and every new variety of impurity, he sealed the document, and sent it to Nero; taking care, however, to break the signet-ring, lest it should afterwards prove dangerous to the innocent."

" . . . The criticisms of Petronius evince a writer well acquainted, both by taste and study, with the principles of composition; and for these he has obtained the distinguished honour of being placed in the shrine of Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus, by a critic unexcelled by any" [*I.e.*, Pope, in the above lines].—"History of Roman Literature," *Encyclop. Metrop.*, pp. 154—156.

(22) Quintilianus, M. Fabius (i), the most celebrated of Roman Rhetoricians, was born at Calagurris (*Calahorra*) in Spain, A.D. 40. He completed his education at Rome, and began to practise at the bar about 68. But he was chiefly distinguished as a teacher of eloquence, bearing away the palm in this department from all his rivals, and associating his name, even to a proverb, with pre-eminence in the art. By Domitian he was invested with the insignia and title of consul (*consularis ornamenta*), and is, moreover, celebrated as the first public instructor, who, in virtue of the endowment by Vespasian, received a regular salary from the imperial exchequer. He is supposed to have died about 118. The great work of Quintilian is a complete system of rhetoric in 12 books, entitled "De Institutione Oratoria, Libri XII" or, sometimes, "Institutiones Oratoris," dedicated to his friend Marcellus Victorius, himself a celebrated orator, and a favourite at court. This production bears throughout the impress of a clear, sound judgment, keen discrimination, and pure taste, improved by extensive reading, deep reflection, and long practice."—*Smith's smaller Classical Dictionary*, "*Sub Vocem*," p. 349.

(23) Dionysius Longinus, a native of Emessa, in Syria, is known to posterity, not in consequence of his philosophical opinions, of which we have scarcely any extant

An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just.
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws, 120
 And is himself that great sublime he draws.
 Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd and useful laws ordain'd;
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew; 125
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall and Rome.
 With tyranny then superstition join'd;
 As that the body, this enlaved the mind;
 Much was believed, but little understood, 130
 And to be dull was construed to be good:
 A second deluge learning thus o'errun
 And the monks (24) finish'd what the Goths (25) begun.

memorials, but through his celebrated work on the Sublime; which occasionally fired with all the enthusiasm which the models of better days would naturally excite in a high and noble spirit, continues to charm and to instruct the great educated mass, while the barren speculations of his Platonic contemporary who refused to concede to him the title of philosopher, are confined to the closets of a few learned and meditative men. His private history, too, is of a nature which interests our common feelings in a high degree. After having studied under the most distinguished masters, and visited the most noted seats of literature, and acquired so extensive a fame, by the profundity of his erudition, as to be called the "Living Library." He fell a victim to the fury of the Roman soldiery at the downfall, and, perhaps, by the ingratitude of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whom he had assisted by his instructions and defended by his counsels. From the slight shreds still remaining of his philosophical works it is gratifying to perceive that he rejected the sophistical hypotheses which had transferred the properties of matter to the operations of spirit, and had resolved all mental phenomena into the effects of mere mechanical action.—"*Encyclopedia Metrop.*," "*Greek and Roman Philology and Science—Plotinus and the later Platonists*, by J. A. Jeremie, D.D., p. 289.

(24) *Monk*, from *monachos*, a solitary, an anchorite, one who secludes himself from the world for religious purposes.

(25) The name Goths appears first in history in the third century, and it was then used by the Roman writers as synonymous with the more ancient one of Getae, a people who lived on the banks of the Lower Danube, near the shores of the Black Sea. They afterwards emigrated to the North, and acquiring great power took an important part in the overthrow of Rome, and, consequently in the destruction of learning.

Literary Notes.

A hitherto unpublished work of Leigh Hunt's is in the American press. It is entitled, "The Book of the Sonnet," and contains an historical critique of all the finest sonnets in the Italian, Spanish, French, and English languages.

The grave of John Locke has been repaired and restored by subscription. Among those who gratefully aided in this work are Victor Cousin and Barthélemy St. Hilaire respectively, the greatest metaphysician and logician of France.

"The lost Tales of Miletus," the son of Apollo and Deione we suppose, are to be reproduced by Sir E. B. Lytton.

Armenius Vambéry, the traveller, is Professor of Oriental languages in Pesth.

Shakspeare items are being sought in Spain.

A monument is to be erected to the memory of the poet Cowper (1731-1800) at Great Berkhamstead, Bedfordshire, where he was born while his father was rector there.

Andrew Marvel (1620-1678), the famous poet, politician, satirist, &c., is to have a statue in the new Town-hall, Hull, of which he was not only a native but also the parliamentary representative.

A volume of Miscellanies, by members of the Authors' Corps of Artillery, is in hands; the profits of which are to be employed in the purchase of two six-pounder breach-loading Armstrong guns.

A Literary Club has been founded in Dublin, on the suggestion of Archbishop Trench.

Prof. J. G. Forchhammer, the Danish chemist and geologist (b. 1794), successor of Oersted, is dead.

Another genuine-antique original por-

trait of Shakspeare is said to have been found. It is in the possession of Dr. Clay, of Manchester.

Geo. Roberts, author of "The Rocks of Worcestershire," &c., died 24th Dec., aged 32.

J. A. Bixio, founder of "The Journal of Agriculture," died 23rd Dec.

C. Schroeder van der Kolk, in his "Soul and Body," maintains that thought is a secretion of the brain; and soul its manifestation, as digestion is the function of the stomach.

The Belgian Government has appointed a commission to compile a National Biography.

Miss Harriet Martineau has written a "History of the Peace, vol. iv. (1846-1854. It has been published in America. It is said she has taken her farewell of authorship.

Brockhaus has issued, in addition to his Schiller, Goethe, and Lessing galleries, a "Shakspeare gallery," as Christmas books.

Dr. J. M. Lappenberg, born in Hamburg 30th July, 1794, historian and archæologist, author of "The Anglo-Saxon History of England, &c., died in his native city 28th Nov.

Reports on the Literary, Scientific and Moral progress of France from 1846 to 66, written by MM. St. Beuve, La Guéronniere, Le Verrier, Dumas, &c. are in preparation.

J. O. Halliwell, the most ardent Shakspeare-student in England, has issued a Descriptive Catalogue of Ancient Manuscripts and Records, containing notices of Shakspeare and his family or connections; he is about to issue in *facsimile* all the editions of Shakspeare dramas and poems which were printed before the first folio; and he has pro-

jected a new work, entitled, "Illustrations of the Life and Writings of William Shakspeare." It is to be a most elaborate and costly production; a gem of dainty devices, criticism and facts.

In Quebec a translation of the New Testament from the Latin Vulgate has been put in circulation by the Romanists.

Michelet's "Life of Louis XV." is in the press.

King Otho is engaged in translating the Iliad of Homer, after having shown that the Greek Iliad of the present was beyond his management.

"The Solitudes of Nature and of Man," by the American disciple of Herbert Rev. R. W. Alger, is nearly ready.

The Handy-volume Shakspeare, at one shilling monthly, is promised by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans.

The second vol. of Samuel Bailey's "Essay on the Received Text of Shakspeare's Dramatic Writings, and its Improvement," will be published shortly.

A complete edition of the Works of Lord Macaulay, in eight library vols., edited by his sister, has just been issued.

The Marquis Massimo D'Azeglio (born 1800), son-in-law of Manzoni, and author of "Nicolo di Luppi," &c., died 15th Jan.

A vol. of Coleridge's (unpublished) Letters is to reach us, it is said, from America. Where are the Americans picking up all the real and genuine gems?

Napoleon's "Caesar," illustrated by 32 maps of the conqueror's campaigns, is nearly translated, and will, it is understood, be issued in March.

Knight's "English Cyclopædia" is to be reissued in weekly parts.

Unfortunately for British philosophy, Mr. Herbert Spencer is about to discontinue his Expositions of the Principles of Biology, &c., for want of pecuniary encouragement.

It is said that Dean Alford (b. 1810), Biblical critic and poet, is editor of *The Contemporary Review*.

Mr. Toulmin Smith's "Parliamentary Remembrancer" is to be discontinued for a time.

The Swedish novelist, Frederika Bremer (b. Aug. 17th, 1801), authoress of "The Neighbours," &c., died Dec. 31st.

The prose works of Richard Rolle, the Hermit of Hampole, are to be edited by Rev. G. Perry, of Waddington.

A biography of Baron von Humboldt, by F. A. Swarzenberg, is to be added to English literature.

Messrs. Longman are to publish Dr. Odling's "Lectures on Animal Chemistry."

Mr. John Bruce has in hand an extended biography of William Cowper, the poet, of Olney.

Dr. S. R. Maitland, author of "Essays on the State of Religion and Literature in the Middle Ages," &c., died Jan. 21st, aged 74.

David Page has in the press "Geology for General Readers," a popular yet scientific work.

"The Handy Royal Atlas" is a new work, to consist of "a new and accurate series of Maps," by A. K. Johnston, in preparation for Messrs. Blackwood. They are also about to issue a new "Atlas of Classical Geography, for the class room and the library."

Rev. J. Wooley, D.C.L., Principal of Sydney University, in Australia, author of an able "Logic," was drowned in the *London*, 11th Jan.

Dr. Petrie, the Irish archæologist, author of an essay on the "Round Towers of Ireland," died 18th Jan., aged 75.

Messrs. Houlston and Wright are issuing, in monthly shilling parts, Dr. Traill's edition of "Josephus," with illustrations taken by a plan invented by Isaac Taylor.

J. A. Scott, Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy, Manchester, author of "Discourses," died 13th Jan. By his death, it is said, we have lost to literature a biography of Edward Irving by the only man who was thoroughly able to write it.

M. Durgaud, died Jan. 3rd.

Mission Life is to be the title of a new magazine.

European Philosophy.

PRE-CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY IN ROME.

LUCRETIIUS.—CICERO.—HORACE.

GREECE arises in the mind most naturally as the type of freedom and wisdom; Rome as that of power and policy. In so far as regards *thought*, Rome possesses but a borrowed glory. The light which shone from the Etruscan lamps was Greek. The civilization of Hellas was nurtured by literature, art, and philosophy; that of Rome was maintained by laws, legions, and centralized force. The efficacious strife of various states, all holding the idea of race as the vital bond of their confederation, produced competitive effort and excited vigorous emulation—a greed for glory,—as well as gave occasion and opportunity to the uprise of differing thinkers and diverse schools of philosophy. Originality was the intense soul's wish of the Hellenic races. To this sleepless aspiration we owe the brilliant literature, the splendid drama, the thoughtful polity, the refined sculpture, the magnificent architecture, the well-contrived laws, the controversial criticism, and the multiform philosophies of Greece. Order was the prime inspiration of Rome. Supremacy was not her aim only, it has become her tradition. Central might is incompatible with the multiplex and active antagonism of related yet competing states; and in that age of the world's history centralization was civilization. It is a wondrous spectacle which rises into vision as one utters the word Rome. A hundred millions of people of differing races, with various interests, marked by numerous local dissimilarities, under many risks of mismatching customs and institutions, welded together into, if not a concrete, yet an aggregated mass; disciplined into solidification, and held together by the subduing hand of a centralized might which reached from the Capitol to the Western Ocean and the far Euphrates, from the Rhine and the Danube to the deserts of Africa and Arabia, at the same time that it permeated society from palace to hamlet, passing from the imperial will into the sodden soul of the born slave and the agile spirit of the vanquished barbarian. Rome is a unity: a unity of power, law, religion, administration, rights, language, and control; external majesty and internal quiet. Within this vast and complex *imperium* we see the hardy Alpine mountaineers, the fickle Celtic tribes, the fierce Spaniards, the flexible yet bold Germanic races, the indocile Scythians, the restless Thracians, the learned, luxurious Greeks, the ruder Macedonians, the clans of Isauria, the hordes of Libya, the voluptuous Syrians, the morose Jew, the superstitious hosts of Egypt, the ingenious Phenician, as well as the numerous races of

Italy itself. To the majesty of Rome all these became plastic, and, moulded by the force of her right hand, lay couched and hushed and subject for nearly two hundred years. In this crush of outward power, the will, the element of great and original effort in man, became pithless and weak. An external life and glory alone became possible. Man ceased to feel himself, to recognize his own *selfhood*; he became a part of that which surrounded him, an atom in a glorious aggregate of world-compelling force. In the grand unit of Rome's compelling polity, personality was absorbed, and an individual was only *one* of the *all* in which Roman power resided, while the ideal of that *all* gave a sense and a right of dignity to each *one*. This was embodied in the egotistic formula, "I am a Roman citizen," which endowed the person uttering it with a portion of the might and majesty of the empire of which he was but the minutest element. To us, this consociate life is almost inconceivable, to them our strictly preserved and oft-asserted right of privateness and of independent individuality would have been equally incomprehensible. The commonwealth encompassed and contained a Roman's whole existence. As a Roman he was something; ceasing to be a Roman he was nought.

This intensified and concentrated ideal of the state of Government as an engine of which the subjects were but parts was not lessened in Rome by the antagonism of any church. True, it had its religion, but that also was a State agent and incorporation; part of the order of the imperial unity of which coherency and consistency were the characteristics. Polity was positive law and embodied force; religion was conservative formalism and objective ritualism; sovereignty was the highest Roman ideal. Dominancy is only attainable in rude states by war; war, therefore, became at once the winner of glory and wealth to Rome. Conquest was greatness. The brilliant splendour of an external prosperity exercised for a time a concentering tendency, but there was no development of internal invigoration provided for as a prerequisite for the moment of equipoise when war must cease, because there is no more around it than can be conquered. The tension of interest made the mass cohesive so long as the cold will of the empire permeated every breast, but when individualism became possible, Rome had no philosophy on which to stay the soul in the midst of the currents of sensualism and indulgence which set in with wealth, masterdom, and want of vital occupation.

Law was the wisdom, war the logic, of Rome. Religion was a pageant, and patriotism a lust for power. Morals had no staple; there was no glow of the soul in the sense of self-possession; the inner majesty of individuality was wanting. Roman life was void of principle; instinct, tradition, and imitation occupied the place of resolved personal responsibility. This, only a reasoned philosophy or a revealed religion could supply. The former had failed in Greece amid the contests and jealousies of contending states; would it succeed better, if infused into the world-wide supremacy

of Rome, in eliminating sinful corruptedness of soul from the populations of the mistress of civilization? If it be possible to leaven the aggregated masses of the Roman empire with a reasonable form of thought, the favourable hour is surely now, when ambition's task is all but fulfilled, and a sense is stealing into the minds of men of the need for individual guidance into the ways of rightness, if not righteousness of life. If personality is to become possible, shall it be personality liberated from all restraint of conscientiousness, or shall it be a personality enlightened and trained, where reason has been led to look to the succession of cause and event, and to trace the seed of results in the conscious will of the individual? Only so can it be hopefully liberated; only so would it be safe to give it free course. How, then, is the august Roman civilization to be inoculated with the love of wisdom, for that is philosophy? Plainly there must concur a sense of need, a feeling of the advantageousness of some such energy, and an opportunity of gaining it without seeming to go forth in quest of it; for that would be a confession of want and weakness quite unsuitable to the character of the egoistic life of Roman citizens. It came in the way and at the time which suited the case and place. Philosophy came to Rome as a suitor, as an expositor of pleasure, as the proclaimer of an order in the nature of things similar to that which the world's mistress maintained in the political chaos of the times, and as the possessor of the secret of maintaining and retaining power. Moreover, it came as a novelty when the soul's thirst of the Romans was intensest, when the statecraft of force was well-nigh exhausted, and a craft in politics other than that of outward might was felt to be necessary for the restraint of man's moral nature and the control of his active life. In the fitness of things, scarcely aught could be fitter, and the spirits of the eager, the earnest, and the froward-alike attempted to quench and satiate the thirst of their nature with the thought-vintage of the philosophers of Greece. "*Græcia capta, ferum victorem cepit*" (Greece vanquished, vanquished its fierce conqueror).

The consuls and ambassadors of Rome delighted in the number and celebrity of their clients, or as we might call them, vassals. Those who displayed the pomp of Rome amidst the glories of Greece absorbed among their retainers many of the cultivators of philosophy, and extended patronage to those workers with wisdom's words, as they did to workers with metals, marble, and ivory. After the conquest of Perseus, king of Macedonia, which then included Greece as one of its provinces, the commissioners of Rome entrusted with the execution of the laws of Paulus, the conqueror, sent upwards of a thousand of the best men of Greece to Rome for trial, as resisters of the victorious nation. These were scattered among the chief cities of Italy, and many of them became missionaries of Greek learning and philosophy. It is, however, directly to the embassy sent (B.C. 155) by the Athenians to advocate at Rome the mitigation or withdrawal of the fine imposed upon

that city by the conquerors, as a punishment for the attempted plunder of Oropus, a city in Sicyonia, that the introduction of philosophy into Rome is generally traced. The Hellenic ambassadors were Diogenes the stoic, Critolaus the peripatetic, and Carneades the founder and chief of the New Academy. The youths of Rome who aspired to statesmanly honours crowded to hear the illustrious rehearsers of the woes of Athens. Their advocacy opened to these hearers a new world—a world of vital thought. Their grave statements and far-reaching references to moral principles, their subtle distinctions of acts and terms, their pliant speech and fluent oratory, and their acute dialectics astonished while they captivated. The study of Greek philosophy became the fashion of the day. Old men, worshippers *sapientia majorum* of the wisdom of their forefathers, scouted and ridiculed the new taste. Cato, the censor, thought philosophers the worst enemies of Rome; and Cicero's grandfather said of the young nobility of the time, that "the more Greek they knew, they were the greater knaves." Philosophy was further promoted by the formation of libraries like that which Sulla brought with him (B.C. 83) after the capture of Athens, which contained, among other famous literary treasures, the collection of Apellicon the peripatetic, rich in the autograph works of Aristotle; that which Lucullus obtained during the Mithridatic war (B.C. 67), and which he opened as a place of free resort to men of scholarly tastes; the first public library founded by Asinius Pollio in the hall of the temple of Liberty, on Mount Aventine; and that which Augustus formed, in the temple of Apollo, on the Palatine hill. It was thus that Rome became the depository of Greek philosophy, of which we through them have become the inheritors.

The charm of philosophy for the Romans, however, lay in its usefulness, its likelihood of aiding in the attainment of personal ends. Hence it was rather accepted than cultivated, employed than enjoyed. The spirit of search and research was not active in them, and they regarded a knowledge of it rather in the light of an accomplishment, a sign of a cultured mind, or as an admirable help in civil office, than as the guide of life, the glory of the soul. The absolute scepticism of Pyrrho they rejected because it was unpractical, but the prudent and cautious probabilism of the New Academy satisfied their irreligious disposition while it served their political designs. Stoicism commended itself to public life and legislation, Epicureanism to private character and social intercourse. The sublimities of Plato and the logicalities of Aristotle held a range too far apart from their sympathies—the former being too spiritual, the latter too scientific for their minds. As specimens of the progress of philosophy in Rome before Christ, it will be enough to note and remark upon Lucretius, Cicero, and Horace, making only such incidental observations on other cultivators of the science of wisdom as may arise in the course of our necessarily brief and rapid survey of this subject.

Titus Lucretius Carus, though a Roman by birth, and one of the most illustrious of its poets, has left behind him very little of actual biography, except the noblest of the didactic poems of antiquity. The date of his birth is variously stated as B.C. 99 or 95. He died in the 44th year of his age; Donatus says, on the very day that Virgil donned the *Toga Virilis*,—i. e., in B.C. 55; some say that in a frenzy produced by a love-potion he died by his own hand. But since the details are not well authenticated we had better not here attempt to elucidate any of the biographical difficulties which arise in the critic's path. Let us accept his poem as himself, for it is himself more truly than all else that he did or bore. It is the cry of an ardent, anguished soul, living in an untr tranquil time; of one to whom the superstition of his country and his age had become hateful, because impotent to touch the souls of men to any goodness. The huge complex at once of state, of religion, and of nature stands before him as a mystery. Is that mystery explicable? for if it is, it well behoves man to search until he find the very secret of its inner life—the *nature of things*. To that, then, let man give a scrutinizing examination, unappalled by the dogmas of a dead faith, untrammelled by the forces of tyrannical authority, heedless of ancestral wisdom, which proves itself unwise in neglecting this inquiry, and regardless of whence the solution comes, if what we get is right and the peace of truth is brought into our souls by it. In this spirit alone is a free-spirited philosophy possible, and all other methods must fail to bring satisfaction to reasoning man. To understand things is the great need of the soul. Intelligent worship, activity, life, polity, and science alike depend upon that for a firm base. Let us attain to that, and the worship of vain gods would cease, ritual and statecraft would suit themselves to the souls of men, and morals would be governed by the very laws of mortal being. Such, as it seems to us, is the statement of the question as it stood before Lucretius when he took upon himself the holy office of a reformer of men's thoughts and lives. That he had attained to a clear view of the inner essence of things we dare not maintain, but that Lucretius is truly amenable to the reproach of atheism—of being the expositor of a *godless* universe—we do not hesitate to doubt; and that he is justly censurable as an advocate of sensual immoralities of the "eat, drink, and be merry" sort, we not only doubt, but deny. That he scouted and flouted the gods of his country's mythology is perfectly true. In this sense he was impious with a diviner piety than was usual in his age—often even in ours.

"Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven."

His object is to see, in the nature of things, a deity higher, more glorious, nobler, unique, than the Romans knew—one perfect and original. His principles that "nothing can come forth from nothing," and "nothing can be reduced to nothing," though they may imply the eternity of matter, yet also necessitate a fecundating deity. His keen discussions upon space and time compel assent to

the ideas of infinity and eternity, and cast the soul out in an exploring search for an inhabitant of them. "Truths kindle light for truths," he says, and truly these are of them, though in the dim inane of supervacuous space, as it seems to man, we can only by the glimmer of reason's lights see but a sort of Nature-God—yet it is "Nature, the perfect Creatress," whom we behold in the twilight of thought, where finite reason strives to pierce the infinite.

"Donicum ad extremum crescendi perfectæ finem
Omnia perduxit rerum *Natura Creatrix*."—ti., 1117-8.*

This, it is true, is but a faint adumbration of a Deity. But his was an age in which Deity was only seen "as through a glass darkly," and the idea of finding in God the soul of the soul was a grand thought for a heathen to possess: is it not also one which the advanced Christian is privileged to hold in a special and holy sense? Deity is the will of the universe; even as man acts spontaneously or refrains from action by an innate power, so do the atoms of the world in their wild maze and whirl move as determined by some other cause than force or weight impressed into them, since in determination, as in all things else, there must be a beginning, for we know that "nothing can proceed from nothing."

"The atheistic Lucretius" is one of the stereotyped phrases of self-satisfied ignorance. He is rather the unpolytheistic, the anti-mythological Lucretius. He is irreligious only in the sense of being an antagonist of the prevailing degrading superstition of his time, for such he felt the religion of Rome to be, and hence his revolt of soul at its spirit-crushing influence, which makes him say of himself,—

"Magnis decæ de rebus et arctis,
Religionum animos nodis exsolvere pango;"

(I give instruction concerning mighty themes, and proceed to unloose the mind from the fettering knots of religions). The world, he affirms, is not made for us, that our felicity alone should be its end. It has its laws, and to these we must conform if we would taste the divine felicity to the production of which they all tend, and on account of which they are fixed and determined. Hence, to know the nature of things is to know the secret of moral happiness, of true power, of living aright in time, and looking into the future with an unshrinking fortitude. In teaching man this, philosophy provided elevation and consolation, and gave strength to accept his present fate as the best of things for him now, to do his duty therein, and to regard the future with sombre resignation, as alike beyond his province and his power.

On this latter point we regard Lucretius as grievously in error; for even on his own principle of the indestructibility of things and the necessary conservation of force in the universe, the soul, which

* "Till at length *Nature, the perfect Creatress of things*, brought all to the utmost limit of development."

conformed to the laws of the vitality of nature, must have found its force and being active up to the last of nature. But we must recollect that he lived after Lucretius who could say, "Life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel," and not charge home upon him as a defect that which has been given to us as a supreme favour by a revelation which he never had. Let us regard this great eager soul, gazing away from the turmoil, strife, sham, debauchery, cruelty, and vice of the days of Cinna, Marius, and Sulla, in which it was impossible to do anything else than—

" To see ten thousand baleful arts combined
To pamper luxury and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creatures' woe"—

into the time and space distances, in the hope of snatching a glimpse of supernal light, and seeing only the far-off, dim, but oncoming dawning of a light of truth, grander than any of which his fancy could form a picture, as one who had his share to do in showing the blackness of the outlook the future gave, even when explored by the eagle eye of a thinker, that so the Hope of man might gain the heartier welcome when His name should be uttered in the Roman Forum or revealed in the Catacombs. That Lucretius found an order in the nature of things was well. Had he been able to find a Moral Ruler there, how much healthier would have been his soul's life! Even with all its faults it is a wondrous flood of melody cast upon the ear of the ages, and justly merits the immortality promised it by Ovid,—

" Carmina sublimis tunc sunt peritura Lucreti,
Exitio terras cum dabit una dies."*

Our polemic, however, has carried us away from the sedate task of exposition. There is the less to regret in this, because we have already given an epitome of the doctrines of Epicurus, whom he adopts as his master, and whose metaphysical system he unfolds with rare skill and grandeur. There are passages in his poem unmatchable in any work of ancient times, and no didactic poet whatever has reached the combined dignity and accuracy which Lucretius attained. How he opens up upon Roman life the very light of heaven, and flashes upon its corruptions the scathing fires of a gifted, courageous, and essentially holy soul!

Alas that, perishing as he did in his life's prime—by his own hand, or by a sudden death—it was not given to him to do other than to show that heart and flesh fail before the mystery of life—even when the rays of genius lighten the path,—and that the mystery of death is far more terrible!

Marcus Tullius Cicero comes before us here, not as the statesman, the orator, the many-minded one, and the marvel of men. He was

* " Lucretius' lofty song shall live in deathless fame,
Till fate dissolves at once this universal frame."

undoubtedly, in his age, uncommon in many respects. As the Hamlet of Roman statesmen we cannot notice him now; as, at an immense distance, the Plato of Rome he comes to the footlights in this notice. He was born B.C. 106, and was specially trained for statesmanship. He was educated in Greece, under the tutorship of the orator Crassus, and when he had assumed the manly garb of a Roman citizen he continued his philosophical studies under the best teachers of the times. His life was one of great eventfulness, but we cannot even present an epitome of the lawsuits in which he pleaded, the offices he held, the renown he obtained, the envy he incurred, the difficulties he successfully resisted and those by which he was overcome, the evil results of his hesitancy, and the woful tragedy of his end. He gave his neck to the executioner 7th Dec., B.C. 43, in the sixty-third year of his age, on the roadway to Caieta, whence he hoped to escape from the ruthless proscription of the triumvirate. To him the probableism of the Academy was fatal, as it led him to trim his conduct, not by the lofty laws of principle, but by the maxims of expediency. He was a theoretical lover of virtue, but he lacked the practical heroism of a truly noble soul. His courage and resolution were quite unequal to the legislative ability and the rhetorical power which he possessed. Had he been more of a Stoic than he was he might have retained the glorious title he once received from admiring Rome—the father of his country. But he lived in evil days, when any course was hazardous, and when to be great was to be hated, suspected, and proscribed by one party or another in the State. In the difficult inner debate of soul between the claims of duty and the suggestions of interest his probableism made him hesitate, until “the tide in the affairs of men” had ebbed away and left him on the shoals and shallows of political life. Fair-weather philosophy may suit in quiet and regular periods, but in untoward circumstances a too considerate balancing of right and wrong undoes the will and weakens the character. Cicero applied the philosophy fitted for a speculative life to that of practical politics, in which doubt or double thought is tantamount to destruction, and his life as a politician—glorious though it was—was a failure.

That he lived a morbid, praise-seeking, overwrought life, in an age when great examples of devotedness were not, and fixed laws or forms of holiness and virtue had not reached the hearts of men, was his misfortune, and may be regarded as his excuse. Could he but have gained a philosophy equal to his own ideal, a philosophy capable of being the parent of works and words good in themselves, the guide of life, the searcher after virtue, the repeller of vice, the wild maze of his thoughts would have given him less cause to wander, and his acts might have equalled in grandeur the views of duty of which he had glimpses. All human life is coloured more or less by the times in which it has its course, and Cicero's was so not less than that of others; but we must pass on now from his life to his thoughts.

Gibbon has called the works of Cicero "a repository of reason." His philosophical writings are, on the whole, more historical than critical, and more critical than reflective. They are neither remarkable for depth, nor originality of thought. In fact, they could scarcely be so, because they were composed as popular treatises, intended to initiate the Romans, by books written in their own language, in a knowledge of the grand systems of speculative thought for which the Greeks had been remarkable. Following the method and adhering to the form of the Greek thinkers, he endeavoured to fashion the speech of Rome to the expression of philosophic ideas, and to popularize among his countrymen the reflections on the higher forms of life available to man, which the Hellenic philosophers had left for the learning of their fellow-pilgrims in the journey of existence. He aimed at once to inform the minds and reform the morals of his readers or hearers. This he did as a statesman who claimed philosophy as an auxiliary in the formation of public opinion, and in the government of the actions of men. But he set about it as a rhetorician who desired to pass in glory along the pathways of political eminence, and as one who knew that neither human nature nor civil society are readily moved by consummate thought and abstruse or recondite disquisitions. Hence he sought to throw the magic of Roman eloquence over Greek thought, that it might find a more kindly welcome in the hearts of those who little cared for contemplation, and saw little good in the pursuit of theoretical principles, when the practical life of every day lay before them with its demands and its enjoyments. Cicero gave Philosophy letters of naturalization, though the Romans scarcely ever treated her otherwise than as an alien or a slave.

The object proposed in "The Academic Questions," of which we have portions only of two separate treatises, was to give an account of the rise and progress of the Academic philosophy, the modifications it had undergone, and the state at which it had arrived. In the treatise "Concerning the Purposes of Good and Evil," he supplies, in five books, in a series of dialogues, well arranged and ably composed, an investigation and comparison of the opinions of the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Epicureans, on the highest good which man should seek. "The Tusculan Disputations" are also in five books. These respectively inculcate a contempt for death, a manly fortitude in life, the necessity for calming our griefs, the advantage of moderating our passions, and the sufficiency of a virtuous life to insure human happiness. In his disquisition "Regarding the Nature of the Gods," Cicero, while discussing the character of the divine essence, the government of the world, and the providence by which all things are controlled, betrays a sad melancholy of soul, arising from the uncertainty which hung over the administration of Deity in the affairs of time. That he had seen beyond the dark perplexities of the common mythology, his tracts on "Divination" and on "Fate" amply prove: in the former of these he maintains the

absurdity of theomancy and all the cognate arts by which it was supposed that the will of the gods was discoverable, and in the latter of which he refutes the doctrine of Chrysippus upon "Determinism."

In his splendid work "On Laws," he shows himself a true Roman. Law, as the foundation of order, he regards as the perfection of reason, the issue of the eternal mind in divine energy, which pervades the universe and unites it, associating gods and men in the oneness of reason and virtue, and bringing them into resemblance in faculty, feeling, and sentiments. On the origin of laws, the sources of moral obligation, and the respective duties of magistrates and citizens, he writes with grace and wisdom. This treatise is not all extant, and we have mentioned it here because we think it is the proper consecution of idea to pass from the consideration of law to the institution of the State, although some able commentators regard this work on laws as a supplement to that "On the Republic," of which considerable portions are still extant, though only recently (in 1822) recovered. From these we gather that his object was to determine what is the best form of government, to discuss the respective advantages and disadvantages of each, with special reference to the constitution of Rome, and to consider the nature of justice, the foundations of morals, the nature of education, the power of magistrates, and the actual state of Roman affairs in the age preceding that of the civil war. In this work, "The Dream of Scipio," a finely managed allegory, intended to teach the doctrine of immortality, occurs. In the treatise "On Duties," addressed to his son, he unfolds his views on the nature and principles of morals, and arbitrates between the claims of honour and usefulness in their demands on human life. His opinions "On Old Age," and "On Friendship," are commendable, and elegantly expressed. The whole series of his works constitutes a miscellany of information and thought such as few men have left, especially men who have mingled in affairs and borne the brunt of statesmanly cares. In these disquisitions, while he has made eloquence subservient to the excitement of the passions, he has shown that eloquence alone is unable fully to master them by the persuasive power it wields. All that philosophy could present to the consideration of man in his time in regard to divine law or human duty he has illustrated with force and grace, such as have seldom been shown by those who add to the labours of official life the dear delights of speculative studies. His arguments, diction, brilliancy, and zeal give him a title to pre-eminence among the writers of Rome. But though we cannot resist the conviction that he was a man of insatiable desires for knowledge, of capacious mind, of penetrating vision and clear conceptions, yet we do feel that he was a rhetorician more than a philosopher, that he spoke not so much from conviction as to convince. He did indeed place before men, in a more persuasive style than any other Roman, the proofs for a belief in the eternal distinction between good and evil, in the undy-

ing nature of the human spirit, of a future state, and in the existence of God, but he does so as an advocate with a case to make out. These opinions do not rise out of the man's own soul; they do not glow with the genius of the heart; they do not seem the result of speculation so much as of study. Proposed as they are, not only as metaphysical opinions or ethical deductions, but as a distinct political scheme and exposition of a code of human conduct, they do not excite faith, and hence do not achieve the highest conquests of thought—the subjugation of the soul to a sense of the supreme righteousness of the proposals advanced and the duties demanded.

Let us by no means, however, underrate the grandeur of the aim out of which the task arose—to bring into human life, sorely beset as it was with the woe of doubt, a practical law of action for the present and a reasonable hope of the future, to induce mankind to entertain worthier ideas of the Supreme, and to found their conduct on principles more akin to the highest and noblest thoughts mankind could reach. That was a great work indeed; and if the double attempt—to apply the specious theories of the Greeks to the solutions of the difficulties of Roman life, and to explain the condition and interests of Rome by reference to the doctrines of Greek speculation—did fail, it failed neither for want of knowledge, eloquence, fitness of exposition, nor fulness of reflection. It failed for want of the onrushing earnestness of an heroic soul—a soul made heroic by faith, by conviction, by unhesitant confidence in the truth, accuracy, and effectiveness of the means he proposed for the attainment of his ends. Philosophy required more than an advocate; it wanted a living example. It was more necessary that it should be shown than known. Pure and elevated as the forms of life and thought were of which Cicero wrote with unsurpassed ability, they fell effectless on society, because they lacked the spirit-pith of vital earnestness—the civilizing energy of an irrepressible assurance—the troth-plight of his own soul to truth, consistency, and hopefulness.

Is Horace also among the philosophers? We confess it is not very common to find his name written on the philosophic page. But we believe that Horace has had more influence on men as a thinker than as a dinner-table wit, a singer, or a critic. Dean Milman felt inclined to assert that the writings of the Venusian bard were fitted to be “the manual of the statesman, and the study of the moral philosopher.” We regard him as a Roman gentleman of great suavity of temper, delicacy of taste, wisdom of character. He seems to us a clear-sighted and reflective man of genius, who, while the constitution of Rome was changing, and the faiths of men were failing within them, devoted himself to the construction of a nobler ideal of human life, and to the acquisition, by contemplative research, of a knowledge of that truth which invigorates the soul, and that virtue which at once enriches and purifies the heart. How his eye looks into the very core of a question! with what an infallibility of acuteness he picks out the foibles, fallacies, and feeblenesses of the sects! with what a quickness of scent

he darts after the quarry of his thoughts, disdaining the counter-scent of prejudice, and eschewing the doublings and windings of cunning evasion! He desires to gain a knowledge of the *becoming*, of what is proper in human action, and fitting for human life, and knows that a veracious search will alone bring him to the fountain-streams of personal and social happiness. To him philosophy appeared as "the medicine of the soul," curative, preservative, invigorative, and restorative. Its office was, in his view, to point out the simple and natural enjoyments for which nature had fitted man; to strengthen him amidst worldly cares and sorrows; and to sustain his soul against the fear of death, which holds so many all their lifetime in the bondage of vile distrust. And if he but seldom feels inclined to peep behind the unraised curtain of futurity, it is as much from a consciousness of the charity which veils the coming from our eyes, as from the hopelessness of finding any means of gaining a satisfactory glimpse beyond the blank and dark day in which death shall triumph. If he was a man of the world, he looked upon it as a world in which mother-wit and good sense could find enough to enjoy, within the conditions of mortal being, to gratify his ordinary wants, and to excite at once "hopes and fears that kindle hopes;" and regarded it as a duty to accept life as it has been given, without repining or faithlessness. To mend the world he considers too high a task for him, but he inclines to the belief that if each would mend his own temper and habits, his style of feeling and thought, and his method of treating his neighbours, "the world in which we live" would be much less objectionable than we find it and make it. Personal morality excels statecraft because it teaches us to find the soul of joy within, not without.

Lucretius boldly dared those adventurous flights of philosophic speculation which led him beyond the bounds of time and space, and into regions of dazzling fascinations. He applied his thoughts to the metaphysics of the problem of his age. Cicero addressed himself to the ethical and political requirements of his time, and strove to connect the speculations of philosophy with the practical necessities of mankind. Horace chose an humbler but not less useful part, to bring philosophy home to the business and bosoms of men. He impresses upon men the need, while he explains the advantages of regulating human desire, of distinguishing truth from falsehood, and fancies from realities, and of removing from the mind prejudices as the fruitful parent of innumerable errors. He affirms that all man's requirements are not satisfied by the attainment of external good, but that there is a need for an inner harmony of power and faculty, of desire and effort. He advises us to be severe in our judgments on ourselves, and indulgent to the faults and weakness of others; he affirms that a pure conscience is the foundation of personal happiness, and that the moderation of our desires is the true wisdom of life. In him the delight of friendship, the pleasure of retirement, the attractions of a rural life, and the duty of patriotism, find an able and intelligent advocate. In his Satires

he endeavours to eradicate vice and purify the passions, and in his Epistles he gives lessons useful for comfort and capable of conducing to the betterment of every-day life. He was a singular combination of poet, critic, satirist, moral philosopher, man about town, and master of politeness; yet in all he was elegant, without affectation, and mindful of moral probity in the midst of gaiety. Even his prudential moderation scarcely satisfied himself; occasionally an irrepressible sense of sadness weighs upon his spirits, and he yearns for a piety capable of more fully exercising his earnestness, and of enabling him to ennoble his life by a conscious devotion to truth and reality. He can only aim at promoting virtue by inculcating manly sentiment and useful maxims, and at the reformation of the morals of his countrymen by ridiculing their follies; but he feels meanwhile that there are exquisite possibilities in man which enthusiasm might inflame to purer action; and terrible passions which philosophy might calm, could reason and reflection yield him a sure knowledge of the grounds of human effort, and the true bounds of human activity. He cannot rise to the height of this great argument; but he can with easy grace, gentlemanly adroitness, and inimitable fluency insinuate playfully in manner, yet earnestly in spirit, a sense of higher things than sensuous enjoyments or selfish employments. It is wrong to regard Horace as an advocate of licentiousness, or even as a splendid after-dinner antidote to care. He sought to nourish the vitality of patriotism and morals in an age when decay was rusting away the heart of political zeal, of social virtue, and of personal happiness, and to introduce attractively into society a testimony against immoderate and vulgar indulgence, selfish illiberality, and civic intolerance, as opposed to the amenity of civilized life; as well as an honest expression of the need of mankind to think more, and know about the concerns of life as a gift to be used in accordance with its true purpose. He tells us to reflect on the shortness of life, and the certainty of death; to believe that the joys of the day are given us to partake of, and that the woes of it must be borne; to remember also that its duties are allotted to us, and that he alone is truly happy who achieves the true end of his life—still more happy, however, man might be could he, while working the work of life, think of the future as secure, and of the gods as friends, not foes:—but that he cannot see or show.

I am painfully aware of the fact that I may be reminded of "filthiness and foolish talking and jesting" in the poems of Horace as entirely opposed to my interpretation of the character and aim of the poet of social life and literary culture—the gentleman whose happy nature was expanded and refined by culture, and whose carefully conducted education enhanced the value of his splendid natural endowments. I admit that his lyrics—so various in sentiment, so felicitous in expression—are garnished with amorous gaieties, imitated from Anacreon, Alcæus, and Sappho; and that pretty feminine names grace his choicest songs; but I can no more

regard as serious the loves of Horace than those of Donne, Waller, Pope, Burns, Moore, Keats, and Tennyson—in the works of all of whom pretty names, applied to heroines of grace and beauty, hold a conspicuous place. If poets may not sing of any but real loves their verse must want many precious topics, or their hearts must be sadly distracted, torn, and worn. Why may they not have imaginary attachments and flirtations, as well as fictitious scenes and ornaments borrowed from the treasures of fancy? A few specks of coarse allusion and outspoken plainness regarding matters not usually in our days made the topic of published verse or social conversation are to be found among the finest passages of his works; but they are few, and seldom obtrusive, and have their meaning as often given by the eye that sees as by the author's real intent. Even of his amatory poems it may safely be said, that if he did not—as how could he!—inspire holiness into love, he at least added grace, delicacy, and refinement to its less ethereal charms. I cannot, do not, dare not defend all that Horace has written, but I am surprised, considering his times, his temptations, and his social surroundings, that his poems are so unobjectionable as a whole, and so seldom tinged with the “fleshly lusts” of heathendom's putrescence. We can trace too a gradual progress in his works “from good to better, thence to best,” in a moral as well as in a literary point of view.

Horace began his career in letters as a satirist, and in his Satires he is distinguished not only as an elegant writer, but as a just thinker—at once jocose and serious, graphic and dramatic, politic and philosophic. Of his amatory and convivial odes—the best specimens of *vers de société* in Roman literature—we can say little more than that they are less gross and sensual than those of the ancient poets whom he imitated. In his moral and political ones he is, in general, not felicitous in expression only, but in nobleness of thought and purity of sentiment. On the shortness of life, who has ever written more strikingly? who among the uninspired of olden times have argued more forcibly for contentment, disparaged the power of wealth so honestly, or given such consolation for the pains of poverty? who deplores more earnestly the miseries of civil war, the general corruption of society? or who inveighs more trenchantly against mere self-indulgence, ostentation, pomp of power, and pride of place? His is a delicate raillery that is more effective in society than severe lectures or harsh strictures, than grave scolding or pedantic sermonizing. It dispels the poison of prejudice without exciting the passions to malice. It is epicureanism in morals that he professes, but it is an epicureanism of which *decens* is the regulator, and *verum* the essence. I need only refer to—I cannot now quote and criticize—the Odes to Fortune (Odes, i., 35), to Dellius (ii., 3), to The Rich (iii., 24), on Old-fashioned Virtues (iii., 2), and on Rustic Delights (Epodes, 2); to Satires, ii., 6; ii., 2; ii., 7; and to Epistles, ii., 6; i., 16; i., 2; and still more pertinently, perhaps, Epistles, ii., 2, which is, perhaps, that in which Horace speaks his last word to

mankind as a moralist. Here he lays out a plan for his after life—an after life never to be under this sun and these stars, and determines to consider and prepare for his end—to the investigation of moral good, of the nature of happiness, and to the discovery of true moral wisdom. He did not live to fulfil his design. In the fifty-seventh year of his age he passed away from the world of mortals. He was, it is true, only like “a light that shineth in a dark place,” and left the earth before “the dayspring from on high” had visited man. If we were to rectify the time according to the modern chronology, the date of his death, though usually stated as 8 B.C., would stand in the 4th year B.C. Hence we see that he died before the dawn of a new era, and ought only to be judged by the current fashions of an old and vicious age. As a serious and ingenuous searcher for truth, unassisted by any light but that of good sense applied to the investigation, we cannot but regard him as a singularly able and forward thinker, even although we admit, regretfully, that he was neither free from the faults nor unaffected by the vices of a pre-Christian epoch. This little, corpulent, dark-eyed, gray-haired, carelessly-elegant gentleman, somewhat absent in mind, a little irascible in temper, sympathetic, inquisitive, critical and humorous, inclined by nature to self-indulgence, but restrained from it by a prudent philosophy, strikes us as one who had an eye and a heart of rare power to see into the evils of social life, and to suggest an antidote for them almost as high as worldliness could reach; and he seems to have succeeded in being one of the most moderate, moral, influential, and happy men of whom the records of Rome—during his age—can boast.

We have entitled this chapter of our exposition of speculative thought “Pre-Christian Philosophy in Rome,” rather than *of* Rome, because we do not think philosophy ever to a great extent became effectual on Roman speculation, statesmanship, or morals. The highest words which were spoken in her name in the mistress city of the world were uttered by the men of whose opinions we have given an indication. Our present paper ought to be regarded as less even than an outline—as but a passing glimpse, of a great period of human life. To enter fully into the nature of Roman civilization, to detail the characteristics of its social, political, religious, or private life, to estimate the place of Rome among nations and in history, would be a task for a volume. Even to epitomize the opinions of the men whose writings have been glanced at, and to explain their relation to the age in which they were expressed, would have required several papers. This mere conspectus must suffice for the present. In a future paper, on “The Interspace between Antiquity and Christianity,” an opportunity may be found to suggest some further reflections on the course of thought in the revolution of the ages, and in the evolution of humanity.

S. N.

Literature.

DOES POETRY DECLINE WITH THE ADVANCEMENT
OF CIVILIZATION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

MANY may not be inclined to believe that poetry declines as civilization advances; but we are fully convinced that this is the case. This assertion will appear very paradoxical to those who follow the Muses in modern times; but an investigation of the manners and customs of a savage state will undoubtedly show that a rude and primitive period of human existence is the one exactly suited for the genius of poetry; on the contrary, that as civilization becomes more and more developed, poetry loses its powerful effect on the actions of human beings. It is certainly true that the dealer in this divine art in an advanced stage of civilization has greater means for perpetuating and disseminating his poetic effusions. But we are exceedingly dubious on the point that this extensive circulation tends to increase its interest or effect upon the minds of readers. We admit that poems can be easily procured, on account of the facilities afforded by the press; but we do not admit that on account of such facilities there is a corresponding interest excited in the readers, or that civilization is congenial to the true spirit of poetry. The mere fact that a poem can be got at Land's End as well as at John o' Groat's only demonstrates the powerful effects of civilization. It certainly does not prove that the poem is possessed of any inherent worth, much less that a refined age is the one in which poetry flourishes. We may truly say,—

"*Posta nascitur, non fit.*"

This is certain, from whatever point our view may be taken, from the savage or civilized. We think, however, that poetry flourishes more in the savage state, and that as civilization advances poetry wanes. No one can deny but that great poems have been produced in civilized ages; and a poem in a refined and cultivated age we conceive to be one of the most splendid triumphs of genius. But do the public, as a whole, enter into the spirit of the work? We maintain that they do not,—simply because civilization has brought with it a knowledge of facts and realities, the powerful influence of science and the contrivances of art. Civilization tends to incorporate small communities into states, and states into nations. A nation which is composed of such small factions cannot realize or appreciate the value of any poem. I believe that two-thirds of the

nation know nothing whatever of Shakspeare or Milton. Owing, therefore, to the diversities of taste and to the influence of locality, no poem is known in every community in the kingdom. In a savage state the case is different. Every community is independent of each other; each has its own peculiarities and its own poems; each member feels that he has an undoubted interest in the poems or songs of the caste or clan to which he belongs; that they are part of his inheritance, and that their preservation is a duty which must be attended to with vigilance. The question with which we have to deal is, "Does poetry decline with the advancement of civilization?" which is simply, Does it flourish more in a barbarous than a civilized age? or does it decline with the gradual extinction of savagism?

As we are all aware of the character of poetry, a mere definition will, I presume, be superfluous. But a few remarks may be necessary to avoid misapprehension. Aristotle, the father of criticism defines it as an imitative art, but this is too comprehensive. It is simply the expression of one's thoughts through the medium of fiction. Poems are generally founded on some supposititious fact, but these apparent facts are carried into the realms of fancy through the power of the imagination. Images, allegories, comparisons, inventions, &c., build the poetical edifice. A poem may be in prose as well as in verse. But I understand that the poetry meant in this debate is that distinguished by rhythm or rhyme, which must display harmony, cadence, combination of sounds, &c.

A veil of obscurity surrounds the early history of nations, and the random sketches which have come down to us are very imperfect. But amidst this unavoidable ignorance which curtains the primitive state of society poetry can be distinctly traced. When nations were in embryo poetry flourished. It was, and is, the only channel of communication in uncivilized institutions. Through its medium, the different forms of religion, the valorous deeds of heroes, and the likings and dislikings of each particular tribe, descended from father to son. It can be traced in the most savage nations of antiquity. In like manner it may be observed among the savages of the present day.

But we are certainly unable to realize the effects of poetry on our rude and unenlightened ancestors. It was the only intellectual height to which they could aspire. Unless they learned the poetry which descended to them in the form of songs their knowledge of bygone days would be very limited. No heroic strain would stir them to battle in the hour of need, nothing would arouse them to avenge a father's blood or vindicate a wrong; nothing could exist that could transmit to posterity any heroic action. In this dilemma poetry became a natural result of their being. It sustained their energies as they rushed into the battle-field. It enhanced, in their estimation, the value of their religious performances. They yielded to its effects as they danced after the flush of victory. They had also, as they have at the present day, a particular song for ever

important occasion. Its effect on their unlettered minds was overpowering.

While we contend that poetry flourishes in a savage age, we mean that as civilization advances poetry necessarily declines. Ignorance is its principal foundation. We mean by ignorance that the passions and the sense of moral responsibility are not properly tutored. Poetry and ignorance in their effect over the human passions walk side by side. But as the passions are tamed and brought into proper subjection by civilization, poetry loses its mastery over the mind. Ignorance is particularly adapted for the cultivation of song. In an unlettered state, the grossest superstitions are believed. Wonderful and monstrous sights appear in no fabled form. Enchantment and every form of witchcraft are but skeleton facts. Unheard of and ghastly stories seem but bare realities; and as poetry was their only or principal vehicle of communication with one another, are we able to overlook the wonderful weight which these poems would have over their minds? Are we able to conceive the effect of the superstitious fear and dread which these works of imagination would exert over their sensational faculties? Certainly not. Yet they were fully convinced of the truth of the whole. They believed them with their whole soul, and with the most conscientious scruples. What great power, then, had poetry over their minds? All poetry in a civilized age is chiefly the work of the imagination. A few exceptions to the general rule may be based on reality. But if they be founded on fact, the facts are mystified and carried into the realms of fancy. There is no consistency of fact portrayed in any poem, much less any elucidation of an abstract principle. It is all fiction, — the work of the imagination. We may admire the original ideas, the pathos, the consistency, the beauty, the great imaginative force of a poem which is produced in an enlightened age. We may applaud the dexterity with which the work is executed, and be delighted with the sentiments which it may contain. Yet while we, who live in an age of knowledge, read and are delighted with a poem of such a description, we are fully aware that it is the work of the imagination; it therefore conveys no conviction to our minds. We are pleased, but not convinced, because we know the nature of the poem. But a poem that would descend for a few generations among savages would be believed to be true in all its bearings. The enlightened age treats it as fiction, the unenlightened with all the respect of reality. What then must be the difference between the effect of a poem on cultivated and refined minds, who can judge of its actual worth or truth; and the unlettered and ignorant, who believe with fanatical enthusiasm and zeal anything which may have existed among them for a generation or two? We do not admire savage songs, but we dare not cavil against the customs of any age. We cannot doubt the existence of poetry among savage communities, and it would be extremely ludicrous to do so. We therefore maintain that poetry flourished more in small savage communities, where it would be accepted with all the force of truth and reason,

and guarded as a sacred treasure, than amidst civilized nations, where the inherent value of any imaginative production can be duly tested, and its effects properly ascertained.

We admit that ignorance has a great influence over the mind; especially so in a dark age when the works of the imagination cannot be kept within proper limits by the judgment. Now the continual growth of civilization dissipates this ignorance. It separates the probable from the improbable, and the real from the ideal. It can define, in a great degree and place, a line of demarcation between the provinces of truth and error. But this intelligence which invigorates the intellect destroys the power of the imagination, and sweeps away the principal pedestal upon which poetry stands. This fact alone proves that poetry must decline with civilization.

But as poetry was the only way by which deeds were recorded in these days, its study naturally became a habit. The early races had no other kind of study to divert their attention. Their whole intellectual attention was therefore limited to their rough poetical effusions. They were then engaged *en masse* in the divine art. It was the mouthpiece of their opinion. In civilized states there are a great number of professions and studies to occupy the thoughts of the public. Poetry is therefore engulfed by the prodigality of learning with which it is surrounded. It must therefore be plain that, as other studies which are requisite for man's sustenance and well in civilized society, require to be duly attended to, the influence of poetry must correspondingly decline; hence a savage state is more poetic than a civilized, and civilization produces the declension of poetry.

The poetry of the uncivilized would be addressed to the feelings or the passions. We can hardly fancy the powerful effect which a savage song would have over a revengeful spirit. Vengeance is the *darling hope* of a savage. Poetry of a passionate character, even in a civilized country, is more greedily read, such as Byron's "Don Juan," than any other. But civilization tends to subdue the passions; hence it subdues the true stimulus of poetry. This clearly proves that poetry has a tendency to decline with civilization. True poetry—the poetry of the heart and soul—does not consist in mere mechanical rules; it is the outburst of the soul, of the intensity of the deepest emotions. Now we are all aware that natural abilities, however rude, are superior to those acquired or exercised by rote. In barbarous states, memory is the only means by which knowledge can be transmitted from one to another. Now when the memory and faculties of any one are habituated by custom to recollect poems, to study the combination of sounds, he must necessarily become skilled in such an art. The uncivilized man is placed in that position; his faculties are therefore trained in the art. Now memory or the emotional feelings cannot be included in the poetry of civilized times. We read what we have before us. We do not tax, however, our faculties to an enthusiastic madness. Even when a civilized person has a poem committed to

memory, he can enter into its nature more fully than if he were merely reading it in a book. The uncivilized individual enters into the spirit of the poem. For this reason poetry loses its influence as civilization advances.

The thralldom of ignorance is a manifestation of weakness: the ignorant are therefore weak; and the illiterate are more susceptible of impressions of every description than those possessed of a little knowledge. This weakness produces bigotry and prejudice in the civilized as well as in the uncultivated mind. But as the faintest gleams of civilization break in upon the fields of ignorance, the power of poetry becomes more and more ineffectual. It is impossible to describe the influence of poetry over the uncivilized. We believe, therefore, that it declines with civilization.

As the various elements which compose the constitution of a nation emerging from barbarism become settled, certain unperceived wants and necessities appear, which demand attention. Political and social economy, its legal organization, &c., are essential to its very existence. Science, art, and refinement are required in the course of time to satisfy the wants of society. That which would be more than sufficient for the regulation of a state when in its infancy, becomes quite inadequate in a few score of years to fulfil its increased legitimate functions. The language, therefore, which would be suitable for the expression of sentiment and thought in the earlier portions of a nation's history is quite insufficient for the communication of various classes of ideas at a later period. It would undergo a great transformation;—words would be introduced from various languages which would blend with the original. The inhabitants would become familiar with them, but that familiarity would prove destructive to the more simple words of ruder days. That natural simplicity of language, which is so essential to poetry possessing any influence over the mind, would become tainted by the introduction of foreign idioms and phrases. We then conclude that the language which is natural must be poetical; and that the language of civilization, being mechanical, is unfavourable to the due manifestation of poetic influence over human beings. Poetry, therefore, declines with civilization; and the language of the rudest days is best adapted for poetry. Civilization may purify and refine objects of an imitative order, but very rarely creates new. It may alter and remodel, but seldom institute. No one can doubt that the knowledge of a civilized age is infinitely greater than that of an uncivilized one. Knowledge concentrates; it collects ideas of many sciences into one mind; it makes men know a little of everything, and nothing perfectly. But this concentration, which takes place in a civilized age, on account of the multifarious subjects brought within the scope of the mind, tends to perplex and entangle. Everything becomes too great and too intricate to be explained. The intricacy which too much knowledge produces becomes a complete stumbling block in the way of poetry. It retards its progress, and throws insurmountable obstacles in its way which it very sel-

dom removes. In a rude state of society the opposite rule holds good. Everything is plain and distinct; the language is simple, and too much knowledge never racks the mental energies.

We only can conceive the effect which poetry had over uncivilized people by the influence which it has over the savage or semi-savage states of the present day. I have shown that uncivilized communities are more poetical than the civilized; that all the handmaids of civilization have a prejudicial effect on poetry; that the uncivilized accept as genuine all the songs which descend for a generation or two, while we only receive such with considerable diffidence; that poetry has a more potent sway over weak minds; that too much knowledge, which is the result of civilization, has a most deadening tendency; and that as knowledge becomes paramount, poetry loses its magical influence. We therefore maintain that poetry declines with civilization. G. M. S.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—I.

WHAT is poetry? and what is civilization? Two very important questions these at the outset of this debate, and questions to which it is not very easy to give an exact and comprehensive answer. Doctors differ as to the notions which should be included under these terms; but without entering into a discussion on the merits of these definitions, we will take those which seem to us the most exact and comprehensive, and to these we shall strictly adhere in forming and stating our conclusions on this interesting and important subject. Civilization, then, is "the permanent improvement that man has effected on his condition by his own intelligence and exertions. It is the artificial half of our existence. Nature has given us so much; whatever we have added by the use of our contriving and creative faculties is civilization." Civilization, therefore, is not natural advantages of soil, climate, situation, and mineral productions, but it is the use and control of these to the benefit of the possessors, and to the advantage of the neighbouring and distant classes of their fellow-men.

To find an exact definition of poetry is still more difficult, as on this subject each one must in a great degree be a measure unto himself. The primary office of poetry is to influence the feelings rather than the judgments, and each measures its excellence by the energy with which it rouses his feelings, and the force with which it sweeps the chords of his own emotions. In this state the judgment becomes biassed, and the value of its decisions is, as a matter of course, impaired. Poetry is emotional thought designed to influence the feelings and passions rather than the judgment of others, and accordingly as it appeals to the nobler or to the baser passions, we may account it good or bad, and say that it advances or declines; for it is manifest that the question as to the decline of poetry cannot be decided by an appeal to the number of volumes published in a year, or a decade of years, or in any other period of time, but must have reference entirely to its *quality*; that is, to its purpose,

and its probable influence upon the human race. The poet is a teacher, and according as his teachings are for good or for evil must we account his art to advance or decline. If it be found that the poetry of any age or nation continually appeals to all the higher and nobler passions of man's nature, and endeavours to arouse within him a love of the good, the beautiful, and the true; it cannot be said that the poetry of that nation is on the decline, even though its volumes coincide with the years of its existence; while, on the other hand, if the poetry of a people incite chiefly or entirely the lower passions of revenge, hatred, party-spirit, envy, pride, and the like, we can only say that the poetry of that people is on the decline, and will assuredly fail to leave any permanent impress on the sands of time.

Having thus stated what we understand by the terms poetry and civilization, and when the former may be said to decline, we shall endeavour to prove our thesis by showing that poetry is a necessary element of civilization, and must therefore advance or decline with it; so that it is quite true that poetry does decline with civilization,—that is, in proportion to it; which, however, is not, we presume, the sense which the word *with* was intended to bear in this debate. It cannot be denied that poetry has existed from the earliest times. "The true poet is born, not made;" but in all ages, among all nations, we find some who have discharged their mission in this respect, and endeavoured, by appeal to the hopes and fears of their auditory, to kindle their feelings, and arouse their passions to the performance of great, and it may be praiseworthy acts.

Take the oldest song in existence, not most certainly the earliest written, that which Israel sang in the day of their deliverance from their tyrannical taskmasters who perished in the sea, and when the lofty rocks of that iron-bound shore resounded with the exultations of a whole nation breathing for the first time in their lives the air of freedom, and enjoying by anticipation the sweets of liberty. What would be the effects of this inspired production on the minds of the Israelites?—what the probable effect of all the Hebrew poetry upon the people themselves? Did it make them worse subjects or neighbours?

True, they rebelled again and again against the Most High, and forgot His wondrous works; but even then prophets, in the most sublime strains of poetry, reproached them for their backslidings, and invited them to return to the Lord their God. Setting aside the fact that they were "a peculiar people," we are informed, by those most conversant with the subject, that Hebrew poetry is most decidedly marked by improvements in the style, and by the use of more complex forms of language, corresponding to the different periods of the nation's age. Now we know, as a matter of history, that the Jews were a highly civilized people, and no nation on the face of the earth possesses poetry in such abundance as the Hebrew, or capable of being compared with it for the loftiness of the subjects treated of, the sublimity with which they are handled, the bold

yet ever-appropriate metaphors in which they are couched, or the exuberance and warmth of fancy which pervades the whole, and gave rise to those farfetched but striking similes which in every part arrest the attention and please the imagination. And this poetry continually increased in grandeur with the advance of the national civilization, reaching its height in Isaiah and Ezekiel, failing as the national spirit died out, and ceasing when it became enslaved, and civilization was at a very low point. Now it matters not that this was inspired poetry; the instruments of its utterance were human, and enunciation and denunciation were moulded by the human agent according to his own talent and disposition, and given forth in all the poetic imagery and gorgeous colouring of Isaiah and Ezekiel, all the sternness and simplicity of Amos, Nahum, and Habakkuk, the tenderness of the sweet Psalmist, or the impressive sententiousness and withering scorn of Solomon the wise man.

Of the poetry of the surrounding nations we have no records, and we are again compelled to turn to a land confessed by all to have attained a high degree of civilization. We refer to Greece. Compared with what there must have been, fragments only remain of Greek poetry; yet sufficient is left to show the great advance made between Homer, *Æschylus*, and *Sophocles*, corresponding to the advance made from the comparatively rude civilization existing in the time of Homer—no matter when that may be—as gathered from the “*Iliad*,” and that known to be in existence in the days of the founders and developers of Greek tragedy.

Among the Romans poetry found no place till a very late period in their history, and this because civilization itself was in a very backward state. At first no more than a band of savages, compelled, for mere existence, to carry on continual conflict with those around them, afterwards impelled to it to make room for their rapidly increasing settlement, and led then, by lust of territory and power, to quarrel with and conquer every known state, what wonder that among such a people civilization should be for a long time in a rude state, and poetry, if it did exist—as probably it did in the ballad form,—be thought unworthy to be handed down to posterity. It was not till the Augustan age, when faction was quelled, and the gates of the temple of Janus could be shut thrice in one reign, that *Horace*, *Virgil*, and the galaxy of immortal writers who surrounded these great luminaries, could find any encouragement to give to the world the majesty of their epic, the tenderness of their lyric, and the playfulness of their satiric song.

Turning to the modern nations. What is accounted the great period of Italian poetry? The age of *Dante*, *Petrarch*, *Ariosto*, and *Tasso*? And is not this the period when Italian civilization was at its height? Where is Italian poetry now, and where Italian civilization? or where Spanish poetry and Spanish civilization? The picture is pleasanter on turning to England and France; and here it is easy to trace the gradual rise from the effusions of the

rhymers and minstrels in one, and the *trouvères* and *troubadours* in the other, to the productions of Spenser, Shakspeare, Dryden, and Pope, in the one country, and those of Corneille, Racine, Molière, and Voltaire, in the other. The character of the poetry varies with the natural temperament, and is influenced by other elements of civilization, as will hereafter be shown, it being not an insignificant fact that France has produced but one epic. But enough has, we think, been advanced to show that poetry is an element of civilization, and progresses or retrogrades with it; we may, however, turn to the converse of the proposition, and show that uncivilized and semi-civilized countries have never produced any good poetry,—good, that is, in its effects. We need not dwell long among barbarous nations; they have poetry in some form,—war-songs, it is true; but these produce no good effect on the tribe, but quite the reverse; they only become more bloodthirsty and devilish. Their poetry has never aided them to rise from savagery, and never will. Take the Scandinavian and other semi-civilized tribes, which “poured from the frozen loins of the north.” They had songs in abundance; but what was their nature and tendency? Recounting the deeds of robbers and murderers, and exhorting their descendants to prove themselves worthy of their sires by firing defenceless cities, pillaging sanctuaries, butchering men, and outraging and murdering women and children; promising, as a reward for these noble deeds, that they should sup with Odin and Thor, and be in perpetual felicity with their comrades in Valhalla. They could have no other effect than to make these men more brutal than ever, to stamp out every vestige of humanity within them, and to transform them into merciless tigers and gloating hyenas, placing their future civilization almost beyond the bounds of possibility.

We may further notice that, as freedom and peace are necessary elements of civilization, so also they are constant companions of real and good poetry. No poetry existed in enslaved Greece, nor any while Rome was in continual conflict with her neighbours; none exists at present in the European nations trodden under foot by the iron heel of despotism. We do not say that there can be no civilization without poetry—quite the reverse; but it seems apparent from ancient and modern history that poetry has existed among all civilized nations, and that no poetry, or no good poetry, exists among barbarous and semi-civilized nations. A few reasons will now be given why it seems impossible that poetry should decline with civilization. And—

First. It takes a certain degree of civilization to produce any real good poetry at all. This will have been incidentally gathered from what has preceded, and it is not necessary to labour the proof of it. The statement applies equally well to every branch of literature and science. The intellect cannot be developed if the surroundings be unfavourable,—that is, in the midst of barbarism or continual conflict.

Second. The state of national civilization has a marked influence on the national poetry. When intellectuality is the prevailing element, and asserts its rightful away—as it seems not far from doing now in our own land,—then the poetry is of an elevated and intellectual nature. It is true it is not then pleasing to the many; they do not understand it; the thoughts are too profound for them. Yet surely this is not an evidence of its decline; for to the man of refined taste and cultured intellect the poet affords ample scope for thought, and the pleasures he derives from his works are solid and lasting.

Lastly. We boast to-day, and in a great measure boast justly, of our advanced civilization, though we know there are many foul blots in it. Has our poetry advanced or retrograded with our civilization? True, we have not now a Shakspeare and a Milton, but the question is not to be decided in this way; they were men of all time. Nor will it be settled by pointing to the many mediocre and contemptible poets and poetasters we have. It is not, are there any bad? but, are there any good? and is the tendency of their works good? Can we say that our poetry has declined while we possess the works of Scott, Burns, Thomson, Coleridge, Campbell, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, and a host of others of no mean fame? Assuredly not; while the very fact of so many aspirants to the Pegasian heights shows the influence these men still exert. As the tendency of their works is good, so also will be that of their imitators, however inferior in power. This is not a mere *argumentum ad hominem*, but a plain deduction from our past history, conclusively showing that our poetry has not declined with our civilization; that no poetry can do so, but that, wherever the civilization is real, poetry does and must advance with it.

R. S.

Social Economy.

DOES THE DRAMA ELEVATE OR DEGRADE?

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

HAD this question been framed in a past instead of a present tense, I would unhesitatingly have taken the opposite argument; but in considering the drama as it is, I have as little hesitation in adopting the negative. In its palmy days—the days of Shakspeare—the stage absorbed a large portion of popular influence, and all classes, when cheap literature was undreamt of, frequented the theatre much as we now go to hear a popular lecture. For the glowing, heart-stirring genius of “the man Shakspeare” there was then no readier as there was no fitter exponent than the stage.

Hamlet, Romeo, Cæsar, Othello, were oracles whose jewelled speech stirred up the sluggish minds of the audience, and made them conscious of a purer world than the atmosphere of their dull lives.

But the drama has now deserted its lofty purpose. It no more awakens the sentimental vein in minds dulled with monotonous toil; it now merely panders to the depraved taste of a purely frivolous class.

The time has been when the advancement of a question like the present would have resembled a proposal for a judgment on the merits of self-culture, the drama was so prominently a public agent for good; but the change of tastes has pushed it from its lofty pedestal; and its most sanguine patrons must come to acknowledge, sooner or later, that, as far as intellectual influence is concerned, it is "down in the mire."

What is the drama now built upon? Nothing but false sentiment, immoral character, and the ridicule of the best moral lessons of literature in the shape of burlesques. Even the long-accepted models of virtue and vice are completely reversed on the modern stage. Fifty years ago the stage hero; the villain; and the humorist had each his walk distinctly noted; and the actor, in assuming a part, virtuous or otherwise, felt that he was part of an organization of characters aiming at a moral climax. But in what way may modern audiences obtain any correct ideas of the reward of virtue or the punishment of vice—lessons purely the original purpose of the stage to impress—when they find the modern stage villain weaving his iniquitous schemes in drawing-rooms, courted by the fair, and fawned upon by those around him—when the only virtuous sentiments come from some miserable and hopelessly generous character—when some ignorant buffoon is looked upon as the wit of the play, and when a poor man is represented as shrewd, intelligent, and distinguished, and a member of the peerage, educated and wealthy, is represented as almost imbecile? It is an insult to the memory of Shakspeare to talk of him in a breath with such absurdities. It seems to be hard to convince some people that defending Shakspeare is not defending the stage. Shakspeare as little comprehends the stage as the stage comprehends Shakspeare. Were the stage merely a thing of the past, there is no doubt that Shakspeare would be as universally studied. His dramas are so perfect in themselves as to depend in no vital particular upon the assistance of stage effect while modern plays are so intrinsically worthless that they will not bear criticism apart from the ingenuities of theatrical art.

No person who recognizes the value of the brief leisure in which the mind is at liberty to drink of the "immortal springs"—to enrich itself from the vast treasure-heaps of literature—will waste a thought on the drama. It is a vain, degrading, and thriftless pleasure. I speak from experience.

HOMERUS-BARRINGTON.

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

I AFFIRM that the drama elevates mankind. It combines and sums, in itself, all amusements. It is living sculpture, actual painting, the best oratory, the finest jesting, the most agreeable dancing, the sublimest music. It is, in fact, a feast of nectared sweets. It is an entire result, due to a larger and more splendid series of united efforts than any other form of pastime. The gorgeous scenery, the exquisite dresses, the magnificent *tableaux*, the glowing or laughter-inspiring language, the able personation, and the blending of the whole mass of men and women, music and scenery, dress and decorations, speech and acting, form altogether a marvellous show of skill, study, industry, patience, and endeavour, such as no other amusement calls forth. It excites, moreover, all the senses, the emotions, and the faculties of the mind, and it vivifies the whole life of man with a new and attractive power and charm. Such a form of recreation cannot degrade as its main and chief effect, because it demands high powers to produce it, and a considerable degree of culture to admire it and appreciate it. Any sot can play at skittles, backgammon, Aunt Sally, shuffle-board, or any of those common relaxations of after-night sports. Many a dunce is expert at cards, and even chess. Boxing, yachting, boating, cricket, bowls, and such like, are not a very intellectual kind of recreation. Nor do they excite the intellectual and moral, or the risible and reflective faculties. But the drama demands from its votaries a life of study, and from those who attend it a certain amount at least of culture. The frequenters of the theatre are the intellectually inclined. They feel the poetic emotions within them stirred, and they are gratified, and they learn the art of criticism practically by seeing what the judicious applaud. It is the nature, then, of dramatic amusements to elevate, not to degrade.

I charge the degrading concomitants of the drama upon the rigidly righteous. They know the desire man feels for amusement, and that it is an essential to a happy and healthy life; but because they can have conversation, games, readings, music, and real flirtations at home, can read their novel, and peruse in social circles their (perhaps expurgated) Shakspeare, they care not for the masses; and withdraw from the place where people in search of relaxation must do congregate, forgetful of the "huts wherein poor men do lie." This is the shame of our age—this selfish separation of class from class, this seeking for a life apart from the poor. How can it be otherwise then, if the selfishly inclined retire from the theatre the mob must possess the benches, and only that which is level to the tastes of the mob finds representation? If the accidents of the drama are degrading, we owe that fact, not to the frequenters of the theatre; but to those who, satisfied with their own joy, think only of that of their fellows as a subject for Pharisaic self-congratulation!—stand aside, my delights are holier than thine. Instead of aiding in their purification, he leaves them to sink even

to putrefaction, if so it may be, for anything he cares. But this is a degradation for which the drama is itself not chargeable.

That the drama elevates may be argued, not only from the fact, which "Philomathes" so strongly urges, that it holds the highest place in every literature, and has attracted to it the greatest minds in every age and country, but from this, that its power as a political engine has been so great that it has been exposed to a keener censorship than the press; and that its influence upon the character has been so great that the priests of all religions, when they could not have it as an ally under their control, have always opposed it as their bitterest enemy. Knowing their preaching was less effective, they attempted to keep their hearers from frequenting theatres. If the sitters in churches went more to the theatre, the preachers in them would not drone and snivel in the pulpit so much; they would be compelled to rouse themselves for very shame that the sham emotion of Roscius should be so much more effective than that which they show regarding the very souls of their charge. The drama, put to this proof, would show that its tendency was to elevate, and not to degrade.

THESEPTIS.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

THE same word so frequently represents different things to different minds, and this ambiguity so often leads debaters to uphold fanciful chimeras of their own, instead of maintaining what their opponents controvert, that we have sometimes wished our editors would supply a definition of all words liable to this ambiguity which are employed to express the subject of debate. This might be, on the whole, undesirable or impracticable; but if those who take part in these debates could be all directed to one clearly defined point, a great deal of misconception and useless labour might be prevented. In this debate much difference of opinion will probably arise from the variety of ideas which may be entertained by different persons respecting the nature of the drama. "F. S. Mills" says that Milton's "Paradise Lost" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" are both dramas; but in this theory we cannot acquiesce. A drama is a narrative accommodated to action; something adapted, not only for relation, but more particularly for representation. Now what playgoer would tolerate "Paradise Lost" upon the stage? what theatrical manager would dream of bringing it on the boards? and what author would attempt to remodel it, so as to meet the requirements of the stage? We answer, not one; and we think that this is sufficient to prove that "Paradise Lost" is not a drama. The reason which "F. S. Mills" gives us why "Paradise Lost" should be classed with the drama is that "we have the scenes and interviews portrayed in a way that we can almost see the picture before us as we become more and more absorbed in the work." But if the drama comprises all writing which possesses that characteristic, then we must include in this class Macaulay's "Essay on Warren Hastings," some of Crabbe's poems, and many

other works of a similar nature, which would be absurd. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is not a drama, but an allegory, i. e., a representation in which the words, signs, &c., have a signification beyond their obvious and literal meaning.

We do not, like some, assert that "all amusements are wrong, enticing, and ungodly;" we do not believe that "to forget care, duty, death, the future, for any hour of the day is dangerous;" neither do we ignore the fact that many passages might be quoted from dramatical works which powerfully inculcate the highest morality, and probably there are whole dramas which do not directly exercise a degrading influence. Many dramas directly exercise a degrading influence, but all do so indirectly, as we shall in the sequel endeavour to prove.

One leading argument advanced by "F. S. Mills" and the gentlemen from whom he quotes is, that the vivid portraiture of crime and its effects, which constitutes so large a portion of dramatical works, tends to elevate the moral nature of man, and to act as a dissuasive from crime. In reply to this reasoning we oppose the two following arguments:—1st, the oft-repeated hearing, reading, and seeing of these vivid portraitures of crime and its effects tends to harden the heart, and make it less susceptible to the deterring influences of shame and fear; 2nd, examples of vice and its effects are to be found in history and biography, which show the evils of crime as forcibly as any dramatic representations, and without leading to the indirect degrading influence which, as we shall presently show, attend upon the latter. "F. S. Mills" points out several dramatic characters which are likely to deter from crime by the force of their example: we would also just point to the following historical personages, whose lives present the effects of wrongdoing in such a light as to deter from crime,—Charles IX. (of France), Queen Elizabeth and the Countess of Nottingham (after the execution of the Earl of Essex), the Duke of Buckingham, Francis Spira, &c.

"F. S. Mills" says, "I delight in using to its fullest extent that faculty of imagination which God has been pleased to bestow upon me;" but we do not think that the imagination which feeds upon such food as this, which craves after dramatic representations, is the faculty of imagination which God bestowed upon us; it is rather a degenerate form of that faculty, which has acquired morbid appetite from being pampered with improper food. Thus the noble faculty of imagination loses the strength, the power, the beauty, and usefulness which it had when it first came from the hands of God; thus degenerating so as to be, like the epicure, unable to live upon solid food, the one requiring to be enticed by the light and unsubstantial products of the confectioner's sauce and the other demanding the sense-delighting productions of the dramatist and novelist. We have likened the imaginative faculty of those who patronize the drama to the digestive organs of the epicure, and we think that the comparison will hold good; indulgence in dramatic

representations enervates the intellectual powers, draws the imaginative faculty away from its original objects of pursuit, and destroys the mind's desire for solid food, in the same way as epicureanism weakens the body, directs the attention to and fixes it upon unworthy objects, and destroys the appetite for substantial nutriment.

The stage is truly described as "the chief of all amusements," but it does not supply the mind with recreation. Amusement is worthless if it does not act as recreation, if it does not recreate the mental strength and activity destroyed by the wear and tear of labour. Amusement is a mere waste of time if it does not act as a relaxation; if it does not relax the mental fibres, drawn to their utmost tension by the energy of thought. Theatrical representations, however, do not recreate the mind, but, by the violent excitement they produce, destroy a part of the mind left untouched by the usual labours of the day. They act as counter-irritants, relieve one part of the mind from the strain which business puts upon it, but at the same time put an equally heavy strain upon another part of the intellect. They do not relax the mind, but merely relieve it from the state of extreme tension produced by thought, to be then wound up in an opposite direction. The stage acts prejudicially by the very extreme nature of its attractiveness, which Dr. Bellows, as quoted by our opponent, alludes to; and though he glories in this, he can only do so on the principle that pleasure should be man's chief pursuit. But we maintain, with Longfellow, that—

"Not enjoyment and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

"F. S. Mills" says, "There never was a greater calumny uttered than the saying that actors and actresses are vicious and depraved. There never was a greater libel upon an honest and upright section of the community." We know well that crime exists in every branch of society; but we do honestly believe that there is more vice and depravity among those connected with the stage than amongst any other class walking in a similar station of life. Take, for example, those employed in the work of education, from the head-master to the junior pupil-teacher, and those engaged at the theatre, from the stage-manager to the ballet-dancers, and shall we not find a greater per-centage of crime in the latter class than in the former? We believe that we should.

"F. S. Mills" says that "the theatre has saved hundreds of men and women from starvation or worse." Is this any argument to prove that the drama has an elevating tendency? Hundreds of women have doubtless been "saved from starvation or worse" by taking situations as barmaids; but is there anything, therefore, of an elevating nature in such a business? Again, theatres have also

ruined thousands. Many have spent money at the theatre which was needed to provide their families with the common necessities of life; many have spent time at the theatre which ought to have been devoted to the prosecution of business; and many have acquired at the theatre habits and a love of pleasure which have led them the downward path to ruin.

There are many dramas that directly exercise a degrading influence, from a decided tendency to encourage crime, by treating it lightly and as a thing of little moment. There are many dramas, such as "Lord Dundreary" and "Our American Cousin," "Mazzeppa," &c., which, from their ridiculous and extravagant nature, are quite incapable of exercising an elevating tendency, directly or indirectly. There are also many dramas, we allow, which contain passages that, to a certain extent, directly inculcate morality; but all dramas exercise an indirect degrading influence. They place vice and virtue before the reader and playgoer in such extreme cases, and in such strong colours, that little vices are not condemned, and virtue in little things is not appreciated; thus no effort is made to avoid the one or to do the other, and habitual negligence in little things soon leads to carelessness respecting more important matters. The general tendency of the drama is to draw the mind from more profitable pursuits; to engage the attention, when attempting to fix it upon less attractive studies, by the remembrance of gorgeous scenes and sparkling words; to concentrate the desires upon the attainment of joy instead of upon the performance of duty; and to bind the reason in the chains of pleasure. We would ask, Why is there a censorship appointed to restrain the drama—a restraint not put upon any other kind of literature—if that drama is of an elevating nature? We restrain the evil, and not the good. If the drama were of an elevating nature it would not require restraint to be put upon its being brought before the public.

In the January issue of this Magazine, S. N., writing upon Lewes's "History of Philosophy," says, "The entire book possesses a fascination to us far more irresistible than the most sensational of modern novels." We would ask, Which evidences the greatest elevation of mind, he who finds his delight in the works of a philosopher, or the man that seeks for enjoyment in the drama? We unhesitatingly answer, the former; and then ask how this elevation of mind was attained—by the influence of the drama, or by long and patient study? Most unquestionably by the latter. Not one of the many biographies which have lately adorned the pages of this Magazine has recorded an instance of elevation of mind, of thought, or of action produced, in whole or in part, by the influence of the drama. George Henry Lewes is the author of several dramas; but is it likely that the composition of these works has exercised any elevating influence upon his mental or moral character? Can we for one moment think that if the time spent in studying and writing dramas had been employed in completing the "History of Science," his intellectual ability and moral nature would have been less elevated

than they now are? Who has ever been assisted in the labour of "toiling upward" by the influence of the drama?

We have answered some of the arguments adduced by "F. S. Mills" to prove that the drama elevates; we have endeavoured to show that the drama, sometimes directly and always indirectly, exercises a degrading influence; and we have explained that, although the drama affords amusement, yet it does not possess the qualifications necessary to make amusement profitable. In conclusion, we must beg that our readers will judge this question by the light of experience and reason, and not suffer themselves to be wholly guided by their inclinations.

SAMUEL.

Education.

ARE PUBLIC LECTURES PROFITABLE FOR INSTRUCTION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

It seems to me quite preposterous to adopt such a question of debate, because it is quite obvious that no reply can be honestly given except that which accords with the facts, viz., that "public lectures are profitable for instruction." This is proved by the general adoption of lectures as a vehicle of instruction in all the intellectual countries in the world. The general adoption of any scheme of teaching depends upon its general recognition as a good and proper way of effecting its ends. We cannot but believe, therefore, that as public lectures have been generally incorporated with our systems of public instruction, it has been found profitable for the purpose intended. We do not, of course, include in our category of profitable lectures those of ventriloquists, magicians, semi-play-acting itinerants, &c., who are often employed in different parts of the country by committees of management who do not keep themselves up to the current of intellectual life in this country. We refer to *bonâ fide* lectures, given by men of learning, position, earnestness, and ability, professional or personal.

The term *lecture*, it may be proper to remark, has a peculiar and somewhat restricted meaning. A lecture may be described as either an analytic or synthetic exposition of some literary or philosophical subject, drawn up in rather an expanded and popular form, and interspersed with copious illustrations to assist the comprehension of the subject. The terms analytic and synthetic are here used in the common, and not in their strict geometrical meanings, as descriptive of two different paths or tracts which the mind pursues in the acquisition and communication of knowledge; that is, either when it

collects particular facts which lead to more general facts and principles, where such facts or principles can be obtained; or when, being in possession of general principles, it applies them to the explanation of such particular cases as may fall under them. In lectures these two methods of investigation are sometimes separated, but much more frequently combined, according to the nature of the subject under discussion, and to the particular object which the lecturer may happen to have in view. Though lectures may be here and there interspersed with incidents or anecdotes calculated to excite interest in the minds of the hearers, and to render the acquisition of knowledge agreeable, yet they do not wholly consist of these, but commonly contain good thought and carefully gleaned information. It is not, indeed, requisite that these should always be the result of individual, original research. If due honesty be employed in acknowledging the sources of the information, and proper care be employed in working up the materials, a lecture may be regarded as a sort of shorthand reading for the public; a lessening of the absolute work of all by the judicious labour of one for the good of many, which, therefore, must be advantageous.

To prove that lectures are profitable for instruction we need only recall the number of excellent works which are the product of lectures. Lowth's "Hebrew Poetry," Blackstone's "Commentaries on Law," Blair's "Rhetoric and Belles' Lettres," Niebuhr's "Roman History," Young's "Mental Philosophy," Brown "On the Mind," Sir William Hamilton's "Logic and Metaphysic," Flaxman's "Sculpture," &c., were all originally lectures. It may be objected that these were not public lectures. But we can call attention to the series of Bampton lectures, Boyle lectures, Donnellan lectures, &c., as some to which this objection does not apply; while the fact that a republication of the Exeter Hall lectures in twenty volumes has been called for, and is now being issued, is surely evidence sufficient that lectures are found profitable for instruction.

Other cases in point arise. In the Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh, lectures are delivered every winter. A large proportion of these are printed, *e.g.*, Congreve's "Roman Empire in the West," Moir's "Poetical Literature of 1800—1850," Masson's "British Novels and Novelists," Dr. MacVicar's "Theory of the Beautiful," &c., Dr. Samuel Brown's "Lectures," as well as those of his friends, Dr. Edward Forbes and Dr. George Wilson, have all been published with much acceptance. Whately issued a volume of "Lectures," Lord Carlisle one of "Lectures and Addresses," the Duke of Belfast "Lectures on the Poets." These are only samples noted at random, and everybody can add to these inductive particulars examples culled from their own experience.

In the perusal of lectures one cannot but be struck with the general resemblance between a volume of these addresses and any of the great reviews. If review articles and magazine literature in general are profitable for instruction, we cannot see why a valid

argument can be maintained against lectures; unless it be on the ground that lectures are livelier and more interesting delivered by the man himself who has thought out the matter. I am sure that if any objection can be taken to the profitableness of lectures, it may be more readily brought against the preaching of the word in such sermons as we hear. For sermons are only religious lectures, and differ only in being looked upon as being the fit and proper thing for respectable people to attend. To the interest of excellent thought, lectures add the vital interest of social feeling, and a flow of emotion from speaker to hearer, and *vice versa*.

"Randolph's" argument (p. 28) about the *extra-objects* of audiences is, of course, beside the point, which is not—Are there disagreeable adjuncts connected with lectures, evil concomitants, or accidental purposes, going along with them or accompanying them? but, Are they profitable for instruction?

Equally defective is his argument regarding the fewness of lecturing "stars" (p. 28): If men seek to be useful, they need not also shine. How many clerks, foremen, gentlemen, schoolmasters, shine in radiance beyond their fellows, in proportion to their numbers? As to lecturers riding hobbies, I am afraid that is a charge able to be laid at the door of most men. What are our poets, essayists, Shaksperians, political economists, &c., but men having hobbies? Who has ever done anything great—Bacon, Newton, Watt, Stephenson, Bentham, Wheatstone, &c.—without making a hobby of his object? It is the man who is earnest and intense who moves others, and blessed is the land that can produce so many men who have hobbies to deliver lectures as "Randolph" says there are in Britain!

I am surprised to find anybody noticing as an argument "the superficiality and sciolism" of lectures. Are we never to hear the end of that terribly fallacious line of Pope's, "A little learning is a dangerous thing?" Let "Randolph" ponder the following quotation from Lord Macaulay, who was given neither to superficiality nor sciolism, and then blush that he has made use of that argument:—

"Some men are haunted by an unreasonable fear of what they call superficial knowledge. Knowledge, they say, which really deserves the name, is a great blessing to mankind, the ally of virtue, the harbinger of freedom. But such knowledge must be profound. A crowd of people who have a smattering of astronomy, a smattering of chemistry, who have read a little poetry, and a little history is dangerous to the commonwealth. Such half-knowledge is worse than ignorance. And then the authority of Pope is vouched: Drink deep, or taste not; shallow draughts intoxicate; drink largely, and that will sober. I must confess that the danger which alarms these gentlemen never seemed to me very serious; and my reason is this, that I never could prevail on any person who pronounced superficial knowledge a curse, and profound knowledge a blessing, to tell me what was his standard of profundity. The argument proceeds on the supposition that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge, similar to that which separates truth from falsehood. I know of no such line. When we talk of men of deep science, do we mean that they have got to the bottom or near the bottom of

science? Do we mean that they know all that is capable of being known? Do we mean even that they know, in their own special department, all that the smatterers of the next generation will know? Why is it we compare the little truth that we know with the infinite mass of truth which we do not know? We are all shallow together; and the greatest philosophers that have ever lived would be the first to confess their shallowness."

I do not think there need be much more said on this topic now. It is scarcely worth while to object to "Randolph's" caricature list of subjects of lectures (p. 26), &c. They refute themselves, as burlesque always does.

LEIGHTON.

The Essayist.

SLEEP.

"Come, charming sleep, thou easer of all woes."—*Chapman*.

"Somne, quies rerum, placidissime Somne, Deorum,
Pax animi, quam cura fugit, qui corda diurnis,
Fessa ministeriis mulces, reparasque labori."*—*Ovid*.

SLEEP is the stage on which our dreams are acted; it is a condition of physical repose during which the brain is somewhat relieved of the burden of its many functions and duties, so that the mind, which in the waking state rules through the will—the barque in which thought travels—now in part withdraws its overseership, leaving nought behind to steer the helm or work the ship except Imagination and his companions.

In broad terms it may be said that whatever lives, sleeps. Even the earth, as farmers well know, requires periods of rest, in which it must lie fallow; and Isaac Taylor tells us (in one of his essays) that the annual recurrence of one or two pitch-dark nights is exceedingly fruitful in results necessary to the health of the soil, the powers then at work being probably of a chemical or electrical nature—perhaps both.

Plants sleep, and at definite times. Upon the knowledge of this fact Linnæus constructed his celebrated flower clock, that made known the hours as they passed by the particular period at which each one opened or closed its petals.

* "O, Sleep! thou repose of all things; Sleep, gentlest of the gods, peace of the soul, from whom care flies, who soothest the hearts of men wearied with daily toils, and who recruitest them for labour."

"In every copse and sheltered dell,
 Unveiled to the observant eye,
 Are faithful monitors who tell
 How pass the hours and seasons by.
 The green-robed children of the spring
 Will mark the periods as they pass,
 Mingle with leaves Time's feathered wing,
 And bind with flowers his silent glass.

* * * *

Thus in each flower and simple bell,
 That in our path betrodde lie,
 Are sweet remembrancers who tell
 How fast their winged moments fly."

It is a curious botanical truth that the relation between the sleep of flowers and leaves is by no means definite, for they may be united or separate in the same individual. Thus De Candolle instances an acacia, cultivated in the gardens of Orotava, in which the leaves closed at sunset, but the flowers then expanded, their numerous stamens raising themselves up like tufts of feathers, and so becoming quite conspicuous; whilst in the morning, when the leaves opened, the stamens relaxed and the flowers partly closed, presenting the appearance of many bunches of silk floss hanging from the tree. An ingenious German found out that the usual hours for opening and closing may be changed in flowers as in leaves by the action of artificial light and darkness.

And thus it is that through the whole twenty-four hours of each day the activity of life never ceases. When the rapid swallow rests under the overhanging gable ends, forth comes the ghostly owl, the unwitting author of so many frights and old wives' tales, following suit as twilight gives place to darkness, flits here and there the night-jar; and so the song of energy that broke forth in the six days of God's creation has never once ceased from then till now.

But man as well as the lower animals tastes often of "balmy sleep, tired nature's sweet restorer," and may be said to spend one-third of life in that strange state when to the outer world we are as if we were dead, and as if all things were dead to us.* At such times the heart that never has a holiday through life beats less rapidly, the lungs expand and contract at shorter intervals, the brain is almost unimpressionable to things without, the five senses cease from their vigils, and the muscles, uncontrolled by the will, rest and repose themselves.

* This view of sleep has been beautifully expressed in Thomas Warton's exquisite Latin epigram, of which Dr. Walcot has given the following equally pleasing and effective translation:—

"Come, gentle Sleep! attend thy votary's prayer;
 And, though Death's image, to my couch repair;
 How sweet, though lifeless, yet with life to lie!
 And, without dying, oh, how sweet to die!"

The question as to the quantity of sleep required by man is naturally a vexed one, the answer entirely depending upon constitution, condition in life, habit, age, &c. Such as have any relationship to the "fatty" family of Banting, are the subjects of a slow circulation, and whose muscular development is unsatisfactory, are less able to stand the daily wear and tear of life than those of a slighter and more firmly knit build, and for the repair of mortality they need long seasons of repose. Physiologists generally agree that in a well-balanced state of living, where work, recreation, play, and sanitary matters guided the thoughts and actions of all classes, seven hours' sleep would amply suffice for the great bulk of both sexes, two or three hours more being necessary for those who had not attained to ripeness of physical being.

However, in the present age, when work, mental and physical, is excessive, and human dwellings (especially in poor districts) are so viciously constructed, a higher standard than the above may be required. When there is in the same room the infant and the old man passing away so much of every day in sleep, we begin asking ourselves, How is it that these extremes of life thus correspond?

The answer is found, as is so often the case, in the working of opposing influences giving rise to the same result.

In the case of the young child Nature is discovered in her wondrous labour of building up the "house we live in," which requires that no great taxing of mental or physical energy shall be demanded from it during its construction. On the contrary, the old man is not only wearing away as regards muscle, but his digestive organs and brain are losing the activity and power of their earlier days; and so whatever food is taken needs long digesting, and because of the slowness of its assimilation it debars him from any vigorous effort tending to pull down more quickly than the renovating process is able to build up.

Men of great mental energy have, as a rule, been short sleepers; thus, Frederick the Great allowed himself five hours; John Hunter took about the same time; and the Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular War, seldom allowed himself more than three hours daily. To many it may appear mysterious that, where the intellect is so constantly being exercised, the repose required should not be proportionately long; the explanation is revealed in the physiological fact that the stronger the mind, the smaller comparatively the brain-waste, and consequently the less need for repose and repair.

The overwhelming character of sleep is very remarkable, and may be illustrated by the following incidents:—

During tedious marches—as in Sir John Moore's retreat to Corunna—whole battalions of infantry slumbered whilst in motion; and during the heat of the battle of the Nile, when the cannonading was at its height, many of the worn-out sailor boys fell asleep on the decks, not awaking till British cheers announced England's victory. Dr. Carpenter mentions the case of a friend who dropped off to sleep at the noisiest part of the grand *finale* of an orchestral performance.

Then there is miserable Damien—mentioned by Goldsmith in the line,—

“Luke’s iron crown, and Damien’s bed of steel,”—

who, for attempting the life of Louis XV., was kept on the rack and subjected to its most cruel torments for hours together; yet during the short intervals of torture, slept. This was observed, and his brutal keepers, to deprive him of any such luxury, kept up a series of barbarities, partly ending in his legs and arms being pulled and partly cut off from the trunk, boiling oil being poured into the wounds thus made. When just at the point of death, he told one near him that the most dreadful of all his sufferings was the want of sleep he had endured. I have myself seen weak women and little children sleeping quietly only a few hours after the most painful surgical operations. How much sweet pathos and deep meaning is in the inspired sentence, “He giveth His beloved sleep!”

The mind may be a strong one that shall resist sleep’s blandishments or encroachments; but, like the great king of Prussia, to whom reference has previously been made, it must quickly yield, acknowledging as it does so, that God’s good laws are as binding and unbending to the monarch and philosopher as to the peasant and fool.

“And man, over-laboured with his being’s strife,
Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life.”

It has been generally noticed that those who usually sleep very heavily are easily awakened by unusual noises, at the utterance of their own names, or by sounds to which they are accustomed to attend to. How quickly does the dozing doctor open his ears to the unharmonious music of the nightbell, and the dreaming soldier to the bugle’s call!—while both these worthies may fail to notice any other impression from without, although much stronger, if it be of an unprofessional character. It is related of Lord Hood that, during the French war he was very desirous to signalize himself, and to obtain notice and promotion from his commander. To this end he devoted himself to the arduous post of watching for signals made by the look-out frigates. The work often occupied him nineteen hours out of the twenty-four; but when he did sleep his rest was so profound that no joke practised by his merry comrades seemed capable of disturbing him except one, and that was quietly whispering the word “signals;” when the brave Jack Tar was awake and on his legs in an instant.

That any one may get used to unusual sounds, however noisy, is shown by the fact that dwellers near large factories where heavy hammers and various kinds of machinery are continually at work can, on moving to quiet localities, seldom find sleep for some nights; and is not the little one in the cradle hushed off to sleep under the alternating high and low notes of the celebrated lullaby its nurse or mother sings?

And may not the question be very reasonably asked, whether

many clergymen, parsons, lecturers, and readers possess the same somniferous influence as any nursery lullaby?—to wit, how heads may be seen nodding most comically till the sermon or lecture be done; when, immediately it ceases, their eyes open, and they begin gazing about in a very knowing manner, as much as to say, Wasn't it good? don't you see how we have appreciated it?

The following anecdote will show the effect of new impressions:—

A gentleman of nervous temperament took a voyage on board a man-of-war; the first morning, at early dawn, he jumped clean out of his berth at the report of the calling-up gun; on the second occasion it caused him to start up, and the third morning he merely opened his eyes and shut them again.

Whilst intellectual operations and physical exercise conduce to sleep, their excess has just the contrary effect; and in the same way over-anxiety and suspense yield not to sleep. Thus the condemned criminal, whilst the last ray of hope lingers, passes wakeful nights; but when that is withdrawn the excitement of contending feelings is at an end; and so we often read that the night before the execution the prisoner slept soundly. Under happier circumstance, but in the same manner, sleep forsakes the joyous schoolboy anticipating the holidays; and much older boys speedily find that high discount, forthcoming bills, and such like things, have a similar tendency.

Shakspeare says, "Our little life is rounded with a sleep;" and truly so; for without a daily visit from this friend of frail mortality we should be but poor, withered, angular creatures; but by its kindly influence life is renovated, care for a season blunted, hope made possible, whilst sunny Dreamland opens wide her gates to all to whom the charmed life of sleep is possible.

F. C. S.

BIOGRAPHY.

Among the many species of literary productions I assign a very high position to biography. I was going to say the highest, but desiring to be somewhat careful of the epithets I use, and anxious at the same time not wholly to differ from others at the beginning of this essay—for I wish at least to secure readers, if not converts,—I moderated the expression which possesses the double merit of being perhaps more correct and less antagonistic to the opinions of others. The value I attach to this class of books seems to coincide with that of people in general. A good criterion of this I take to be the number and variety of biographical works issued in our day. The demand produces the supply. If there were no sale for such books we should see fewer of them. This constant flow of biographical works, then, is a self-evident demonstration that the public, or rather, the book-buying public, has, like myself, a high opinion of biography. But even this, proving as it does the correctness of the estimation, is not to be considered commensurate to the utility

of this class of writings, or even to the opinion of people generally. For in this age of utilitarianism most of us are so monopolized with self, and the advancement of self both pecuniarily and intellectually, that our time is almost wholly occupied with one or the other end; so that when we are freed from the drudgery of the one—with body exhausted and mind enervated—relaxation is sought—if it is sought in books—rather in fictions or tales, than in wholesome and solid literature; and when loosened from the labours of the other—with mind and body calling for rest or exercise of a different kind, we forego the advantages of biography for a more needful run in the fields. It follows, then; that though this class of literature is read considerably, it is by those whose position and inclination do not compel an entire absorption in other employments and studies.

Believing this to be the case, and fearing that the wholesome effects of biography are consequently lost, on as well as, by the many, I wish, in as few words as possible, to impress on my readers the advantages resulting from a frequent perusal of the lives of "the illustrious dead." In the first place, I cannot conceive the reason—unless it arise from ignorance of the pleasure of biography—that among the number who read chiefly for this end, so few admit this kind of literature into their catalogue of readable books. If, as they tell you, with that well-worn line of Pope's, that they have in addition to the desire of ornament that of acquiring a greater knowledge of mankind, that they study the characters of their heroes and heroines and dwell upon their traits and acts, it seems strange that they should have recourse to exaggerated portraits which are not unfrequently wholly false to nature, when they possess the means of studying man as he really is, both to himself, to others, and to his biographer. Besides, biography possesses all that works of fiction have to recommend them. It admits of all the painting and passion of romance, and at the same time has the power of interesting the passions more keenly, owing to the character and incidents being both agreeable to nature and exact with regard to truth. The clearest water is found at its source and the truest description of man is to be found in history and biography. Why, then, with this as a secondary object, and amusement the primary one, is it that so many ignore the pleasure and usefulness of this species of literature? It is, I think, chiefly accounted for in the reason given above. Whoever has experienced the pleasure and derived the profit a perusal of such works as Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, or Macaulay's account of Pitt, never failed to afford, will not readily suffer fictitious characters to be the sole or chief employment of their time and thoughts.

The advantages of such works are infinite and beyond description. They are increased in number and degree according to the habits and disposition of the reader himself. Much that is found described of another's life will be instructive and useful in our daily intercourse with the world, and something can be learnt and

remembered that will help to alleviate trouble, assuage distress, inspire hope, or excite to noble deed.

It is from our experience of ourselves and others that our lives are made worthy. The greater the knowledge of self and the greater our observation of others are, the more material we possess for our improvement and for building ourselves up to the doing of better deeds and the fulfilment of nobler purposes. The study of self is a proper and noble study, but it requires the study of others "to round it off to a perfect circle." To this beneficial effect is to be ascribed much of the polish of city men, and of men who mix freely with others of equal age, but with minds of different strength and aptitude. The lack of it is seen in the obstinacy and uncourteousness of the country-bred. The reading of biographical books has the tendency to force men to look to their own habits and lives—"to commune with themselves and to search out their hidden faults." Herein we see the almost transcendent results of perseverance, self-denial, and industry. We see the stuttering Demosthenes conquering by extraordinary means the habit that was a hindrance to his ambition; we see him in the end one of the greatest orators, and the admiration of the whole of Greece. We see the poor poet studying by the pale light of his lamp, and ruining his constitution for the support and happiness of others. And we see not only in their lives, but all around us the great and happy uses of a Newton, a Stephenson, a Cowper, a Watt, a Howard, and a Cobden.

ELPIATICO.

SPELLING.

THERE is no branch of composition more needful than spelling. Yet there is none in which so many people are deficient. Supposing that the art is easily acquired, they take but little pains in learning it. Hence, without a dictionary at their elbow, they cannot write the shortest note correctly. In spite of all assistance they continually blunder. They never give a word its due number of *l's*, or put the *e* and the *i* in their proper places. They are always confounding *here* and *hear*, *there* and *their*, *sight* and *site*. *Transcendent** and *unparalleled* are mysteries which they cannot fathom. They are staggered by *mnemonics*, stunned by *psychology*, and slain outright by *ipecacuanha*.

This perplexity is felt chiefly by the ignorant, but even men of education are not always able to get over it. We are told by Earl Stanhope, that Prince Charles Edward Stuart was a very bad speller. "With him, 'humour,' for example, becomes *umrr*; the weapon he knew well how to wield is a *sord*; and even his own father's name appears under the *alias* of *Gems*. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give an instance from

Even in books we often find *transcendent*. But no one thinks of writing *transcendental*.

his French—would recognize a hunting-knife in *COOTO DE CHAST*? A certain country gentleman used to sign himself a “*gustus of the peace*.” Daniel Dowlas having written “It was my lot last week to be made a *pear*,” Dr. Pangloss observed, “His lordship’s orthography is a little loose, but his equals countenance the custom. Lord Loggerhead always spells physician with an F.” In one place we see that *stationary* is sold at a very low rate; in another that A. B. will shortly open a *restaurant*; and in a third, that “*manglen* is dunn here by Mrs. C.”

An old magazine, called the *Lapsus Lingue*, contains the following suggestion. Mr. David Lamb, an eccentric schoolmaster, writes to say that the true theory of spelling well consists in the fact that all words belong to one or other of the three great classes of dentals, labials, and palatals. By delivering a single lecture on each of these heads he had been enabled to make his hearers perfect in the art of spelling. “The shortest way of explaining my plan,” he continues, “will be to send you a proof of its excellence, which I got from my last pupil in the following testimonial:—

“‘This is a spiceman off mi spillin befor I hard three lectures from Mr. Daved Lam. JON MREIKELJON.’

“After explaining, in two lectures, the difference between vowels and consonants, and the formations of labials and dentals, he wrote the following specimen:—

“‘This is a specimen of my spelling after I heard two lectures from Mr. Dapid Lamp. JOHN MREIKELJOHN.’

“All the words here, you see, are properly spelled, as far as regards the number of letters in each word; but there is a misapplication of individual letters belonging to the same class, and a slight want of arrangement in them, all. However, after my third lecture he wrote as follows:—

“‘This is a specimen of my spelling, after having heard three lectures from Mr. David Lamb.—JOHN MREIKELJOHN.’

“This example will be sufficient to illustrate my system, and to give a proof of its efficacy.”

Want of success does not always imply want of merit. The greatest of discoveries have been treated with disdain, and Mr. Lamb’s suggestion has been utterly neglected. While not more ridiculous, it would certainly be far more useful than the Yankee and phonetic innovations which are threatening our language.

The phonetic (*fun-etic*) system is absurd, and scarcely merits refutation. “It would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry, and the ancestry of words, as of men, is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they were derived have done great things before them. Words are

* “The Heir at Law,” by George Coleman the younger 1797: 3

now a nation, grouped into families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a wild and barbarous horde."* Before there can be uniformity of spelling there must be uniformity of pronunciation. To master the phonetic system, we must be thoroughly acquainted with all the dialects in the kingdom. The present method may contain anomalies, but such an attempt to remove them seems an imitation of the boy who sharpened his saw by grinding down its teeth. "A smooth front of stucco may be a comely thing for those that like it, but very few sensible men will like it if they know that in laying it on we are proposing to obliterate the roughness, and mixture of style and traces of architectural transition from the venerable front of an ancient cathedral."†

A cartoon in *Punch* once represented the Yankees as running from the field of battle, shouting, "We're just a-gwin to take Canada!" That they never tried to carry out their threat, both they and we have reason to be thankful. But they are making deadly inroads on our tongue. If the present corruption continue, we shall soon be destitute of *honour*. Its place would be ill supplied by the *honor* with which the Yankees would provide us. To use a trite expression, they are consistent in nothing but their inconsistency. They take the *u* out of *colour* to restore the word to its original form. They take an *m* out of *mamma*, and thus destroy all trace of its primary meaning. It should always be borne in mind that words ending in *our* do not come to us directly from the Latin, but sometimes pass through as many as three steps before they reach us.

"'Twas Greek at first; that Greek was Latin made;
That Latin French; that French to English strayed."

The late Archdeacon Hare, in an article on English Orthography, in the *Philological Museum*, some years ago, expressed a hope that such abominations as *honor* and *favor* would henceforth be confined to the cards of the great vulgar. There we still see them, and in books printed in America; and while we are quite contented to leave our fashionable friends in such company, I hope none of us may be tempted to join it.† The standard books and respectable magazines of this country have as yet never sanctioned the hateful practice. While such remains the case we may safely determine to stand in the old paths, and meddle not with them that are given to change. Bad spelling is still bad spelling, whether it arise from ignorance or pedantry. In the words of Dr. Johnson, "we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language."§

RONALD STUART.

Archbishop Trench's "Study of Words," Lecture v.

* "A Plea for the Queen's English," by the Dean of Canterbury.—*Good Words*, November/1863.

† "A Plea for the Queen's English."—*Good Words*, March, 1863.

§ Preface to the Dictionary.

Toiling Upward.

JOHN ROBERTSON, D.D.

IN the summer months of 1864 Professor Wm. T. Gairdner, M.D., a common friend of Dr. John Robertson and of the present writer, knowing the high opinion the latter had learned to form of the worth and zeal of the incumbent of the parish of St. Mungo's, whose earnest, holy eloquence stirred the hearts of those who worshipped in the cathedral church of Glasgow, arranged for a meeting between us. Unfortunately, on the day appointed, necessity laid it upon him to correct some proof-sheets of the *British Controversialist* which had come to hand requiring instant attention, and the opportunity was lost; for a rapid declension of health subsequently laid Dr. Robertson under the grasp of "the subtle thief" of human hope and life. We believe it will not be thought intrusive if we shall, somewhat to gratify ourselves, endeavour to write down our impressions of this good man's life as an instance, among many, of the ardour and intense joy of toiling upward. It is—

"A chronicle of actions just and bright"

to which we must give record. It is in many points exemplar, and has indeed been lived "for our learning," as every true life is. It has, it is true, an every-day air about it, but that will only so far the more prove how real and genuine and excellent the man was of whom it is the story.

In "the fair city" of Perth, in Scotland, on 9th April, 1824, John Robertson was born of humble parentage. In his early childhood his father died, and his mother was left a widow with this her only son; and her own industry alone, as the single resource for his upbringing and her own support. He was committed, at an early age, to the care of Mr. Peter Crichton, then teacher of an elementary school in Perth. In a short time he outstripped all his schoolmates, and passing quickly from class to class, reached the headship of the seminary, having made an earnest friend of his master. By the advice of Mr. Crichton he was sent to Perth Academy, then under the rectorship of Mr. Logan, a judicious, distinguished, and enthusiastic classical scholar, who after examination set him in the third class. But his zealous eagerness for progress, and diligent perseverance in study enabled him readily to take the lead, and shortly afterwards to surpass his class. Mr. Logan, surprised at and delighted by his industry and talents, proffered additional help, and devoted several hours weekly to hearing him, though quite a boy, construe the "Iliad," the "Odyssey," and many of

the chief dramas of Euripides and Sophocles ; sometimes the eager lad brought as many as five hundred lines of Homer as his self-imposed task for the day. Robertson seemed to be a student born.

In his mother's house of two apartments he was allowed the use of the back room, and there before his shelf of books he sat poring over the lessons of his class till these were perfectly committed to memory or thoroughly understood ; and, when these were securely mastered, he perused the works of Scott, Byron, Milton, and Shakspeare ; after which he would dive into Latin and Greek again, or make an attempt to master the French accidence from an old grammar, casually picked up at an old bookstall. In this he succeeded so far and so well as to be able to join the senior French class in the Perth Academy, and so to outdistance every pupil there, that Mr. Laurence Craigie, the teacher, found him in a short time fitter for a companion in study than for a pupil. He had the kindness then to propose the acquisition of German, and after a little interval Robertson was competent to read with him and to discuss the merits and meaning of the works of the chief modern writers of that grand and thorough language. He attained great facility in both languages, and not a little surprised many of the examiners of the Perth seminary, who compared his youth with his acquirements. Considerable interest was excited in his welfare, and his mother was urged to permit him to study for the church. To this she was greatly averse, for she feared the solitude of a widowed life which he had wonderfully helped to cheer. At length, persuaded by Mr. Crichton that it would be for her boy's welfare and for the good of mankind, she was brought to consent ; and it was agreed that he should compete for a bursary or scholarship at St. Andrew's University, at the examination for which he greatly distinguished himself—for he could not only read Cicero and Homer *ad apertur um libri*, but rattle over the plays of the great French comedian Molière as readily as most lads can read English, besides being well read in practical mathematics, possessed of a good knowledge of algebra, and singularly rapid and exact in the solution of arithmetical questions. He gained his scholarship, and at the close of his first session stood first in Greek and second in mathematics. But his early success was dashed by a grievous sorrow ; for during the currency of the session his mother was overtaken by death, and he was left homeless and all but relationless, with nothing to aid and nothing to encourage him ; with only his own noble heart and God's strengthening grace to uphold and direct him.

In the hour of this great calamity his old teacher came opportunely to his assistance. He furnished him with a home after his return from his college session. Robertson gladly engaged in the labour of teaching under his former master, and during the vacation of several years taught in his old school at Perth ; while during the currency of the college session he taught in private families, to secure the means of continuing his own course of study. He was

first in Greek again in his second year, and gold-medallist in the mathematical classes. He took the first prize in natural science, and stood highest in the classes for humanity, logic, and moral philosophy—gaining the warmest approbation from and being admitted into the friendship of his professors. Professor Gillespie's Saturday Lectures on Language opened up to him the whole subject of composition, and he followed the directions given, with great industry, perseverance, and success. Having entered college in his sixteenth year, he left St. Salvador's, after taking the degree of M.A., to spend three years in St. Mary's College, in the study of those branches of study incumbent on those who are preparing for the ministry in the Church of Scotland. These are theology, church history, Biblical criticism, and Hebrew. In the classes held for the delivery of lectures on these subjects he specially distinguished himself, particularly so in the latter two. Dr. Haldane, then principal of St. Mary's College, took a most kindly interest in the young and zealous student, and felt much for him in his friendliness. In March, 1847, before the completion of his twenty-third year, Robertson left college, and in February, 1848, he received from the Presbytery of Perth that licence as a preacher of the gospel which qualifies its possessor to get and accept a presentation to any vacant charge in the ministry of the church of Scotland.

On the resignation of Dr. Cannon, minister of the united parishes of Mains and Strathmartin, in the presbytery of Dundee, in the county of Forfarshire, a committee of the congregation were appointed to take steps to gain an acceptable successor. They heard a high character of Mr. Robertson, and asked him to preach before them in the neighbouring parish of Liff. On their recommendation, the Crown presentation was issued in his favour; and on 26th September, 1848, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Dundee to the pastoral oversight of these parishes. He was introduced to his parishioners by Rev. Dr. Ritchie, minister of Longforgan, of which parish his old friend and teacher Mr. Peter Crichton had been in 1843 appointed parochial schoolmaster. By him Robertson had been favourably introduced to Dr. Ritchie. He became a most zealous and devoted pastor. His people loved him, and he loved them. He gave himself entirely to the work of his ministry. He returned now the favour he had received from his former instructors by the assiduous interest he took in promoting education. He was appointed by the Synod of Angus and Mearns convener of the committee on sabbath schools, and in his labours as an examiner of parochial schools showed much kindness to rising talent and laborious masters.

But the terrible labours of his early life, his sacrifice of everything else for the gratification of his greed for knowledge, his neglect of the body in his hurry to fill his mind, were now to be repaid revengefully for him. The *physique* of the man was exhausted, and the healthy juices of his frame used up. His over-studiousness and his sedentary habits, his eager but intemperate devotion to the mastery of many kinds of varied lore, had caused him to overstep

the caution with which the body must be treated, and a painful affection of the circulatory organs began to sap the very citadel of life in him. In 1850 he was dangerously ill—a very death-gripe seemed to be laid upon his heart; and alarmed more by the alarm of his parishioners and friends than by any feeling of his own, other than that of a sense of pain—he put himself under the professional care of the late Dr. John Scott, who by a judicious course of treatment subdued the malady for a time and mitigated the painfulness of its attacks. Even so, the very energy with which the work of “toiling upward,” praiseworthy as it is in its source and results, if exercised immoderately, revenges itself upon the man who has been the prodigal of his strength, and lessens even the good accomplishable by the life which is expended too freely.

The lesson of Robertson's life cannot all be held out as exemplary. The soul has no just right to all the concern of a human being. The body too requires, nay, demands care, culture, training, and judicious treatment. This Robertson learned most plainly now, and felt the accumulated woes of ill-health when he should have been in the very hour and power of usefulness, fame, vitality, and forceful vigour. His ministrations increased in fervency and power, and he began to be looked upon as one of the rising geniuses of the Established Church of Scotland. He was in 1853 invited by the Lay Association of his church to advocate, before a public meeting, the claims of the Education and Home Mission schemes of the church. In this he maintained as his thesis that “to divide the country into parishes of a manageable size, and to erect in each not only a house of prayer but a place of education—not only a sanctuary, but a seminary,—that was the principle, the sound Protestant principle, the enlightened social principle, on which the Church of Scotland was established. I trust we shall hand down to our posterity both the principle itself and the institutions based upon it,—the principle intact, but the institutions extended and improved.”

On the death of the Rev. Dr. Clark, minister of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, the congregation were led to think about Mr. Robertson as his successor. When Mr. Robertson heard of it he consulted a medical practitioner in the metropolis regarding the state of his health and fitness for the work which would have fallen upon him. The report was favourable to his acceptance of the city charge. But on mature consideration he felt called upon in conscience to refuse the offer, and to remain in his country charge. But the eyes of the church were upon the young clergyman of Mains, and on the demise of the Rev. Duncan Macfarlan, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow, and minister of St. Mungo's parish, of which the Glasgow Cathedral is the parochial church, the Crown offered the vacant living to Robertson, unsolicitedly. This was one of the most influential livings in the Church of Scotland. He accepted the charge, and on 28th June demitted his incumbency as minister of Mains, after the dispensation of the Holy Communion. In the following week he was

inducted into his Glasgow pastorate, the University of St. Andrew's in the meanwhile honouring itself by conferring upon him the degree of D.D. At the age of thirty-four he bore the highest dignity the University could give, and gained the highest preferment in the Church to which he belonged. The boundaries of St. Mungo's parish included in its area a population of more than 16,000 of, in a great measure, the poorest and least impressible of the inhabitants of that magnificent Clyde-margining city. It was a serious change for him to come from a sparse-peopled parish in the country to that densely massed population, with so much ignorance vice, and poverty within its bounds; but he thought it was his divine Master's work he had to do, and he set himself to do it with all his might. "It is," he said, speaking of his translation to a friend, "like entering a new world to me."

He matured his plans of usefulness cautiously and wisely. He instituted in various parts of his parish mission churches and schools; and laid the plan of building a working man's church in the neighbourhood of the cathedral. In 1860 Dr. Robertson was appointed by the Duke of Montrose, Chancellor of the University, Vice-Chancellor in the Glasgow College. When the vacancy occurred in the Divinity chair—which was afterwards filled up by the appointment of Dr. Caird—Robertson might easily have got it, but he loved his parish work, and thought himself better fitted for it. He was chosen by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to be Convener of the Indian Mission Committee, and engaged zealously in the work "in the spirit of love and patience." His labours in behalf of the charities of Glasgow were both active and extensive. Usefulness, honour, and happiness, seemed to lie before him in the pathway of life.

In October, 1862, Dr. Robertson married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cook, minister of the parish of St. Leonard's, in the city of St. Andrew's, and Professor of Divinity in St. Mary's College there. In the early part of 1863 the old pains under which he had formerly suffered returned with fresh intensity, and it seemed that a serious amount of heart disease had developed itself. He sought relief in rest and travel, and the indications of disordered circulation abated. He resumed his duties—pulpit and administrative—in October, 1864, and fought off death during the winter, but it was at the expense of terrible pain and prostration. He was again compelled to desist from ministerial duty, and by the advice of his medical attendants he at last consented to apply to the Presbytery of Glasgow for leave of absence for a year. This was readily granted. He then retired from active duty, and resided for a time in the house of his father-in-law at St. Andrew's. Here, as he was unable with the living voice to address his congregation, he prepared his "Pastoral Counsels," a work of great value for the depth and sincerity of its piety, the sweet reliant tone of its faith, the powerful nature of its thinking, and the consecrated rhetoric of sadness which pervades its pages. "The pangs of

death" took hold of him. Acute and severe were the terrible aching by which his heart was wrung. Palliatives and restoratives were alike effectless. The revenge of law broken in youth and thoughtlessness was now to be given, and the penalty of neglect of the means and agencies of keeping the body rich in health, was now exacted to the full. Though

"By soul, the soul's gains must be wrought;
The actual claims our coarser thought"—

and will not bear to be neglected. Still as the body grew enfeebled the spirit acquired new insight and foresight and Robertson seemed constantly to live in—

"The presence of some wondrous heavenliness."

His idea of duty and endeavour never slackened. During 1864, he addressed letters not only to his congregation in general, but to many of the sick and sorrow-stricken in particular. He wrote a pastoral letter on the text "Looking unto Jesus," to his flock as a new year's greeting and teaching. Shortly afterwards an acute paroxysm of pain prostrated his strength; again and again death attacked the citadel but was beaten back. At length, however, signs of weakness began to show themselves and resistance was impossible. These terrible spasms overmastered him, and at 10 o'clock, on the evening of the 9th of January,

"Death touched him and he was at rest."

On the 14th of January, he was buried in the graveyard of the ancient, though now ruined cathedral of St. Andrew's. The day was gloomy as regret. Beside the grave only one, and that a distant blood-relation stood; his relatives by marriage were there; his old teacher mourning as if for his own child; a fellow-student, four elders from each of the parishes in which he had laboured, the professors of both colleges in their robes, the students in their gowns, and many of the townspeople; and the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church in which he was an honoured "workman, rightly dividing the word of truth," prayed at the grave's mouth, giving thanks to God for a useful life and a hopeful death—grieffully submitting to the chastening hand which had smitten the church, yet "rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory" that another of the spirits of just men made perfect "had passed into the heavens."

It is not requisite that we should "point a moral," and nothing could "adorn a tale" whose basis was such a life. The power of soul with which Dr. Robertson laboured in his onward course shows us the true secret of "toiling upward," while the wreck of health and usefulness he endured exhibit to us his error. He lived too fast, but it was in his Master's service; and he felt that "unto whom much is given, of them much shall be required." He could be nought else than what he was, "faithful unto death."

1866.

P

Poetic Critique.

LITERATURE is a garden, poems are the flowers in it, and to be really beautiful of their kind they should be not only shapely, but speckless. Almost any product of a garden possesses both exquisite form and admirable odour. But the delight of the horticulturist's heart is the perfect and the pleasant scented. Though the outward form is fair, if the perfume is absent he loves it not; and though the odour is of the sweetest if the appearance is not sightly, he regards it as a failure. It is not every one of the outgrowths of his parterres that he sends for exhibition, or for which he anticipates a verdict of commendation. It is only those on which he has expended the very ardour of his spirit, and the utmost labour of his art, that he deems fit for show or likely to bring him reputation. How different is it, however, in letters! The commonest stringing together of words in assonances and in rhythm is often regarded as poetry; how crude however the thought, how rude soever the language. It may be true that the pulses of a human heart are in the effort, and that it lives in his life; but whenever he separates it from his own being, and ennobles it with a life beyond his life, it ceases to appear to any one anything else than a new claimant for fame, being, an immortality in and for itself. Its own perfection, therefore, is its only claim to notice, love, or welcome.

We may perhaps incline our readers to believe this if we quote to them the following excellent sentiments:—

“ They alone are the poet's true,
Who think their best, and their best do;
Not those who write the choicest books
While their own conduct each rebukes.
Those alone have the poet's art
Who hold heaven's truth within the heart;
Not those who write down Fancy's dreams,
But those from whose life Heaven beams.”

The plain prose truth which these lines, by C. R. M., imply is one of much intrinsic beauty and worth.—“ The holy man's life is the noblest of all poetry,”—but we confess that we think the prose expression of it much more poetical than the rhymes we have quoted, which are not a great deal above the level of a lullaby song. We esteem the thought, but we cannot commend the form in which it has been cast; and perfection of form is an absolute demand in all professedly poetical writing. The diamond which is newly raised from the darksome mine is not valued like that which has been cut,

polished, and set, and so fitted, as its intent may be, either for a countess's bracelet or a monarch's crown.

Hence it is that we feel justified in suggesting, as we occasionally do, an improvement here and there as it strikes us, in expression or in rhyme, not with the vain thought that we could emulate the effort of the writer whose verses we criticise, but just as the onlooker can often see more of the game than those who are engaged in it, so can often the critic perceive the flaws, or notice the defects in form which escape the eye of the original maker. We presume that no one who really desires to improve his style can reasonably object to, however much he may disregard, such verbal criticism. The critic, at least, should be thought of with thankfulness, seeing that in so doing he gives the best evidence that he had read the production, and endeavoured to comprehend its meaning; while as the critic is really as little, perhaps less known to the reader than the poet is, there can be little room for jealousy that he is anxious to tear the laurels from another's brow that he may wear them himself. Poets, whether real or would be, cannot surely wish to make it a condition that all who read their verses should be held bound to praise them under pain of ban and hate. No just critic can always praise, any more than poets always write with inspiration, grace, novelty and concords of sweet sounds.

Our first selection merits higher praise for its inspiring cause than for its own form. Gratitude for returning health is life's true poetry; and the heart-beat felt when the air of heaven breathes freely upon an invalid's brow again, after a long illness, is delicious music. There is a poetic idea underlying these lines, but we do not think that it has actually been brought to the surface in vital beauty.

THOUGHTS BY THE SHORE.

Reviving health *provokes* me now to think
Seated *at* mountain's base, *and* ocean's brink;
Strong hills my guardians, *shining* sands *my* seat,
I thus pursue in thought the wave's retreat.

[incites
by—near

Oh why from me *so angry* do you fly?
Have I provoked in you that murmuring cry?
Or is your foaming due to higher laws?
Your motion guided by more secret cause?

[in anger

And why rejoice to *meet* Sol's darting glance
To zephyr's music joined in gladsome dance?
Why mix advance alternate with retreat,
In *youthful* mind amazement to create?

[ye in

[mind like mine

Vouchsafe an answer; *and* my thoughts I'll turn,
And at majestic rocks in wonder burn.
Through gaze *enfringed* by mountains towering high
As if to penetrate the silver sky.

[then

[entranced

Here let me rest my wearied eye, and think,—
 Who gives the daisies their *supply* of drink?
 Who clothes the valleys in their garb of green,
 And feeds the flower that blooms and dies unseen?

[life's store]

Who fix'd these mountains so secure and fast,
 As if immortal ages *they should* last?
 Our tastes to gratify, who nature plann'd ?
 Say, was it aught but an Almighty hand!

[they'd outlast]

J. C. N. DERRY.

We have noted on the margin of these verses a few verbal criticisms, which we commend to the notice of J. C. N. But we do not place these side-words there for the behoof only of the writer. They may, as we think, be of equal service to the reader if he is intelligent, for he will then question with himself, Wherefore are these terms regarded as possibly preferable to the words used in the text; what change of meaning do they imply; and how do they improve the poem, or add to its consistency or expressiveness? Used thus, as exercises of the critical faculty, as excitants to reflection on the meaning and music of words, even should they be no improvements at all to the verses, they can scarcely fail to conduce to the improvement of the reader's sense of the power and harmony of words. They should neither be considered a waste-time nor a pastime, but as a serious endeavour to excite suggestive thought. We may further remark that we think J.C.N.'s "Thoughts by the Shore" would have been improved by an additional verse, containing a confession of divine power in the upbuilding of the hills and the outstretching of the sea.

Selection No. II. is sweet and sentimental; perhaps we ought to say it is a pretty conceit rather than a graceful fancy. It is just such a notion as may flit passingly through the mind, and give it the brief sad delight of a moment's being. Here it is:—

A WISH.

I would I were that cloulet
That wends its airy way
 Up from the far horizon,
Where rose the new-born day.

[Which]

[Whence]

I'd glide along my pathway,
 O'er glen and grassy glade,
 Nor stop until I'd hover
O'er where my love is laid.

['Bove]

And down I'd cast my shadows
 Upon her earthly bed;
 With these I'd drape in mourning
 The mansion of my dead.

[Then]

From it I'd *shade* the sunshine,
As clouds shut out the day;
 I'd fall in dewy tear-drops,
 And weep myself away.

[veil]

[And dim the garish]

[Then]

For them I'd rise a spirit,
And wing my flight afar,
To where she's gone before me,—
To *you faint* twinkling star.

[Beyond each

And there we'd live for ever,
Nor fear that fell decay
Would blight our heart's affection,
Or steal our life away.

JUVENIS.

"Wentworth," in "A Fragment of My Life," has written some good musical lines, which, as a fragment, may pass. They are, however, marred by the Heine-like semi-scoff of the closing stanza. Is it thus a poet should speak of "Love's Young Dream"?

Ah, Wentworth! 'tis a serious matter when,
Loveless, our dreams of love rise up again!
Still worse, if youth scoffs at that sunny stage,
On the dull journey of life's pilgrimage."

With this fond rebuke we place the verses commented on before our readers for their criticism:—

A FRAGMENT OF MY LIFE.

When from the burden'd emerald blades
Bright Phœbus lapp'd *the* sparkling dew; [morn's
And envious clouds his power obeyed, [When
And hid no more the glorious view;
When soft and low, and all around,
The song-birds' *echoes* charm'd the wood, [warbling
And spotted kine the meadows roam'd, [While
And, lazy, cropped their juicy food.

Oh, when did e'er two blither hearts
Rush forth to meet the maiden morn?
And breathe the sweets that throng'd the air, [Or
From rose-deck'd briar and milky thorn?
Oh, days of joy that knew no check!
Oh, green spots on an arid soil!
Oh, careless hours of youthful glee,—
Your memory lightens still *my* toil. [life's

Scarce eighteen summers then had kiss'd
The radiant fairness of her brow;
I number'd but some twelve months more—
The *silver hairs* are on me now! [But silver-white my locks are
The zephyr toss'd her clustering curls;
She'd loving eyes, a dimpled chin,
A face that beam'd with beauty's smile;—
I was a stripling, tall and thin.

By day we roam'd the moorlands o'er,
Explored the castle, climb'd *the* tower; [its
At night we wander'd by the shore, [Night came,
Or chatted in a moonlit bower. [Then

She sought my aid o'er books of lore,
 To which I bent *the* brow profound.
 My voice *enlisted* in the vocal score,
 Although it boasted *harsh*est sound.

[with
 she trysted
 'twas but of serannell

In prettiest tones *she'd call* me "brother;"
 I *countenanced* the filial tie;
 But burn'd to *claim a fonder title*,
 And own a flame that ne'er would die.
 Twice fifty times *the* warm words halted—
 I *slender* grew as *any* rush;—
 By *turns* was bold, and *now* I trembled,
 Stemmed rhetoric's torrent with a blush.

[she called
 gladly owned
 win a friendlier name
 Love's
 puny
 Now I—then

* * * * *

She wrote me but *two days* ago
 (She's married *now* these many years),
 To spend an *autumn* week or so,
 And romp with *all her* "pretty dears."
 She knows not what that letter cost me,
 In tracing joyous days gone by;—
 But she's given her heart where love required it;
 And, speaking truly, so have I.

WENTWORTH.

We like our next piece better. It is not perfect, indeed, and is slightly charged with egotism; but there is poetry in it, and the expression, though bearing signs of crudeness, gives good hope that "Olaf" would be the writer of a fair style, if he would *blot* more,—

THE YOUNG POET TO HIS HEART.

Arise, O heart, and sing.
 On strong though untried wing,
 Scale the heavens high and bring
 To *men* th' immortal's fire.
 For the hearts of men though blighted
 In the cold and gloom benighted,
 By truth to be fired and lighted,
 Yearn with a strong desire.

[earth

The poets great of old,
 Whose words of fire and gold
 Among the nations rolled,
 And made them loved for aye,
 By their greatness *must* not taunt thee; [With—will
 By their glory *must* not daunt thee;
 Though their words like visions haunt thee;
 Pass thou on thine own way. [Hie onward

Think not the song sublime,
 Sung in the world's fresh prime,
 Will be throughout all time
 A Bible closed and sealed.

For as something new engages [Still
 Each of all the moving ages, [read
 Though they pore the ancient pages, [love
 They will *sing* the new revealed.
 Nor *think* that *all* of truth, [grieve as if all
 All fire and flush of youth, [were
 All beauty is, forsooth,
 Sung in the days gone by.
 For what written words can render
 A sunset's golden splendour?
 Or what love-song half so tender
 As a maiden's love-lit eye?

So in *thine* eager spring, [thy life's rich
 Rise, strike the boldest string;
 Arise, O heart, and sing,
 For the earth itself is young;
 And the clouds in mountains curl'd,
 And the green and glorious world,
 In their beauty all unfurled,
 Are as yet *unseen—unsung*. [Who has fully seen and sung?

Remember, you belong [life's
 To the lowly, toiling throng,
 So sing thou, hero strong,
 Their low-voiced life so brave;
 Feel their great hearts' deep pulsation,
 Guide their groping aspiration,
 Pour thy fiercest indignation
 On the despot and the knave.

Bring music from the roar
 Of crowds that round thee pour;
 Sing, Truth for evermore [Shun
 O'er sugar-coated lies.
 Little care how men may treat thee;
 Sing the good where'er it meet thee;
 And *they* will not fail to greet thee [men
 With the love that poets prize.

OLAF.

We should like to have spoken entirely in favour of our next contribution. It comes from a pen whose effusions we admire, and the writer is one whom, though unseen, we love. We know that there is better pith in him than these lines show. We like the ground-thought, and would frankly say that though we have tried to find a few expressions more suitable to the intended idea—as it seems to us—than those employed by the writer, he has been less successful than we have known him. Is it not the fact that the poetry of human life is more akin to his own heart than the poetry of nature, and that he loves to sing of hand-fast fellowship and heart-felt love more than of themes caught from the world where affection is not visibly active? We think there are evening stars in

human eyes of which W. O. could have written more charming verse than he has done in those which follow.

EVENING STAR.

Why hang in beauty thus, fair star?
 Why rain thy silvery lustre down?
 Why earthward glimmer from afar,
 Jewel in chief of Nature's crown?

'Tis that ~~us~~ mortals thou may'st tell
 Of purer states than man may know,
 Since from *blest* primal *rank* he fell,
 And hapless, stumbled sore on woe.

[Is't—to

[life's—bliss

Thou to our eyes dost peaceful burn,
 Like some calm silent angel blest,
 Whose loving look us fain would turn,
 To charm our souls to *heavenlier* rest.

[And—heaven's pure

Oft gazing on thy sparkling light,
 And out-shot spears of fainter sheen;
 Dreams and fond visions of the night
 Have *strayed* thee and our souls between.

[streamed

And frequent have we feigned thy form
 A mighty myriad-peopled world,
 Stainless of sin, *of* grief unworn,
 Forth *in vast space* omnific hurled.

[by

[by a power

And sometimes thee we've marked in tears;
 While rushing thoughts within us thronged,
 Of life, of time, the eternal years,
 And all that to the unseen belonged.

Nor rarely have our spirits praised,
 With stammering speech *the mightier* One, [that mightiest
 Who thy sweet trembling glories raised
 O'er all who live beneath the sun.

All-blessed, liberal, gracious, He
 Scattereth dear beauty everywhere:
 The reverent world let bow the knee,
 Be every mind soft tuned to prayer.

As mild thou hang'st on high, fair star,
 Ev'n as thou rain'st thy lustre down;
 As thus thou glimmerest from afar,
 Jewel in chief of Nature's crown.

[While

W. O.

There are a few of the pieces which have reached our rhyme-repositories; others remain awaiting an opportunity, which we hope may soon occur, of being presented to our readers and their writers *in type*.

The Reviewer.

A Compendious History of English Literature and of the English Language from the Norman Conquest, with numerous Specimens.
By GEORGE L. CRAIK, LL.D., 2 vols. Third Edition. London:
Charles Griffin and Co.

THE real value of a history of any literature and language depends so much upon the thorough reliableness of the author not only for accuracy in dates and facts; in distinct intelligibility of statement and fairness of inference, but also in style and taste, in choiceness of thought and healthiness of feeling, that no mere outline of the contents of such a work can give an adequate idea of its worth to a student. Nor would any merely comparative statement of the distinct feature of different works having partly the same aim be at all a satisfactory way of presenting the elements of a critical decision. We want, far more especially in this case, than in almost any other, to know the man,—who and what he is, what he has done, what are his merits and claims, what position does he occupy, and what are his qualifications from industry and ability to deal with a subject so extensive, before we feel quite satisfied regarding the book. We shall endeavour, as far as we can, to gratify this desire regarding the author of this able and useful book.

George Lillie Craik, the eldest son of the Rev. William Craik, parochial schoolmaster of Kennoway, a parish in Fifeshire, including a small village very romantically situated, was born there on the 18th of April, 1798. He was educated by his father till he was qualified for entering the university of St. Andrew's, where he pursued and completed the usual studies requisite for gaining admission into the ministry of the Scottish Church. Here, though a distinguished student, he did not graduate, nor did he accept the licence to preach which usually precedes the acquisition of the standing of a clergyman in the Presbyterian congregations of the North. In his early manhood he engaged in a number of literary though fugitive occupations; among others the preparation of a course of lectures on the Poets and Poetry of Scotland. About 1824 he went to London, where he used his pen industriously but unostentatiously in many forms of literary effort. He became connected with the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge early in its career, and wrote for the "Library of Entertaining Knowledge." They projected his famous and useful book, entitled, "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," besides "The New Zealanders;"

"Paris and its Historical Scenes and Associations;" "*English Causes Célèbres*," &c. He was one of the chief contributors to "*The Penny Cyclopædia*,"—especially in the departments of Bibliography, Biography, General Literature, and History. In 1839 he became editor of Charles Knight's "*Pictorial History of England*" with the late Charles Macfarlane as collaborateur. This History was one of the people as well as of the kingdom and wars of England, and included chapters on religion, laws, the constitution, industries, manners, literature, &c., of Britain, and extended from the earliest period to 1815. It was subsequently continued by Harriet Martineau, under the title of "*The Thirty Years' Peace*" to 1846, and since, by a volume issued in America, and to be republished here, to 1854. Several portions of Prof. Craik's contributions to this history have been republished in a separate form, *e. g.*, "*History of British Commerce*." The germs, too, of the book now under review first appeared in that history. These so re-arranged and added to, as to be in the main a new work, were issued in six of Knight's shilling volumes for all readers in 1844-5, under the title of "*Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in England*." To the same series he also contributed "*Spenser and his Poetry*;" "*Bacon and his Writings*." Among his miscellaneous works may be mentioned his "*Romance of the Peerage*;" "*Popular Tumults*," &c. Pamphlets, reviews, and articles in the *Edinburgh*, the *North British*, the *Dublin Univ. Magazine*, are also attributed to him in number more than we are able to embrace in our notice. In these he is said to have first mooted the idea of the Privy Council scheme of education; of the representation of minorities, of mutual citizenship, &c. On the institution of the Queen's colleges in Ireland he was appointed Professor of History and English Literature in Belfast,—an office which he yet worthily fills. In connection more or less close with his professional labours, he has produced "*Outlines of the History of the English Language*" (1851); being "an abstract of part of the course delivered to his class at Belfast" during the first two sessions of his professoriate; and "*The English of Shakspeare*," 1857: which have passed through several editions. In 1861 appeared the first edition of the work now being noticed, *viz.*, "*The History of the English Language and Literature*,"—in a great measure a reissue, incorporating much of his former work on the same subject but considerably extended. Of this book he has more recently still prepared an abridgment, entitled, "*A Manual of English Literature and of the History of the English Language from the Norman Conquest*." This book contains, too, some additions, and has been specially adapted to this age of examinations. We have heard it reported that he is engaged on a yet more formidable work, *viz.*, "*A Philosophical History of our English Speech*." We may only add to these *personalia* that Dr. G. L. Craik is the father of Georgina M. Craik, whose capacity as a novelist is well reported of.

It will be seen from this list of works, and from the variety of

topics on which they treat, that Prof. Craik is a gentleman of wide attainments, of singular industry and versatility, of vigorous ardour of mind, as well as indefatigable diligence. He possesses both a powerful intellect and an active imagination; he is not only methodical in arrangement but precise in statement; he is keenly susceptible in taste as well as adroit in his selectiveness; he is judicious as a judge, yet sagacious as a critic. While his facts may be depended on, his adjudications are quite as reliable on all points—except the very finer higher criticism in which insight rather than sight is required. The preponderance of realism in his mind is considerably balanced by his genuine originality and freshness of vision. Taking his works on Spenser and Bacon as test works, we find that in Spenser he sees much that underlies the allegory and interprets it; while in Bacon he notices much of the fancifulness of his general writings. In all that concerns instructiveness G. L. Craik is faultless and unexceptionable. But we must proceed to a direct review.

In the preface the author says,—“In the largest or loosest sense of the expression, a History of English Literature might be taken to mean an account of everything that has been written in the language. But neither is the literature of a language everything that has been written in it, nor would all that has been written in the language necessarily comprehend all its literature; for much true literature may exist, and has existed, without having been written. Literature is composed of words, of thought reduced to the form of words; but the words need not be written; it is enough that they be spoken or sung, or even only conceived. All that writing does is to record and preserve them. It no more endows them with any new character than money acquires a new character by being locked up in a desk or paid into a bank.” We quote this passage, that the reader may compare the opinion it contains with that stated in the paper on Literature, Science, and Art, lately placed before them in another department. We may notice, too, that Professor Craik’s notion of literature includes a pretty large amount of Bibliography, as shown in his remarks on differences of editions and digressions about rare books. In our opinion, however, this adds to the utility and interest if it detracts from the literary unity of the work.

In vol. i. we have sixty pages of Introduction—on the history and language of England in its early days. We have next the period of the Normans, beginning with the Conquest, and leading down to the times of Froissart—the period of early English. We have then the second English period, commonly called the semi-Saxon, which extends from the era of the French prose romances and the early English metrical romance to the alliterative verse of *Piers Ploughman*. The third English period begins with Chaucer, and ends with the writers of the Shaksperian age. “The first of the three stages through which the language has thus passed may be considered to have come to an end in the eleventh century; the second in the thirteenth century; the third is that in which it still is.”

Though English literature proper does not really begin till what is here denominated the third period,—for in the Saxon and Anglo-Norman times all the most important works which were composed in England were written either in Anglo-Saxon, French, or Latin, and are consequently incomprehensible to the mere English reader; the record he gives of the former period is full of interest and value.

The manner in which Professor Craik traces the early history of the language, from its rudiments to its original appearance as a language, is highly instructive, and the record he gives of the literature comprised in this “rathe Englyshe” is very full, while the bibliography is carefully noted. His observations on the literary effects of the Norman Conquest are acute and able; his notices of schools and universities are worthy of attentive perusal, while his estimate of the scholastic philosophy seems to be somewhat meagre and slightly old-fashioned. The vernacular language and literature is briefly but comprehensively remarked on, and the vicissitudes of its history, its ups and downs in contest with Latin, French, &c., are made the subjects of some erudite and well-compiled paragraphs. Every here and there glances of exquisite criticism and strokes of sound common-sense logic are noticeable, and the earliest part of the treatise, though necessarily dull from the mass of its facts, is frequently enlivened by outflashing rays of thought and finely-pointed touches of epigram, reflection, or criticism.

Semi-Saxon English is explained most painstakingly—often with interlinear translations. In this section we have not only analyses of the chief works but also notices of the principal editions, their peculiarities, and differences. A section is devoted to the club-books, and similar collections of rare and costly, in fact almost inaccessible works. *Piers Ploughman* is the subject of nearly twenty pages of remarks, specimens, and analysis.

The first two hundred and sixty pages of this elaborate treatise is occupied with the same subject as that of Henry Morley’s “Writers before Chaucer.” It is more concise, less rhetorical, and more matter-of-fact than the work of the new London University professor’s huge tome; and its distinct indication of editions—its precognitions of books, impart to it a worth for students superior to it; if its references are to be used in further researches, but if the spirit of the books alone is wanted, Morley preserves and supplies much more of the finer and diviner essence.

On Chaucer’s life, writings, verse, rhythm, &c., about eighty pages of excellently put together matter are provided, and most of what is known of the man and his works is condensed into them. John Gower’s text is reviewed well, and John Barbour (perhaps from the professor’s Scottish predilections) gets a more than usual share of exposition; and the curious bibliography of his poems is given at considerable length. The prose writers of Chaucer’s time are passingly well represented, and the introduction of printing, as well as the revival of letters, form themes for some good sections.

The concise paragraphs devoted to "books and libraries," "science in England," "the chroniclers," "English and Scotch poets," "classical learning," &c., are useful and instructive. The literature of "Great Eliza's golden time" is carefully treated under headings, of which the following are a few:—Sackville's "Mirror of Magistrates;" "Origin of the Regular Drama;" Heywood's "Interludes;" "Ralph Roister Doister;" "Gammer Gurton's Needle;" "Misogonus;" Bale's "Kynge Johan;" "Gorbuduc—Blank Verse," other early dramas. In the second stage of the regular drama we have excellent remarks on Peele, Greene, Marlow, Lyly, Kyd, Lodge, &c., and then we are led on to the earlier Elizabethan prose—that of Lyly and *Euphuism*, Sidney, Spenser, Nash, &c., with a few words on English hexameter verse. A long section of forty pages is devoted to Edmund Spenser, and is admirably executed so far as a knowledge of facts goes, but perhaps with too slight an appreciation of the marvellous poetry of that noble genius. More space is given to Warner than usual. Daniel, Drayton, Hall, Sylvester, Chapman, Drummond, Davies, Donne, &c., lead on to Shakspeare, whose minor poems are first noticed, and then his dramatic works, both very briefly, because the author thinks materials on these subjects are easily accessible elsewhere. He has himself written extensively in several periodicals upon the prince of dramatists. The lesser lights of the drama of the days of Elizabeth and James are touched with a light pen, as are also the theological writers of that age. To Bacon he gives small space, but high praise, and he supplies excellent and copious references to sources of further knowledge. These form the chief items in the first volume of this carefully and well-packed historic outline of the literature of England. We could have wished it had been more thoroughly fused. Its detached form, while it makes it more serviceable to the student, by affording ready access to the portion to be studied, detracts from its value as a distinct treatise. It ought to be no less a possibility to enter into details, to group facts, and to arrange the material of literary history into a continuous narrative, than it is to place before the reader the incidents, the policy, the personal records, the plots, the wars, the accidents, &c., of civil history. Some of the powers of a great artist Dr. Craik possesses, the erudition he has in full measure, the formative and fusing elements can scarcely be wanting in him. In this we note—besides a want of the lighter graces of a sportive fancy—the greatest defect of this laborious and valuable history of our language and literature.

From this volume we can afford to make few extracts, because the mere inventory of its contents has occupied much space. We have considered it to be our duty to be minute in reference to these matters, that our review may be useful to students by showing them exactly what is to be found in the work. Only by doing this did we see our way to make a notice of the book what all notices of educational works should be—informing as to the nature of the contents of the book and the manner in which it has been executed.

We think the three following passages will illustrate the valuable nature of the kind of information the work contains, the critical ability of the author, and the sound judgment he brings to bear on his labours:—

"Classical Learning in the Sixteenth Century.—The whole of the sixteenth century, however, well deserves the epithet of a learned age, notwithstanding the state of the schools and universities, and of what are called the learned professions, if we look either to the names of eminent scholars by which every portion of it is adorned, or to the extent to which the study of the learned languages then entered into the education of all persons, women as well as men, who were considered to be well educated. In the earlier part of it, besides Cranmer, Ridley, Tunstal, Gardiner, Pole, and other Churchmen of distinguished acquirements, we have Richard Pace, Sir John Cheke, and Sir Thomas Smith, Colet, the founder, and Lilly, the first master of St. Paul's School—all already mentioned; William Grocyn, another of the first and also one of the very greatest of the English Grecians; the equally elegant and industrious John Leland, the father of English antiquities, and the chief preserver in his day of the old knowledge that would otherwise have perished, as well as one of the most successful cultivators of the new; Dr. Thomas Linacrer, the first English physician, and as a scholar scarcely second to any of his country or of his age; and the all-accomplished Sir Thomas More, perhaps the happiest genius of his time, the one of its profound scholars, at all events—unless we are to except his illustrious friend, Erasmus—whose natural genius was the least oppressed by his erudition, and whose erudition was the most brightened with wit and informed by a living spirit better than that of books. Of somewhat later celebrity are the names of Roger Ascham, who is more famous, however, for his English than his Latin writings; of Dr. Walter Haddon, the most Ciceronian of English Latinists; of Buchanan, perhaps the most of a poet of all the modern writers of Latin verse; not to mention Archbishop Parker, Bishop Andrews, and other eminent Churchmen. The number of very great English scholars, however, in the reign of Elizabeth, was not so considerable as in that of her father, when classical studies were not only cultivated with perhaps a truer appreciation of the highest models, but afforded, besides, almost the only field for intellectual exercise and display. Still this kind of learning continued to be fashionable, and a familiar, if not a profound, acquaintance with both the Latin and the Greek languages was diffused to an unusual extent among persons of the highest rank. Henry VIII. was himself a scholar of considerable pretensions; he is said to have, as a younger son, been educated for the Church; and to this accident, which gave the country its first pedant king, it may perhaps have been also indebted for its succession of learned princes, which lasted for more than a century,—Henry, as it were, setting the fashion, which it afterwards became a matter of course to follow. His son, though born to the throne to which he succeeded, received a school-mastering fit for a bishop, and so also did his daughters. Erasmus has commended the Latin letters of Mary, some of which are preserved, as well as others in French and in Spanish. Elizabeth was not only a Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian scholar, but also a proficient in Greek, in which language, the tutor Ascham tells us, she used, even after she came to the throne, to read more every day than some prebendaries of the Church read of Latin in a whole week."—Pp. 428-9.

"The Myriad mindedness of Shakspere.—What other anatomist of the human heart has searched its hidden core, and laid bare all the strength and weakness of our mysterious nature, as he has done in the gushing tenderness of Juliet, and the 'fine frenzy' of the discrowned Lear, and the sublime melancholy of Hamlet, and the wrath of the perplexed and tempest-torn Othello, and the eloquent misan-

tragedy of Timon, and the fixed hate of Shylock? What other poetry has given shape to anything half so terrific as Lady Macbeth, or so winning as Rosalind, or so full of gentlest womanhood as Desdemona? Who has given us a scene either so crowded with diversities of character, or so stirred with the heat and hurry of actual existence? The men and the manners of all countries and of all ages are there; the lovers and warriors, the priests and prophetesses of the old heroic and kingly times of Greece—the Athenians of the days of Pericles and Alcibiades—the proud patricians and the turbulent commonalty of the earliest period of republican Rome—Cæsar, and Brutus, and Cassius, and Antony, and Cleopatra, and the other splendid figures of that later Roman scene—the kings, and queens, and princes, and courtiers of barbaric Denmark, and Roman Britain, and Britain before the Romans—those of Scotland in the time of the English Heptarchy—those of England and France at the era of Magna Charta—all ranks of the people of almost every reign of our subsequent history, from the end of the fourteenth to the middle of the sixteenth century; not to speak of Venice, and Verona, and Mantua, and Padua, and Illyria, and Navarre, and the Forest of Arden, and of all the other towns and lands which he has peopled for us with their most real inhabitants. Nor even in his plays is Shakspeare merely a dramatist. Apart altogether from his dramatic power he is the greatest poet that ever lived. His sympathy is the most universal, his imagination the most plastic, his diction the most expressive, ever given to any writer. His poetry has in itself the power and varied excellences of all other poetry. While in grandeur, and beauty, and passion, and sweetest music, and all the other higher gifts of song, he may be ranked with the greatest—with Spenser, and Chaucer, and Milton, and Dante, and Homer,—he is at the same time more nervous than Dryden, and more sententious than Pope, and more sparkling and more of more abounding conceit, when he chooses, than Donne, or Cowley, or Butler.”—Pp. 590-1.

“Galilee, and not Bacon, is the true father of modern natural philosophy. That, in truth, was not Bacon’s province at all; neither his acquirements nor the peculiar character and constitution of his mind fitted him for achieving anything on that ground. The common mistake regarding him is the same as if it were to be said that not Homer, but Aristotle, was the father of poetry, because he first investigated and explained the principles or philosophy of a part of the art of poetry. Bacon belongs not to mathematical or natural science, but to literature and to moral science, in its most extensive acceptation—to the realm of imagination, of wit, of eloquence, of æsthetics, of history, of jurisprudence, of political philosophy, of logic, of metaphysics, and the investigation of the powers and operations of the human mind. He is either not at all, or in no degree worth mentioning, an investigator or expounder of mathematics, or of mechanics, or of astronomy, or of chemistry, or of any other branch of geometrical or physical science; but he is a most penetrating and comprehensive investigator and a most magnificent expounder of the glory and greatness of Lord Bacon, that higher wisdom in comparison with which all these things are but a mere intellectual sort of legerdemain. All his works, his essays, his philosophical writings, commonly so called, and what he has done in history, are of one and the same character—reflective, and, so to speak, poetical; not simply demonstrative, or elucidatory of mere matters of fact. What, then, is his glory? In what did his greatness consist? In this, we should say, that an intellect at once one of the most capacious and one of the most profound ever granted to a mortal—in its powers of vision at the same time one of the most penetrating and one of the most far-reaching—was in him united and reconciled with an almost equal endowment of the imaginative faculty; and that he is, therefore, of all philosophical writers the one in whom are found together, in the largest proportions, depth of thought and splendour of eloquence.”—Pp. 515-6.

We must reserve for a second notice the other volume. As the history approaches our own times the variety of interest increases, and the difficulty of judging correctly is heightened. To many the volume noticed will afford much fresh and accurate information; but in the second many will look to find delight commingling with instruction. In our next issue we shall report on the volume on several points, and sum up our judgment on the entire work.

The History of Scottish Poetry. By D. IRVING, LL.D. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

THE editor of this volume is John Arthur Carlyle, M.D., (the brother of the well-famed Thomas Carlyle,) himself known in literature as the translator into prose—strong, terse, and choice—of Dante's "Inferno." The task was undertaken "chiefly from love of the subject and respect for the memory of the author." And it has been done well and honestly. The "Memoir of Dr. Irving," prefixed to the work, is from the pen of Dr. David Laing, one of the most eminent literary antiquaries in Scotland; and to this there are affixed "Recollections of the Author's Early Life," by the late General Sir C. W. Pasley, K.C.B. From these sources we abridge a notice of the author, that our readers may know the manner of man he was who gave us this book.

David Irving, fourth son of Janetus Irving, a shopkeeper of some means, and Helen Little, his wife, was born in Langholm, Dumfriesshire, 5th December, 1778. He was educated at the Grammar School of his native town. But when about fourteen he was led to cast his thoughts towards the ministry, and began the study of the classics under Andrew Little, who, though he had lost his sight by lightning on the coast of Africa, in a Liverpool vessel of which he was surgeon, taught Latin and Greek with ability and success. In 1796 Irving entered the University of Edinburgh and studied in the Arts Classes; acting also as tutor to the son of Hay Campbell, son of the Receiver-General of Scotland. In 1799 Irving issued a "Life of Robert Ferguson," an humble Scottish poet, one of the forerunners of Burns. In 1801 he graduated M.A., and thereafter published his biographies of Ferguson, Falconer (author of "The Shipwreck"), and Wm. Russell (author of the "History of Modern Europe"), besides his "Elements of English Composition," a dull but meritorious compilation. He attended the Civil Law Class 1802-3, and in 1804 issued his "Lives of the Scottish Poets," and in 1805 his "Memoirs of George Buchanan," the Scottish reformer, poet, and historian. Marischal College, Aberdeen, conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1808, and in 1810 he married Anne Margaret, eldest daughter of Robert Anderson, M.D., editor of "The Works of British Poets," and the early patron of Thomas Campbell, the poet, Thomas Brown, the metaphysician, John Leyden, the poet, Alexander

Murray, the self-taught linguist, &c. She died soon after the birth of a son, Robert, in 1812. In 1815 Irving's "Observations on the Study of Law" appeared; in 1817 he issued a new "Memoir of Buchanan," and in 1818 applied for the office of principal librarian in the Advocate's Library, Edinburgh, to which he was appointed in 1820. At the request, as well as the expense, of the Advocates, Irving visited Göttingen to see how the library of that university was arranged. On his return thence he married his second cousin, Janet Laing. He edited many works for the Maitland and Bannatyne Clubs. Between 1830 and 1842 he contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* articles on Jurisprudence, Canon, Civil, and Feudal Law, biographies of eminent Scotchmen, &c. The University of Göttingen, in 1837, sent him their diploma of Laws, and in the same year he issued an "Introduction to the Study of Civil Law." His "Lives of Scottish Writers" appeared in 1839. In 1848 he reluctantly resigned his curatorship of the Advocates' Library, and retired to indulge in literary pursuits and tastes. He edited Selden's "Table Talk," with notes, in 1854, and he had long had the present "History of Scottish Poetry" ready for publication, but it appears as a posthumous work, though substantially completed nearly thirty years ago. He died 10th of May, 1860, and his name is likely long to be cherished in Scotland as an industrious, learned, accurate, though formal and precise, literary labourer; as an independent and intelligent man, somewhat too book-minded to be genial, but genuine in his moral worth and religious feelings.

Readers who desire to learn briefly the elements of the history of Ossian's "Poems" will find the first chapter of the book interesting. It contains also much interesting matter on the Origin of the Scottish Language; its connection with, and difference from, English; on Romance Poems; on Rhymes, with several curious instances of classical rhymes. In the second chapter we are brought into the company of Thomas the Rhymer of Erildoune; Michael Scot, and Robert of Brunne, and receive accounts of their poems. Chapter third gives us samples of early poems; information regarding the poems about King Arthur and the Round Table, as well as the romances on Sir Gawane. "John Barbour, the contemporary and, in some respects, the rival of Chaucer," author of a poem which "displays so conspicuous a union of talent and patriotism, that after the lapse of nearly five centuries it has not ceased to attract an uncommon degree of attention," is the theme of chapter fourth, and his poem "The Bruce" is described, analyzed, and quoted in it. "Contemporary with the Venerable Archdeacon of Aberdeen (Barbour) was another dignified ecclesiastic, who distinguished himself by recording in verse the history of his native country. This poet, Andrew Winton, . . . was a canon regular of St. Andrew's, and Prior of the Monastery of St. Serf," who "was entitled to take precedence in Parliament of all priors, and even of all abbots." "The Chronicle of Winton" is valuable
1866.

as a specimen of the literary taste and attainments of our ancestors at a very remote period, but it is still more valuable as a repository of historical information, and as a delineation of ancient manners." "The language of Winton is not materially different from that of Barbour, and they have both adopted the same species of versification. The common measure of their verse is eight syllables, but they do not very strictly confine themselves to this number. Winton likewise uses but few words of a French origin, and he rather introduces Latin words than employs words of a Latin derivation." In chapter fifth the work is quoted from and epitomized. In chapter sixth we are told that "in the catalogue of Scottish poets we have already recognized dignitaries of the church, and other persons of distinction; but in this catalogue we now find a royal poet, on whose character royalty itself could scarcely confer any additional splendour, and who must ever be regarded as one of the most remarkable individuals of the age which he adorned." This was James I., "one of the best monarchs that ever filled the Scottish throne." The principal work of this royal poet, entitled "The King's Quair" (or Book), was written while he was still detained in captivity by the English king Henry V.; its subject is the praise of the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, who soon afterwards became his consort, and whom he seems to have regarded with a high degree of romantic affection. "This poem displays an elegant vein of fancy, and the versification possesses no inconsiderable merit, but its principal beauties are to be discovered in particular passages rather than the general structure of the whole." "A poem which, as Mr. Ellis remarks, is full of simplicity and feeling, and is not inferior in practical merit to any similar production of Chaucer." "This poem is well criticized." "Christ's Kirk of the Green," a remarkable specimen of genuine humour and plesantry, and "Peblis of the Play," are also noticed at length. In chapter seventh several poems are descanted on; e.g., "The Battle of Harlow," "Holland's Howlet," "Cockelbie's Sow," &c. "The reign of James I. produced a poet not less remarkable than the king himself. Of this poet the surname has not been recorded; he was long known by the familiar name of Blind Harry, which has lately been superseded by the more respectful appellation of Henry the Minstrel." In chapter eighth this poet's works are minutely considered and commented on. Chapter ninth is occupied with notices of a great number of minor poets, of some of which specimens are given, us "sufficient to impress us with a very favourable opinion of the national love of literature." "Among the Scottish poets who flourished during the latter part of the fifteenth century Robert Henryson merits a conspicuous place. He is described as chief schoolmaster of Dunfermline." Chapter tenth is given up to an analysis of this author's works, who continued the "Troilus and Cresside,"—

"Written by worthy Chaucer glorious."

The quoting of this line suggests to us how wrong the idea is which looks upon English literature as bounded by a geographical line. English poetry was cultivated in Scotland with more avidity in the age succeeding Chaucer than in Southern Britain. The Scottish poets never speak of themselves otherwise than as disciples of Chaucer and Gower. The language was originally similar in both countries, as they are essentially now; and Scottish poetry speaks with an English accent in its early days. What is now called Scotch is really (though in a somewhat corrupted form) old English. King James says,—

“Be impuis unto my maisteris dere—
Gower and Chaucer—that on the steppis satt.
Of rhetorike, while they were livand here,
Superlative, as poets laureate,
In morality and eloquence ornate.”

In “Cockelbie’s Sow” we are told of twenty-four eggs;—

“The first was the samen chantecler to luke,
Of whome Chaucer treatés into his buke;”

and the most eminent of all the Scottish poets, William Dunbar, closes his “Golden Targe” by saying,—

“O reverend Chaucere! rose of rhetorike all,
As in our tongue ane flower imperiall
That raise in Britaine evir, who read is right.
Thou bearis of Makers the triumph reall;
Thy fresshe enamelled termes celestial,
This matter could illuminate half full bright,
Was thou nocht of our English all the light,
Surmounting every tongue terrestrial,
As far as Mayis morrow does midnight!”

Of Gower and Lydgate he speaks in similar terms, as may be seen in reference to chapter eleventh, in which the character of Dunbar, and the nature of his poems are explained at large. “Another distinguished poet of that era was Gawin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, —a man illustrious by his birth, and still more illustrious by his talents and virtues.” He is also found among the praisers of English poets, *e. g.*,—

“Geoffrey Chaucer, as a *per se* sans peer,
In his vulgare, and moral John Goweir.”

In chapter twelfth, his “Palace of Honour,” translation of “Virgil,” &c., are described and quoted.

A comic tale, entitled “The Friars of Berwick,” and “The Three Tales of the Three Priests of Peebles”—anonymous productions—are told in epitomes in chapter thirteenth; and we pass on in chapter fourteenth to “a period which was fertile in Scottish verse; and the poet who next presents himself has likewise left some excellent specimens of Scottish prose. This poet is John Bellenden, a dignitary of the church, whose personal history is still

involved in some degree of obscurity," whom Sir David Lindsay calls,—

"Ane cunning clerk, who writeth craftily,
Ane plant of poets called Bellendyne,
Whose ornate work my wit cannot define."

Inglis, Wedderburn, and Barclay, author of "The Ship of Fools," are also reviewed in the same chapter.

"Confessedly entitled to a very respectable station in the early annals of Scottish poetry" is Sir David Lindsay, descended from a younger branch of the family of Lord Lindsay of Byres," whose "writings tended to prepare the public mind for a systematic attempt to overthrow the papal superstition, and to introduce a more pure and rational form of worship." "The interval between the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VIII., which comprehends nearly a century, although uncommonly rich in Scotch poets of distinguished excellence, does not furnish us with a single name among the natives of England deserving of much notice. When England produced only obscure versifiers, Scotland could boast of King James, Henry the Minstrel, Henryson, Dunbar, Douglas, Lindsay, and various other writers of genius. James V. was likewise a poet; and his court seems to have been frequented by many votaries of the Muse." Lindsay is the author of the earliest specimen that is now to be found of the genuine Scottish drama, acted at Cupar, 1535,—to an account of which chapter sixteenth is devoted. Chapter seventeenth supplies some curious out-of-the-way illustrations of the early religious poetry of the Scottish reformation; but the details are too minute for brief mention. Chapter eighteenth contains a bird's-eye view of the secular poetry of the same time. Chapter nineteenth is chiefly expository of the writings of "one of the most sprightly and elegant poets of that age"—Alexander Scott, whose verses were generally "founded on subjects of an amatory kind, and discover no inconsiderable degree of fancy and harmony."

After a concise mention of various contemporaries of Scott, we are led in chapter twentieth into other company. "Among the respectable names which occur in our literary annals of the sixteenth century, we find that of Alexander Arbuthnot, principal of King's College, Aberdeen, who is highly commended for his learning and moderation, two qualities which are not always united in the same individual," and "Robert Semple, whom some writers, on very doubtful evidence, have represented as a Scottish peer," both of whose lives and poems are the chief topics of chapter twenty. The next chapter (twenty-one) continues the narrative of the Scottish drama from the time spoken of in chapter sixteen to the commencement of the seventeenth century, in which various fragments of information are collected on a topic little written about, and almost forgotten; yet of great interest, especially as reflecting some light on the tastes and recreations of our northern neighbours, and how they conducted themselves to Shakspeare's company of English

players in Edinburgh and in Aberdeen. Chapter twenty-second names a number of minor minstrels, *e. g.*, Wm. and Thos. Hudson; Wm. Fowler, translator of Petrarch; Mrs. Anne Hume, another redactor of Petrarch; Stewart, of Baldynneis, the abridger and translator of Ariosto; John Burrell, burgess of Edinburgh; John Napier, of Merchistan, inventor of logarithms, commentator on "Revelation," and poet; Alexander Hume, of Polwarth; James Melville, a Presbyterian clergyman; Lady Culross; James Cockburne; George Musket, &c., mostly "pious versifiers." A considerable proportion of chapter twenty-third is devoted to James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, who in 1584, "when he had only reached the age of eighteen, published his earliest work, under the title of "The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie," "Poetical Exercises at Vacant Hours," 1591; "Basilikon Doron," 1599. His "Works" were published in the year of Shakspeare's death, 1616. As the author speaks of James's translation of the Psalms, he proceeds to notice those also of Zachary Boyd; Sir William Moore, of Rowallan; Francis Rouse, &c., and the authorized (Scottish) version of the Psalter. In chapter twenty-fourth the author complains, "The remainder of our subject presents little more than a barren waste, an extended wilderness interspersed with very few spots of verdure." He then proceeds to consider the life and merits of Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling. His literary offspring was numerous; the most prominent of these are his "Monarchicke Tragedies,"—Cæsus, 1604; Darius, 1603; Alexander, 1607; and Julius Cæsar, 1607. "He is rather the poet of sentiment than of imagination; his works are less frequently distinguished by bold flights of fancy, than by a philosophical vein of reflection; but he often displays considerable vigour of conception, and expresses his thoughts with suitable force and dignity. His plays are not in their spirit very dramatic." We next pass to Ben Jonson's friend, William Drummond, of Hawthornden, many of whose beautiful sonnets are quoted. The excellence of his versification has often been deservedly extolled by English critics, and it can scarcely be doubted that he, rather than Waller, Denham, or Dryden, is the first introducer of a smooth and polished versification. Accounts are then given of Sir Robert Aytoun; Sir D. Murray; Sir R. Kerr, Earl of Ancrum; James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, &c. Chapter twenty-fifth enters on "a very barren field, in which the labourers are neither conspicuous for their merit nor their numbers." He mentions in it Alexander Gordon, Professor of Philosophy in Aberdeen, and charitably hopes "that his philosophy was better than his poetry;" Sir James Semple, of Beltrees, who was himself a poet, and the father and grandfather of poets; Robert, his son, and Francis, his grandson, were full of the "Parnassian veine." Then we read of William Clelland, of Alexander Pennecuik, M.D., "a gentleman by birth, and more by mind;" to him another Alexander Pennecuik, "burgess and guild brother of Edinburgh," succeeds; William Hamilton, of Gilbert-

field, follows; and the work concludes with a notice of the ballad of Hardy Knute and of Lady Wardlaw, the second daughter of Sir Charles Halket, of Pitferren, who was born in 1677, and in 1696 became the wife of Sir Henry Wardlaw, a gentleman of Fifeshire. She died about 1727, and has been frequently represented as the authoress of "Hardy Knute."

We have now supplied our readers with a running account of the main contents of the volume. We must, however, mention that the Notes, of which we have not yet spoken, are remarkable, not only for their accurate references to the bibliography of the subject, but for their interesting allusions to many curious points. To all students of literature of the period *inter* Chaucer and Shakspeare, we commend the book as a useful, and in some sort an absolutely essential supplement to ordinary literary histories. The variety of matter, and the excellent though formal style of the treatise make it a valuable one for libraries of literary associations. Its points of contact with English literature are many and striking. We are glad that the book has been published, as it fills up a want in our common books, and we regret that its author did not live to reap the profit and the praise which are his due for its production. Dr. Carlyle deserves the gratitude of scholars for his labour of love on the work.

OXFORD DEGREES AND OPEN SCHOLARSHIPS.—The B.A. degree at Oxford is now attainable for scholarship by all, and the injustice of requiring conformity to the Church of England as a preliminary to the M.A. degree is not likely to be much longer continued. The following announcement may interest those who are prepared to compete this year:—"Oxford, Feb. 18.—On Saturday, the 14th of April, there will be holden in Merton College an election to—One Classical Postmastership, value £100 per annum, tenable for five years; one Mathematical Postmastership, value £80 per annum, tenable for five years; one Jackson Scholarship (classical), value £60 per annum, tenable for five years—candidates for the Postmasterships and the Jackson Scholarship must be under twenty years of age; one Bible Clerkship, tenable for four years; two Exhibitions of £25 per annum, tenable for three years. Candidates are requested to send to the Warden, on or before the 9th of April, testimonials of conduct and certificates of age, and in the case of the Bible Clerkship certificates that they are in need of such assistance. The examination will begin on Tuesday, the 10th of April, at 9.30 a.m. There will be an examination at Wadham College on Friday, the 11th of May, and following days, for not less than three open scholarships, tenable for five years, and of the value of £72 a year. In the election to one of them, much weight will be given to proficiency in mathematics. Candidates, who must be under twenty years of age, are to call on the Warden on Thursday, the 19th of May, at four o'clock, with testimonials of good conduct, and certificates of baptism, and of the date of birth."

The Inquirer.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

601. What are the best and most impartial works on the life and times of Oliver Cromwell?—T. H. PETERS.

602. What biographies of Benjamin Franklin may be considered the most authentic?—T. H. P.

603. Will any of your able correspondents kindly supply me with an epitome of what geology furnishes relative to the origin of man on the globe, —whether he is, as some suppose, a development from the lower animals, or a distinct creation, as the Bible declares him to be.—INQUIRER.

604. I enclose an extract from a speech delivered about two months ago by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and which was then fully reported in the *Times*. It is—"By writing out a page at a time of writers like Addison or Macaulay, their words will become familiar to you, and the collocation of words in sentences will become almost habitual, so that you will insensibly become *good writers* and *perhaps great orators*." I should like the opinion of readers of the *British Controversialist*, whether or no the plan here recommended is the speediest and best method of attaining the power of public speaking and of elegant composition.—B. A.

605. May I beg the favour of you, or some of your correspondents, informing me the best work on arithmetic, in which logarithms are fully explained. On all railways they give the *per-centage to receipts*, which would take up a very long time in working out by proportion. Doubtless there are several gentlemen who take in your valuable book who are connected with railways, and who could give the information I require.—J. S. B.

606. Wanted by a reader a full

account of William Archer Butler, M.A., late Professor of Moral Philosophy in T. C. D., Dublin, mentioning his contributions to philosophy and their value and characteristics.—G. P. H.

607. Is there any book published on the Moral History of Man, in connection with the philosophy of history? If so, please give publisher.—G. P. H.

608. Which are the best and most reliable editions and English translations of the works of Plato and Aristotle? Are there any helps, analyses, or notes published by way of assistance towards the better understanding of these difficult authors?—G. P. H.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

574. The following definitions I quote from J. S. Mill's "Principles of Political Economy :—" "In every department of human affairs, practice long preceded science; systematic inquiry into the modes of action of the powers of nature is the tardy product of a long course of efforts to use those powers for practical ends. The conception, accordingly, of political economy, as a branch of science, is extremely modern; but the subject with which its inquiries are conversant has in all ages necessarily constituted one of the chief practical interests of mankind, and in some a most unduly engrossing one. That subject is wealth. Writers on political economy profess to teach or to investigate the nature of wealth, and the laws of its production and distribution; including, directly or remotely, the operation of all the causes by which the condition of mankind, or of any society of human beings, in respect to this universal object of human desire, is made prosperous or the reverse. Not

that any treatise on political economy can discuss or even enumerate all these causes; but it undertakes to set forth as much as is known of the laws and principles according to which they operate."—G. H.

577. I beg to refer J. Allen to the two following works,—1. "History of British Journalism from the Foundation of the Newspaper Press in England to the Repeal of the Stamp Act in 1855; with Sketches of Celebrities." By Alexander Andrews. 2 vols., post 8vo. (Bentley, 1859). This History commences with the earliest newspapers, the *Acta Diurna* of the Romans, the *Gazzettas* of Venice, touches upon written news, news correspondents, traces the growth of printed news, and brings down the history of journalism to the present moment. The following note on this work occurs in "Notes and Queries," second series, vol. vii., p. 119:—"In these two volumes Mr. Andrews has poured out the contents of his notebooks, which he describes as most confusedly crammed with memoranda, statistics, and anecdotes connected with newspapers and their writers; and in so far has done his part towards the great work which has yet to be written on the History of the Periodical Press in England. Till that appears, Mr. Andrews's book must be accepted as a pleasant gossiping, though not always accurate substitute." 2. "Popular Outlines of the Press, Ancient and Modern; or, a Brief Sketch of the Origin and Progress of Printing, and its introduction into this country; with a notice of the Newspaper Press." By Charles A. Macintosh (Wertheim and Macintosh, 1859). The following note is from the same source as the above:—"This little work is of a more technical character than the preceding; yet, like Mr. Andrews's, is a useful contribution to the history of our periodical press,—made the more agreeable by the anecdotes which are interspersed through its pages."—G. H.

583. The Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature with which I am best ac-

quainted is Kitto's, and I consider it a valuable and learned work, incorporating the results of the labours of the most recent writers on theological science and Biblical criticism. Its distinguishing features are—1. Ability of its editorial and literary department. It numbers among its contributors the names of Alexander, Brown, Cairns, Candlish, Beard, Credner, Davidson, Delitach, Doran, Eadie, Farrar, Ewald, Goold, Gotch, Havernick, Holmes, Jamieson, Kitto, F. R. Lees, M'Causland, Madden, Mansel, Newman, Newth, Poole, Porter, Royle, Hamilton Smith, Pye Smith, Stebbing, Tholuck, Wright. The geographical and descriptive articles are by Dr. Kitto and Professor Porter, both of whom have an intimate acquaintance with those scenes which they describe. 2. It does not confine itself to the dry details which may be found in a mere dictionary of the Bible, but branches out into the wide and interesting field of Biblical literature. It is particularly rich in its natural history and geographical articles; and those in the various departments of biography, literary history of the books of Holy Writ, Biblical antiquities, Biblical interpretation and criticism, receive that prominent attention which is due to their importance. 3. The new edition comprises notices of the lives of and works of Biblical scholars, including the Fathers; and the notices of Jewish writers and works supply information not easily accessible elsewhere. Much attention has also been paid to the religious and literary archaeology of the Hebrews, and the work is illustrated with steel and wood engravings, maps, and charts. 4. In connection with the biographies, the general index to the work will contain references to the writings and commentaries therein named; thus bringing together, in alphabetical order, the most important works in Biblical literature. The work will be completed in three octavo volumes, two of which are published, and the third may be expected during the present year. It is published by Black.—G. H.

Our Collegiate Course; OR, AIDS TO SELF-CULTURE.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.

POPE'S "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."—PART III.

[Modern criticism—Erasmus, Vids, Boileau, Roscommon, Walsh, &c.]

At length Erasmus, (26) that great *injured* name
(The *glory* of the priesthood and the *shame!*),

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MEANINGS OF WORDS IN ITALICS, AS SUGGESTIONS FOR PARAPHRASING.

134. In the course of time; ill-used. | 135. Famous pupil; reviler.

(26) "Erasmus diffuses a lustre over his age which no other name among the learned supplies. The qualities which gave him this superiority were his quickness of apprehension united with much industry, his liveliness of fancy, his wit, and good sense. He is not a very profound thinker, but an acute observer; and the age for original thinking was hardly come. What there was of it in More produced little fruit. In extent of learning, no one, perhaps, was altogether his equal. Budeus, with more accurate scholarship, knew little of theology, and might be less ready, perhaps, in general literature than Erasmus. Longolius, Sadolet, and several others, wrote Latin far more elegantly; but they were of comparatively superficial erudition, and had neither his keen wit nor his vigour of intellect. As to theological learning, the great Lutheran divines must have been at least his equals in respect of scriptural knowledge; and some of them possessed an acquaintance with Hebrew, of which Erasmus knew nothing; but he had probably the advantage in the study of the fathers. It is to be observed that by far the preater part of his writings are theological. The rest either belong to philology and ancient learning, as the '*Adages*,' the '*Ciceroniana*,' and the various grammatical treatises; or may be reckoned effusions of his wit, as the '*Colloquia*,' and the '*Encomium Moris*.' . . . Through all the palaces of ignorance went forth a cry of terror at the coming light. 'A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament.' The aged giant was aroused from sleep, and sent his dark hosts of owls and bats to the war. One man above all the rest, Erasmus, cut them to pieces with irony or invective. They stood in the way of his noble zeal for the restoration of letters. He began his attack in his '*Encomium Moris*,' the '*Praise of Folly*.' This was addressed to Sir Thomas More, and published in 1511. It is a poignant satire against all professions of men, and even against princes and peers; but the chief objects are the mendicant order of monks. 'Though this sort of men,' says he, 'are so detested by every one, that it is reckoned unlucky so much as to meet them by accident; they think nothing equal to themselves, and hold it a proof of their consummate piety if they are so illiterate as not to be able to read. And when their asinine voices bray out in the churches their psalms, of which they understand the notes, but not the words, then it is they fancy that the ears of the saints above are enraptured with the harmony,' and so forth. In this sentence Erasmus intimates what is abundantly confirmed by other testimony, that the

*Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals (27) off the stage,
But see ! each muse in Leo's (28) golden days,*

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136. Stopped; uncivilized time.

137. Chased; religious; from.

mendicant orders had lost their ancient hold upon the people. There was a growing sense of the abuses prevailing in the Church, and a desire for more scriptural and spiritual religion. Erasmus was soon in a state of war with the monks; and in his second edition of the New Testament, printed in 1518, the notes, it is said, are full of invectives against them.—*Hallam's "Literature of Europe,"* Vol. I., Part 1, ch. iv., pp. 279—290.

(27) *Vandal* signifies a wanderer. The Vandals were one of the most barbarous of the northern nations or tribes which invaded Rome in the fifth century A.D. They were notorious for destroying anything artistic or literary, and hence the term has passed into one of reproach, as signifying any one hostile to literature or art, and therefore one barbarous and illiterate.

(28) "On the death of Julius II., 1513, Cardinal de Medici was chosen Pope at the early age of 37, under the name of Leo X. His first appointment of the two great scholars Bembo and Sadolet as his secretaries was a pledge of the favour towards learning which was the characteristic of his pontificate; but he did not neglect the more material interests of the Church and the Roman See. He brought to a successful conclusion the Fifth Council of the Lateran, and the schism which was threatened by the rival Council of Pisa. He concluded a concordat with Francis I. of France, which continued to regulate the French Church till the Revolution. In the political relations of the Roman See, he consolidated, and in some degree extended, the re-conquests of his warlike predecessor, Julius II., although he also used his position and his influence for the aggrandizement of his family. His desertion of the alliance of Francis I. for that of his young rival Charles V., although the subject of much criticism, was dictated by a sound consideration of the interests of Italy. But it is most of all as a patron of learning and art that the reputation of Leo has lived with posterity. Himself a scholar, he loved learning for its own sake; and his court was the meeting-point for all the scholars of Italy and the world. He founded a Greek college in Rome, and established a free press, which he endowed munificently. In the encouragement of art he was no less munificent. Painting, sculpture, architecture, were equally favoured; and it is to his vast project for the rebuilding of St. Peter's, and to the step to which he had recourse for procuring the necessary funds—his permitting the preaching of an indulgence, one of the conditions of obtaining which was the contribution to this work—that the first rise of the Reformation in Germany is ascribed. He himself seems to have regarded the movement as of little importance, describing it as a squabble among the friars; and though he condemned the propositions of Luther, and issued a commission to inquire into his doctrines, his measures, on the whole, were not marked by much severity. His personal habits were in keeping with his taste—splendid and munificent in the highest degree; but in his moral conduct he maintained a strict propriety, and his character, though not free from the stain of nepotism, the vice of that age, and more modelled on the ideal of an intelligent prince than that of a zealous and ascetic Churchman, was beyond all imputation of unworthiness or irregularity. His death, which occurred rather suddenly, during the public rejoicings in Rome for the taking of Milan, was by some ascribed to poison; but there seems no solid reason for the suspicion. It took place December 1, 1521, in the 46th year of his age."—*Chambers's "Encyclopædia,"* Vol. VI., *sub nomine*.

<i>Starts from her trance, and tries her withered bays; (29)</i>	
Rome's ancient genius o'er its ruins spread	140
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.	
Then Sculpture and her sister arts revive; (30)	
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live:	
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;	
A Raphael (31) painted, and a Vida (32) sung.	145
139. Arouses; insensibility; arranges.	

(29) "Italy, in the sixteenth century, was remarkable for the number of her literary academies—institutions which, though by no means peculiar to her, have in no other country been so general or so conspicuous. We have already taken notice of that established by Aldus Manutius at Venice, early in this century, and of those of older date, which had enjoyed the patronage of princes at Florence and Naples, as well as of that which Pomponius Lætus and his associates, with worse auspices, had endeavoured to form at Rome. The Roman Academy, after a long season of persecution or neglect, revived in the genial reign of Leo X.; 'Those were happy days,' says Sadolet in 1529, writing to Angelo Colocci, a Latin poet of some reputation, 'when in your suburban gardens, or mine on the Quirinal, or in the Circus, or by the banks of the Tiber, we held those meetings of learned men all recommended by their own virtues, and by public reputation. Then it was that, after a repast which the wit of the guests rendered exquisite, we heard poems or orations recited to our great delight, productions of the ingenious Casanova, the sublime Vida, the elegant and correct Bervaldo, and many others still living, or now no more.' Corycius, a wealthy German, encouraged the good-humoured emulation of these Roman luminaries. But the miserable reverse that, not long after the death of Leo, befell Rome, put an end to this Academy, which was afterwards replaced by others of less fame."—*Hallam's "Literature of Europe,"* Vol. I., Part I, ch. ix., p. 471.

(30) "The commencement of the sixteenth century is an immortal period in the art of painting—the zenith of that sublime art. Italy had never been adorned by so many men of genius. Raphael, the unparalleled painter, Michael Angelo, the painter, architect, sculptor, engraver, poet—sublime in all, Benvenuto Cellini, Leonardo da Vinci, a painter also and a scientific genius, who had prophetic gleams of some of our most marvellous modern discoveries—such as the power of steam, for instance,—Titian the Veronese; in literature the poets Ariosto, Trissino, and Aretino; the historians Machiavelli, Guicciardini, and others, all were the admiration and envy of Europe. In the meantime musical art was also advancing, and the taste for it becoming very popular; you can hear still yearly in the Sistine Chapel the inspired strains of Palestrina, and that 'Miserere' the expression of which is in harmony with the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo. A glorious epoch, which the visitors of Rome cannot contemplate without emotion, and without experiencing the purifying influence of the fine arts."—*L. R. De Vericour's "Christian Civilization,"* p. 274.

(31) Raphael Santi was born in Urbino, 1483. * His father, Giovanni Santi, gave him his earliest teaching in art. After his death his uncles placed him under Pietro Perugino. He removed to Florence, and latterly to Rome. He had chief charge of the building of the new Basilica of St. Peter's at Rome, being appointed head architect by Leo X. in August, 1515. His paintings are regarded as unrivalled in their own peculiar style, and his name has become a common term for the designation of a great painter. He died at Rome in 1520, when he had exactly completed his thirty-seventh year.

(32) "Vida of Cremona is not by any means less celebrated than Sannazarius;

Immortal Vida! on whose honoured brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
 Cremona (33) now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, (34) next in fame.
 But soon, by *impious arms* from Latium (35) chased, 150
 Their *ancient bounds* the banished Muses passed: (36)

150. Unholy weapons; driven.

| 151. Olden limits; overstepped.

his poem on the 'Art of Poetry,' and that on the 'Game of Chess,' were printed in 1527; the 'Christiad,' an epic poem, as perhaps it deserves to be called, in 1535; and that on 'Silkworms,' in 1537. Vida's precepts are clear and judicious, and we admire in his 'Game of Chess' especially, and the poem on 'Silkworms,' the skill with which the dry rules of art, and descriptions the most apparently irreducible to poetical conditions, fall into his elegant and classical language. It has been observed that he is the first who laid down rules for imitative harmony, illustrating them by his own example. The 'Christiad' shows not so much, I think, of Vida's great talents, at least in poetical language; but the subject is better managed than by Sannazarus. Yet notwithstanding some brilliant passages, among which the conclusion of the second book 'De Arte Poetica' is prominent, Vida appears to me far inferior to the Neapolitan poet. His versification is often hard and spondaic, the elisions too frequent; and even where the subject best admits of it, not always so elevated as we should desire."—Hallam's "*Literature of Europe*," Vol. I., Part 1, ch. viii., p. 431.

(33) *Cremona*, a Roman colony in the north of Italy, near the confluence of the Adda and the Po. It suffered much in the civil wars of Antony and Augustus, Vitellius and Vespasian. Mark Jerome Vida was born in Cremona, its chief town, in 1490. He was a professed imitator of the Latin poet Virgil, and composed the "Christiad" after the pattern of the "*Æneid*."

(34) *Mantua*, a town in Cis-Alpine Gaul, on an island in the river Mincio; in the neighbourhood of which, at Andes, B.C. 70, Virgil was born. The two towns are mentioned together in the following line in Virgil's ninth Eclogue:—

"Mantua, vae nimium miseræ vicinæ Cremonæ;"

and Silius Italicus calls it, "Mantua, home of the Muses."

(35) *Latium*, a country in Italy, originally meaning the small district between the Tiber and the Numicus, but used for all Italy; as Virgil says,—

"Is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis
 Composuit, legesque dedit, Latiumque vocari
 Maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutus in oris."

(36) "Although the reigns of Charles V. and of Philip II. appear amongst the most brilliant in history, for the triumphs of the human mind, in the career both of letters and of art, we must not forget that it was also the fatal period when chains were forged to subdue the intellect of mankind, and when genius, arrested in its course, was compelled to retrace its steps. These monarchs, who reaped the advantage of the munificent labours of their predecessors, failed to scatter, in their turn, the seeds of civilization; and as the harvest of the human mind requires half a century to bring it to perfection, every province subjected to their dominion was, after the expiration of that time, doomed to the general fate of sterility. It is almost impossible to convey an idea of the suspicious yet lethargic nature of the Spanish government under the three Philips (Philip II., III., and IV.) over nearly one-half of Italy; embracing the Milanese, Naples, Sicily, and Sardinia. It ex-

Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance;
 But critic-learning flourished most in France;
 The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
 And Boileau (37) still in right of Horace sways.

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tended likewise, with scarcely less authority, over the territories of the Pope, and over the dukedoms of Italy, which had occasion to solicit its protection. Enormous duties, unequally and absurdly exacted, destroyed commerce, and exhausted and depopulated the country; while governors enriched themselves by cruel and overwhelming extortions, which excited a universal feeling of hatred and contempt against the blind infatuation and injustice of such a system. The course of interminable war in which the court of Madrid persisted during the whole period that the house of Austria wielded the sceptre of Spain, had drained the finest provinces of their wealth and population, and left them open to the annual depredations of the Turks, to the invasion of the French, to the masked wars of the Piedmontese, and to the resistance of German and Spanish troops, even more to be dreaded than the enemy. All free inquiry was considered in the light of an attack upon the Government; while the liberty of the press was rigidly prohibited to its subjects, as well as the least discussion relating to public affairs."—*Sismondi's "Literature of the South of Europe" (Bohn), ch. xvi., p. 442.*

(37) Boileau's "fundamental doctrine was that 'reason is the soul of writing, and truth its only object.'

'Aimez-vous la Raison; que toujours vos écrits,
 Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
 Rien n'est beau que vrai; le vrai seul est aimable.'

"The various rules which he lays down are but particular applications of this great principle to the various kinds of composition. It was thus that Boileau fulfilled the mission of 'the legislator of Parnassus'—a title which was accorded to him by the unanimous voice of his age. The doctrines thus established were somewhat more than the work of one superior genius. They were the literary creed of the greatest poets then living; and had been, it is believed, carefully discussed with Molière, Racine, La Fontaine, and Chapelle."—*"Handbook of French Literature," by Margaret Foster, p. 164.*

"It commences with some general rules and introductory principles. The second book touches on elegiac and lyric poetry, which are not only cursorily referred to by Horace, but are introduced by him in that part of his epistle which corresponds to this portion of the present work. The third, which is the most important and by much the longest of the piece, chiefly treats, in the manner of Horace, of dramatic poetry; and the concluding book is formed on the last section of the 'Epistle to the Pisos;' the author, however, omitting the description of the frantic bard, and terminating his critical work with a panegyric on his sovereign. Of all the modern arts of poetry Boileau's is the best. It is remarkable for the brevity of its precepts, the exactness of its method, the perspicacity of the remarks, the propriety of the metaphors; and it proved of the utmost utility to his own nation, in diffusing a just mode of thinking and writing, in banishing every species of false wit, and introducing a pure taste for the simplicity of the ancients. Boileau, at the conclusion of his last book, avows, and glories, as it were, in the charge that his work is founded on that of Horace:—

'Pour moi, qui jusqu'ici nourri dans la satire,
 N'ose encore manier la trompette et la lyre,

But we brave Britons foreign laws despised,
 And kept unconquered and uncivilized;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit and bold,
 We still defied the Romans as of old.
 Yet some there were among the sounder few, 160
 Of those who less presumed and better knew,
 Who *durst assert* the *juster* ancient cause,
 And here restored wit's *fundamental laws*.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell (38)
 "Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well" ! 165
 Such was Roscommon, (39) not more learn'd than good,

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--|
| 157. Remained unvanquished; rude. | 162. Ventured to defend; more correct. |
| 158. Bold; freedom; intelligence | |
| 159. Yore. | 163. Reinstated; most essential rules. |

*Vous me venez pourtant, dans ce champ glorieux;
 Vous offrir ces leçons, que ma Muse au Parnasse,
 Rapports, jeune encore, du commerce d'Horace.'*

(As for me, I heretofore have been nourished in satire;
 Of war and love I dare not yet attempt the matter;
 Hereafter you may find me in these glorious fields.
 That which my Muse brings from Parnass I offer,
 Gathered while young from Horace's rich coffer.)"

Boyd's Anthon's "Horace," p. 590.

(38) John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, was born 1649. He was nicknamed Lord Allpride. He pursued a military career in his youth, and in James II.'s time took to statecraft. He offended James by making love to his daughter, and made amends for his presumption by pretending, though a sceptic in heart, to become a convert to Popery. At the Revolution he plighted his faith to William III. Queen Anne heaped honours on him—offering even to make him Lord Chancellor. He was a man of great ability, lax faith, and loose morals. He was one of the first orators of his time. His prose writings are lively, vigorous, and agreeable; but his poems, though praised by his contemporaries—Roscommon, Dryden, Pope, &c.—scarcely rise above mediocrity. They are sensible, plain, and easy-going, but not at all musical or imaginative. His chief efforts in this line are an "Essay on Satire" and an "Essay on Poetry." The latter of these Pope revised. Sheffield died in 1721.

(39) Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, an Irishman by birth, was the son of James Dillon, third earl, and Elizabeth Wentworth, sister of the Earl of Strafford, who became godfather to the boy, born 1633; and who, on the outbreking of disturbances in Ireland, took him to his seat in Yorkshire to be educated. When Strafford was disgraced, Dillon was sent to Caen, where he studied under Bochart. He afterwards studied in Italy, especially in Rome. After a brief stay in Ireland he settled in London. At the Restoration he got a pension. He was appointed Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. He married Lady Frances, daughter of the Duke of Burlington, and widow of Colonel Courtenay. He died in 1684, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works are an "Essay on Translated Verse," 1680; Horace's "Art of Poetry," translated into English blank verse, 1680. "Prologues and Epilogues to Plays," &c., 1684. He was accounted most excellent in the art of poetry. Pope elsewhere says of him,—

With manners generous as his noble blood:
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh, (40) the Muse's judge and friend, 170
 Who *justly knew to blame* or to commend:
 To *failings mild*, but *zealous for desert*;
 The *clearest head*, and the *sincerest heart*.
 This humble praise, lamented shade, receive,
 This *praise*, at least, a *grateful Muse* may give; 175
 The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and *pruned her tender wing*
 (Her guide now lost), no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries;
 Content if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view, 180
 The *learn'd reflect on what before* they knew:
Careless of censure, not too *fond of fame*;
 Still *pleased to praise*, yet not *afraid to blame*;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
 Not *free from faults*, nor yet too *vain to mend*. 185

171. Rightly understood; condemn; praise.

172. Imperfections kindly; eager in befriending; merit.

173. Most penetrating intellect; most honest.

175. Commendation; thankful; bestow.

177. Advised; efforts; criticized; early flight.

181. Cultured think over again; previously.

182. Headless; harsh judgment; eager for renown.

183. Delighted; inclined to flinch; finding fault.

184. Disinclined equally; praise injudiciously; injure heedlessly.

185. Unchargeable with; egotistical; endeavour to improve.

"In all Charles's days
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays."

And in Hardis's "Village Curate," 1788, he is characterized as follows:—

"Roscommon fills with elegant remark
 His verse as elegant; unspotted lines
 Flow from a mind unspotted as themselves."

"He is," says Johnson, "elegant, but not great; he never labours after exquisite beauties, but he seldom falls into gross faults. . . . He improved taste if he did not enlarge knowledge. . . . He is perhaps the only correct writer in verse before Addison." "It was," Dryden confesses in his "Miscellanies," "my Lord Roscommon's 'Essay on Translated Verse,' which made me uneasy till I tried whether or no I was capable of following his rules, and of reducing his speculation into practice."

(40) William Walsh was born, 1663, at Abberley, Worcestershire, and educated at Wadham College, Oxford. He aided Pope in his studies in his early career, and took him as a guest to his country seat. He went to London, gained the character of a man of fashion, a critic, scholar, and poet; was made Gentleman of the Horse to Queen Anne, and represented Richmond, in Yorkshire, in Parliament. His chief works are "A Dialogue concerning Women," "Letters and Poems," &c. Dr. Johnson calls them "pages of inanity;" but they secured the praises of Dryden, and Pope, who had experienced his kindness, never forgot the man while speaking of the poet. He died in 1708, shortly before the issue of the "Art of Criticism."

Literary Notes.

THOMAS SHEDDEN, M.A., author of "Elements of Logic," has in the press "Essays on Philosophical Subjects."

A thorough "Discussion on Hamilton *versus* Mill" is announced as nearly ready in Edinburgh. We have reason for believing that it will be a product of the pen of Mr. T. Collyns Simon, an idealist of the purest water.

A version of Chrysostom on the Priesthood is in preparation by Rev. B. H. Cooper, editor of the *Journal of Sacred Literature*.

Alexander Smith has written a sequel to "Alfred Hagart's Household," entitled "Miss Oona McQuarrie," which has been published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, Boston, U.S.

A poem on a classical subject is reported as engaging the labours of the Laureate.

An autobiography of John Gibson, the Welsh sculptor of the "Tinted Venus," &c., is said to be in MS.

Miss Isa Craig is commandress of the *Argosy*.

F. Ruckert, the German poet (b. 1789), died 31st Dec., 1865.

"A Year in Sweden with Fredrika Bremer," translated, is announced as from the pen of a daughter of William and Mary Howitt.

To the multitude of translations of Homer already issued it is reported that Mr. Gladstone is about to add one.

T. L. Peacock, novelist, the friend of Shelley, died Jan. 29th.

The delegates of the Oxford press have undertaken the preparation of a series of good school books and manuals in the departments of classics, history, physical science, English language and literature, mathematics, modern languages, &c.

A biography of Walter Savage Landor, from the life-giving pen of the author of the "Memoirs of Goldsmith," "Sir John Eliot," &c., Mr. John Forster, could scarcely fail to be valuable; and this, it is said, we are to have.

J. J. Bennett, of the British Museum, is editing the collected botanical works of his predecessor, Robert Brown, for the Ray Society.

The Early English Text Society, established 1864, is progressing favourably, and proposes to issue for this year to its subscribers twelve texts of scarce books or unique MSS.

A five-act historico-spectacular play, "The Life and Death of Raleigh," has been issued from the poetic mint of M. F. Tupper, and is to be put on the stage.

A "Key to the 'Don Quixote' of Cervantes" is to be issued by Mr. Rawdon Brown.

A Bibliography of Craniology is about to be reissued by Dr. B. Davis, author of "Crania Britannica."

Schiller's beautiful and philosophical "Lay of the Bell," which has been translated so happily both by Merivale and Bulwer, has been issued in a Latin version at Berlin.

Mrs. Elizabeth Charles is the authoress of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," &c.

W. T. Brande, author of a "Manual of Chemistry," editor of "Dictionary of Literature, Science, and Art," &c., died on the 11th inst.

Rev. E. H. Perowne has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer for the year.

Mrs. John Bakewell, authoress of religious and educational works, died at Fenton, aged 66.

Francis Fry, Esq., of Bristol, has issued a "Description of the Great Bible of 1539," with extracts, facsimiles, &c.

Mrs. Everett Green, in succession to Mr. Lemon, is calendaring the State Papers of the Elizabethan era.

A Critical Biography of Comté, and an estimate of his philosophy, on the adverse side, is promised by an able writer who contributed a paper on Comté to the *British Quarterly Review* in its early days.

Modern Logicians.

WILLIAM WHEWELL, D.D., F.R.S., &c.—THE LOGIC OF SCIENCE.

"One attempt, a bold and successful one, has been made in our own day to unite the history of science and the logic of inductive discovery—I mean 'the history and philosophy of the inductive sciences.' An English philosopher of wonderful versatility, industry, and power, has erected a permanent monument to his reputation in a voluminous work bearing the preceding title."—*Professor J. D. Forbes.*

THE University of Cambridge has given not a few names of renown to the history of philosophy. In it the great reformer of scientific investigation,—

"Large-browed Verulam,
The king of those who know,"

planned his new logic, not of argumentation but of arts. The prodigious learning of Ralph Cudworth was there expended in protesting against Hobbes of Oxford, in maintaining the doctrine of an "immutable morality," and in building up his "Intellectual System of the Universe." The "Psychozoia," and the "Divine Dialogues" of the Platonic Henry More, as well as the "Scepsis Scientifica" and the "Plus Ultra" of the philosophic Joseph Glanville, sprang from the revolt against Scholasticism, of which Cambridge was the scene and seat, in which Thomas Gale and Benjamin Whichcote took a part. The splendid erudition and the glowing piety of Dr. Isaac Barrow at once warmed and illumined divinity, while his ingenious intellect gave added attractiveness to mathematical studies in Cambridge; where also the glorious mind of Sir Isaac Newton was trained to unveil the mystery of the universe. At Cambridge Dr. Edmund Law prelected on casuistry, inquired into the origin and nature of our ideas of space and time, and studied the writings of John Locke with an ardour which became contagious. David Hartley, the founder of modern sensationalism, the philosophic master of James Mill, of John S. Mill, of Alexander Bain and Herbert Spencer, was a student in that University. William Paley, the *protégé* of Edmund Law, was the moral and political philosopher of Cambridge *par excellence* during the latter part of the previous century. The name of Samuel Taylor Coleridge is written on the roll-book of Cambridge philosophers. To its more modern names there fall to be added that of Augustus De Morgan, whose reputation is great in all lands, not only as one of the most original

and accurate mathematicians of our times, but also as the projector of extensions and improvements in "Formal Logic,"—one of the keenest-witted of living controversialists; and that of (now, alas the late) William Whewell, D.D., Master of Trinity, widely known as a sagacious thinker, a notable mathematician, a profound scholar, an unwearied student of science, and an elaborate expositor of the history and philosophy of inductive discovery and scientific thought,—one of the most remarkable thinkers of this age on the Logic of Science. Of both of these distinguished investigators of the forms and the results of logical and scientific thought we have long intended to speak at some length; but the multitude of their writings, the intimacy of their relations to the whole cycle of ancient learning and modern research, and the difficulty as well as the presumption of attempting to epitomize such extraordinary labours as those for which they have made the world their debtors, have deterred us once and again.

The sad circumstance of Dr. Whewell's death has occasioned a curiosity regarding his writings and the events of his life, which is not adequately provided with gratification by the obituary compendiums which the news sheets supply; while these notices, interesting as they may happen to be, do not usually take a form such as supplies guidance to students in the use of the writings, by pointing out what is to be found in them, or a due application of the life-lessons to be learned from his efforts and doings. We intend, in the sequel of this paper, to set before the reader a concise outline of Dr. Whewell's life, some slight notices of his chief accomplishments as an author and thinker, and a synopsis of his views on the logic of science—such as we understand it, and have been able to bring together, from the materials at hand, and in the brief interval allotted to us for preparation. Imperfect as our sketch must be, the nobleness of the life, the excellence of the thoughts, the splendour of the labours of Dr. Whewell cannot fail to impart interest and value to our narrative, for it is a life in which effort, industry, perseverance, thoughtfulness, and duty are seen reaping the rewards of honour, progress, respect, and affectionate homage. It is a life, too, which links itself with many controversies,—with the members of the Syndicate on the reforms in teaching requisite in the university; with Sir William Hamilton on the logical value of mathematical training, on the principles of university education, and on our attainment of a knowledge of the qualities of matter; with John Stuart Mill, on necessary truths, on the forms and processes of induction, on utilitarianism as a system of morals, on the nature and classification of the sciences, and on some important questions in political economy; with Sir John Herschel, on the origin of scientific conceptions; with Sir David Brewster, on some of the theories involved in optics and meteorology; with Alexander Bain, on electrical science, and the place of experience in thinking; with G. H. Lewes and Comte, on the methods, progress, and development of the sciences; with the author (?) of "The Vestiges of Creation," on the relations of re-

ligion and science; with Baden Powell, on the unity or plurality of worlds; with the Benthamites, on the foundations of morals; with Lord Brougham, on political philosophy; with Sir G. C. Lewis, on causation in history; with Archbishop Whately, on the use of technical language; with Pugin and Rickman, on Gothic architecture; with Dean Alford and Professor Blackie, on English hexameters and the translation of Homer; and with many other parties on many other points,—quite sufficient to give bitterness to Sydney Smith's saying, "Science is his forte; omniscience is his foible;" but also enough to prove the vigour, energy, versatility, and industry of his mind, as well as the excellence and variety of the culture to which he had subjected it.

William Whewell was born at Lancaster, 24th May, 1794. His father was a carpenter and joiner, in humble circumstances, who had no idea of the eminence to which the young Lancastrian would rise, and who intended that his son should follow, like himself, a handicraft life at the bench. This fact, with the exaggeration of envy, perhaps, gave rise to a tradition in Cambridge that the notable man of science who had attained to the leadership of the learned society of that university-city had once in his youth worked as an apprentice at the anvil, which story led the waggish undergraduates, most reprehensibly, in a season of unpopularity, to salute his entrance into the Senate-House with the whistling of the tune of "The Harmonious Blacksmith." There is, we believe, no foundation in fact for the statement that he ever was a handicraftsman in the ordinary acceptation of the term. It is usually stated that he was entirely educated, under the Rev. Joseph Rowley, M.A., at the free grammar school of his native town, where he had Prof. Owen and Wm. Higgin, D.D., Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, as contemporaries. Our notes (which, however, are not authenticated by the name of our informant), collected some years ago in the neighbourhood, state that his father removed during William's boyhood to Milnathorpe, a member of the port of Lancaster, about fifteen miles northwards, on the Lune, situated in the parish of Heversham, in Westmoreland. Here, according to our information, in the free grammar school, founded in 1613, by Edward Wilson, Esq., William Whewell was farther and more highly educated; and here the eager-hearted boy made such progress as to induce his schoolmaster—whose name we have not learned—to remonstrate with the boy's father against condemning a lad of his talents to a workman's life. This gave great joy to the student-minded lad—his predilections were all for learning, and his delights were found in it. He united his own requests to his master's advising, and the struggle between the necessities of the day, and the futurity of a meritorious son, was decided by the boy's parents resolving to give him a chance to do something better for himself than they could manage to do for him. His diligence at and his interest in his tasks were redoubled. His energy overcame the difficulties that arose in his course. He had the spur of ambition within him, and the joy of genius in the work-

ing-out of its self-excited projects was felt by him in all its power. The indigence of his outward fortune did not diminish the natural opulence of his spirit; but though it stubborned his heart to achieve success it also stiffened his disposition, and gave it a hardness, if not a harshness which afterwards materially interfered with the loving intercourse which man should always seek to attain with his fellow-men. But this was not yet. Then all was earnest laboriousness, and inappeasable on-hasting in the acquisition of knowledge, and an eager looking forward to a career of farther exertion in higher seats of learning. Hope excited effort; and effort justified hope.

Edward Wilson's will provided for the education of two poor scholars—one at Queen's College, Oxford, and the other at Trinity College, Cambridge. It was essential that they should be poor men's sons, whose fathers were unable to give them competent maintenance. In this fund the master secured an interest for William Whewell, and after a sedulous training in classics, but especially in mathematics, for which he had displayed not only a taste but a genius, an exhibition was in 1812 secured for him to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he entered as a sizar. The usual conditions of foundation sizarship—that the persons admitted, as such, shall be "*poor scholars* in the true sense of the term, and likely to become useful and distinguished members of society"—were probably better fulfilled in this instance than in most. Sizarship implies free dining in the hall, residence money, and several other perquisites, amounting in all to upwards of £50 per annum. In the second year of his residence he was elected, by the masters and seniors, after a general examination in classics and mathematics, in Easter week, to a foundation-scholarship.

Early in his undergraduate career he gained the Chancellor's gold medal for English poetry; subject, "Columbus." In 1816, after a brilliant course of hard-working, book-loving study, he graduated B.A., going in for mathematical honours. In the mathematical tripos—a candidature for honours which implies not only the passing of the ordinary examination, but also a special examination of three days on the more elementary parts of mathematics and natural philosophy, and a five days' examination in the higher departments of the same studies—he came out second wrangler. He also gained the second prize of £25, instituted in 1768, by the Rev. Dr. Robert Smith, Master of Trinity, for "the best proficient in mathematics and natural philosophy." These proofs of his mental prowess made collegiate preferment certain. He was speedily chosen a fellow of his college, and enrolled among its tutors. He was not long in rising to be the principal public tutor in Trinity, the principal college in the university. His extensive acquirements in physical and mathematical science, his vigour and independence as a thinker, his zeal, knowledge and skill in teaching, concurred in raising him to this proud eminence. In this relation he endeavoured to extend the circle and to amplify the course of

studies in the university ; and that students might be excuseless for not rising to a higher mark, he determined upon preparing a series of more appropriate books than those in common use at that time in the university. In 1819 he was admitted to the degree of M.A., and became obliged to enter into holy orders within seven years of that date or demit his fellowship.

In 1819 he issued his "Elementary Treatise on Mechanics," in which the whole of that science is exhibited as depending on a few simple, self-evident axiomatic principles—basing the axioms of the science on the universal, fundamental, and abstract idea of causation as an inherent and necessary one. Whatever may be said of the metaphysical accuracy of the foundation-thought, it can scarcely be doubted that the logicity and systematization of the science are very much enhanced by the form in which this work is cast. This was followed by the publication of treatises on "Dynamics," "Statics," "Conic Sections," and several other text-books, in which a similar plan was pursued, and which had the effect of bringing about a radical reform in the method of studying the physico-mathematical sciences. He was not only one of the foremost of the distinguished graduates of Cambridge to see the error into which the leaders of education had fallen in supposing that a persistent study of mathematics could virtually abrogate the necessity for the study of physics and the natural sciences ; but he was also one of the readiest to promote practically the spirit of activity and improvement which about the close of the first quarter of the present century thrilled and agitated thoughtful men. Hence he soon established a strong claim to the regard of the learned commonwealth of which he was a member, and was quickly passed upward in scholastic rank. In 1820 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in all its subsequent business he took an active and a prominent part.

In the earnest discussions concerning university reform inaugurated in the early years of this century, in which Hare, Herschel, Peacock, Babbage, &c., were conspicuous, Whewell took a leading part, and soon became a man of mark for vigour of mind and versatility of acquisition. In 1828 he succeeded Dr. E. D. Clarke as professor of mineralogy, to which there was no salary attached, but which was remunerated by an annual grant from Parliament on production of a certificate that a course of lectures had been delivered. This office he held for four years. After a course of assiduous study of that science, he became convinced that it could not be successfully taught without a minuter acquaintance with chemistry than he possessed or could reasonably look to attain, and hence his resignation of the chair he held. In 1829 he issued an anti-corn law tract, entitled a "Mathematical Exposition of some Doctrines of Political Economy," reprinted from the transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, of which he had become a member and been chosen a Fellow. It contained a mathematical exposition of Adam Smith's theory of rent, and explanations of its working in practice. His tract "On a Liberal

Education in general, and with particular reference to the Leading Studies of the University of Cambridge," appeared in 1830. To 1832 belong his treatise on "The First Principles of Mechanics," and his tract "On the Free Motion of Points; and on Universal Gravitation." In 1833 he published his "Astronomy and General Physics considered with reference to Natural Theology." This was one of eight treatises "On the power, wisdom, and goodness of God as manifested in the Creation," originating in a bequest of £8,000 to be paid to the person or persons who, under the appointment of the President of the Royal Society, should compose argumentative essays on that subject; the donor being Rev. F. H. Egerton, eighth earl of Bridgewater. It is in general regarded as a highly valuable performance, informed at once with piety, learning, and holy eloquence; and in many parts, indeed, it rises to heights of sacred composition not often reached by British authors. The choice of the Rev. Wm. Whewell to write this book led to investigations which resulted in those expositions of inductive science on which the fame of their author will ultimately rest.

On the formation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, 1831, though he was not present at the inaugural gathering at York, he was nominated one of the Vice-presidents of the section of Mineralogy in the second meeting at Oxford, 1832. At the meeting held in Cambridge, 1833, he delivered an address on "The Desiderata of the Association and of Science," and read an elaborate paper on "The Mathematical Theories of Electricity, Magnetism, and Heat." In 1835 he wrote "Architectural Notes on German Churches," in which some admirers believe that he has, in the idea of *verticalism*, furnished "the clue to the whole mysteries of Gothic architecture." A more serious undertaking, perhaps, was the issue in the same year of "Thoughts on the Study of Mathematics as a part of a Liberal Education" which called forth a paper in the *Edinburgh Review* (Jan., 1836) "On the Study of Mathematics as an Exercise of Mind," which involved a controversy between two athletes—Hamilton and Whewell,—which, however, did not intermit their friendly respect for each other.

He was a contributor to the *Philological Museum*, 1832—33, which was edited by his friend Julius C. Hare, and had about this time accomplished considerable portions of a translation of the *Æneid*, of which a specimen is given in that magazine, Vol. I., p. 382—86. "The Mechanical Euclid, containing the elements of mechanics and hydrostatics, demonstrated after the manner of the elements of geometry. . . . To which are added remarks on Mathematical Reasoning and on the Logic of Induction," appeared in 1837, and shows that he was gradually gaining an insight into the wants of his age, and was striving to find light on that science of thought which is "much to be desired to make one wise." We dare not open the question of mathematical logic here and now, but we cannot avoid noting the manner in which the inductive element is managed in this treatise. A statement of facts is first made, then

the different principles which have been suggested as explanatory of these facts are noted; the facts which consist with these explanations are next adduced, and those which are inconsistent with the suggested principle are pointed out; at last the real law is brought forward and its compatibility with all the known facts is stated and illustrated. But a grander achievement followed almost immediately. This was "The History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest to the Present Times." He had, it is true, been preceded in this line of effort by several scientific thinkers and learned men,—Montucla, Bossut, Bailly, Delambre, Laplace, the authors of the *Dissertations* prefixed to the seventh edition of the *Encyclopædia*, &c., but he had an *idea* which gave shape and interest to his rapid sketch of the history of the investigation of the phenomena and laws of the physical universe. He was desirous "of deducing lessons from the past history of human knowledge," of gaining an inductive philosophy of the sciences by induction from the actual progress and results of investigation, and hence "forming a platform on which we might stand and look forward into the future, and of providing for every kind of truth methods of research as effective as those to which we owe the clearest and the purest portions of our knowledge;" so as to produce "a renovation of sound philosophy, directed by the light which the history of science sheds." It is a great work, written with force and perspicuity, with mastery of the subject, and a fine clear vein of original thought is seen in it throughout. As "a comprehensive survey of the existing state of human knowledge" by one mind, it is a marvel of acquisition and endeavour. It is not, however, for its superiority as a collection of facts that it deserves most honourable mention; it is for the novelty of the point of view in which it presents science and the history of science, as the outgrowth of distinct and appropriate ideas originated or originating in the human mind. The sequel followed in 1840, viz., "The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences, founded on their History." The main treatise is prefaced by 186 aphorisms on ideas, knowledge, and scientific language. The work consists of two parts,—I., of Ideas; II., of Knowledge. *Part First* is divided into ten books, expository of—first, ideas in general; second, the philosophy of the several sciences: the former explaining the nature of scientific truths, the grounds of our belief in them, and the mental acts out of which they arise; and the latter, after an outline of the philosophy of the pure, *i. e.*, mathematical sciences, shows the application of the principles advanced to the great subdivisions of physical science. *Part Second* consists of three books,—first, on the construction of science; second, opinions on the nature of knowledge, and the means of seeking it; third, of methods employed in the formation of science. Sensations (bodily and mental) inductively bound together make *things* and *ideas*; these constitute *facts*, facts and ideas yield *theories*, &c.; tentative theories are hypotheses, and when a consilience of inductions proves our hypothesis we have *law*. To decompose phe-

nomena; to acquire and apply an explanatory conception, and to colligate facts, are the main elements in the construction of science. All the methods hitherto employed in the formation of science may be regarded as special adaptations of these five:—*a*, decomposition of facts; *b*, measurement of phenomena; *c*, explication of conceptions; *d*, induction of laws of phenomena; *e*, induction of causes; *f*, application of inductive discoveries. Of the grand thoughts involved in these phrases we can supply no intelligible abstract in this paper, but we may succeed in laying a few pregnant passages from the author's writings together in such a way as to afford some notion of the main and grand principles of his logic of the sciences.

A contest has gone on for ages on the nature and objects of logic. Is it the science of the laws of thought, or is it the organon of practical sciences? Does it describe how man thinks, or does it prescribe how man ought to think, in and for the discovery of truth? Is it a science self-contained, or is it one whose uses extend effectively into all sciences? Is it wholly formal, or entirely material? Is it an independent or an instrumental science? Does it hold within itself the whole secret of discovery, or is it true that "an art of discovery is not possible"? At each step of the investigation are needed invention, sagacity, genius,—elements which no art can give." And do we hope in vain for the realization of the promise of Bacon,—“an organon which shall enable all men to construct scientific truths as a pair of compasses enables all men to construct exact circles”? For nearly half a century logic has been the subject of much debate. Oxford and Cambridge have alike been agitated by discussions regarding its worth, use, method, form, and nature. The former has, perhaps, inclined too much to Aristotle, the latter to Plato. But both have done good service in bringing into prominence the earnest desire of men to discover a science of thought. The part which Dr. Whewell took in this notable intellectual effort of our day may perhaps be more correctly characterized as a sagacious analysis of how men have thought while engaged in discovery, and a careful classification of the methods pursued by them in thinking out their schemes and plans, than a didactic system of precepts and rules for effecting discoveries and indicating the methods of success in making them. In the study of every portion of the universe, in the construction of every systematic scheme of thought regarding nature or mind, man has ascended from the knowledge of particular facts to the knowledge or inference of general laws, and yet, in the investigation of every different class of phenomena processes differing, at least at first sight, very much from each other have been employed. Dr. Whewell's idea was, that the history of science, by showing us how inductive discovery takes place in various methods, ever and ever new, however apparently exhausted the subject of thought may seem to be, would exhibit to us, if carefully studied, a true logic of science, and would supply hints, examples, and suggestions, even when it failed to provide technically digested rules, possessed of a quasi-infallible

efficacy in promoting discovery or invention. Hence his "History of the Inductive Sciences" preceded his "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences;" and hence, equally naturally as the subject grew up within his fruitful mind, these works were enlarged, expanded, and sent forth in improved forms, bearing the titles of "The History of Scientific Ideas," "The Novum Organon Renovatum," and "The Philosophy of Discovery." It would be vain to attempt in the space of a paper so limited as this to epitomize the whole system which these massive tomes contain; nor would it be easy for any mind less amply furnished and less powerful than his own to compress into a few sentences the essence of his opinions on these subjects. Yet we feel that the ideas on inductive science which Dr. Whewell placed before the intelligence of his own and other countries possess a value which should insure a respectful attention for them, however inefficiently, if honestly, they might be brought before thinkers who have not yet been imbued with them. It shall be our endeavour in the following analysis to present in his own words, though culled from diverse books and papers, an abstract of his views on the main points of induction, and then to give a concise outline of his induction and inductive methods, so as to afford the reader a rude notion of his opinions on the logic of science, from which they may see the greatness of the thoughts to which his mind gave birth, and may be induced to study them in their integrity in the original sources—his works:

On works so varied in matter and so voluminous; so powerful in thought, and so vigorously original; so filled with mathematical thought, metaphysical disquisition, physical research and historical results; so crammed with wisdom caught from the ancient sages, with learning gathered from the thinkers of mediæval times, and truths collected from the treasure-houses of the experimental, psychological, and moral sciences of modern days, it would be presumptuous arrogance to attempt an adequate adjudication now. To indicate the nature, the kind, the force and the chief purpose of the thoughts they contain as inducements to reading, reflection and investigation, is task enough for the present. Mill, Herschel, Brewster, Hamilton, Lewes, &c., have admitted his power in debating his tenets. We cannot but think that to him Inductive Logic is indebted for pertinent improvements—if he might not be said to have almost reconstructed it. Conceptualism must, we should think, hold its place hereafter in any scheme of inductive thought. Hypothesis will find a higher utility when his logic is observed. Investigative research will gain by its adoption, and the whole method of discovery will attain a higher moral certainty than it has yet had;—but we must now analyze, not criticize.

"Logic is a system which teaches us so to arrange our reasonings that their truth or falsehood shall be evident in their form;" "a system of doctrine which lays down rules for determining in what cases pretended reasonings are and are not demonstrative." "Man is the interpreter of nature; not the spectator merely, but the interpreter. The study of the language as well as the mere sight of the cha-

racters is requisite in order that we may read the inscriptions which are written on the face of the world. And this study of the language of nature, that is, of the necessary coherencies and derivations of the relations of phenomena, is to be pursued by examining ideas as well as mere phenomena :—by tracing the formation of conceptions as well as by the accumulation of facts." "When Nature does our bidding, she acknowledges that we have learned her true language. If we can predict new facts which we have not seen, as well as explain those which we have seen, it must be because our explanation is not a mere formula of observed facts, but a truth of a deeper kind." Inductive logic, the logic of science, explains the methods and the means of ascertaining these predictive ideas and forms. It is not contented with explanation; it aims at discovery. "The study of logic is of great value, as fixing attention upon the conditions of deductive proof, and giving a systematic and technical view of the forms which such proof may assume. But by doing this for all subjects alike, it produces the impression that there is a close likeness in the process of investigation of truth—closer than there really is." . . . "But in the history of science we see the infinite variety of nature; of mental, no less than of bodily nature; of the intellectual as well as of the sensible world. The modes of generalization of particulars—of ascent from the most actual things to the most abstract ideas—how different are they in botany, in chemistry, in geology, in physiology! yet all most true and real; all most certain and solid; all of them genuine and indisputable lines of union and connection by which the mind of man and the facts of the universe are bound together; by which the universe becomes a sphere with intellect for its centre; by which intellect becomes in no small degree able to bend to its purposes the powers of the universe." . . . "One obvious mode of effecting this discipline of the mind in induction is the exact and solid study of some portion of inductive knowledge." . . . "The knowledge of which I speak must be a knowledge of things, and not merely of names of things." . . . "By such study of one or more departments of inductive knowledge the mind may escape from the thralldom and illusion which reigns in the world of mere words." "The study of a science, treated according to a rigorous system of mathematical reasoning, is useful not only on account of the positive knowledge which may be acquired on the subjects which belong to the science, but also on account of the collateral effects and general bearings of such a study, as a discipline of the mind and an illustration of philosophical principles"—"by habituating the mind to strict reasoning, and by affording an occasion of contemplating some of the most important mental processes, and some of the most distinct forms of truth." "Geometry in every proposition speaks a language which Experience never dares to utter, and indeed of which she but half comprehends the meaning. Experience sees that the assertions are true, but she sees not how profound and absolute is their truth." "Truths can only be known to be general, not universal, if they depend upon experience alone. Experience cannot bestow that universality which she herself cannot have, nor that necessity of which she has no comprehension." "Without general terms and maxims and abstractions we can have no science, no speculation, hardly indeed consistent thought or exercise of reason. The course of real knowledge is to obtain from thought and experience the right interpretation of our general terms, the real import of our maxims, the true generalization which our abstractions involve." "To try wrong guesses is with most persons the only way to hit upon right ones. The character of the true philosopher is not that he never conjectures hazardingly, but that his conjectures are clearly conceived and brought into rigid contact with facts. He sees and compares distinctly the ideas and the things; the relation of his notions to each other and to phenomena. Under these conditions it is not only excusable, but necessary for him to snatch at every semblance of

general rule, to try all promising forms of simplicity and symmetry." "Induction is a term applied to describe the process of a true colligation of facts by means of an exact and appropriate conception." "In every inference by induction, there is some conception *superinduced* upon the facts." Induction has three stages, (1) "The selection of the idea; (2) The construction of the conception; (3) The determination of the magnitude;" but "no general method of evolving such ideas can be given; such events appear to result from a peculiar sagacity and felicity of mind, never without labour, never without preparation; yet with no constant dependence upon preparation, upon labour, or even entirely upon personal endowments." "To hit upon the right conception is a difficult step; and when this step is once made, the facts assume a different aspect from what they had before; that done, they are seen in a new point of view; and the catching of this point of view is a special mental operation requiring special endowments and habits of thought. Before this the facts are seen as detached, separate, lawless; afterwards they are seen as connected, simple, regular; as parts of one general fact, and thereby possessing innumerable new relations before unseen." "There is the same essential element in all inductive discoveries. In all cases, facts before detached and lawless are bound together by a *new thought*." "Discoveries never were made, nor could be made, till the right conception was obtained." "A discoverer must know the language of science, as well as look at the book of nature in order to find scientific truth." "The point of agreement visible to the discoverer alone, does not come even into his sight till after the facts have been connected by thoughts of his own, and regarded in points of view in which he, by his mental acts, places them."

"Science may result *from* experience and observation *by* induction; but induction is not therefore the same thing as experience and observation. Induction is experience or observation *consciously* looked at in a *general* form. This consciousness and generality are necessary parts of that knowledge which is science." "Science consists of general propositions inferred from particular facts, or from less general propositions by induction; and it is our object to discern the nature and laws of induction in this sense." "There is no definite and stable distinction between facts and theories; facts and laws; facts and inductions. Inductions, laws, theories which are true, *are* facts. Facts involve inductions." Inductions are for us either (1) "general propositions, contemplated as such, derived from particulars," or (2) "the inference of a more general proposition from less general ones"—"right conceptions supplied by the mind in order to bind the facts together." "When we have become possessed of such ideal conceptions, cases frequently occur in which we can by their help connect the facts which we learn from experience, and thus obtain truths from materials derived from experience. In such cases, the truths to which we are thus led are said to be collected from the observed facts by induction." "In all other cases the discovery of a truth by induction consists in finding a conception or combination of conceptions which agrees with, connects and arranges the facts. Such ideal conceptions, or combination of conceptions, superinduced upon the facts and reducing them to rule and order, are theories." "The act of the mind, by which it converts facts into theories, is of the same kind as that by which it converts impressions into facts. In both cases there is a new principle of unity introduced by the mind, an ideal connection established; that which was many becomes one; that which was loose and lawless becomes connected and fixed by rule. And this is done by induction, or as we have described this process by superinducing upon the facts as given by observation, the conceptions of our minds." "The presence of a conception of the mind as a special element of the inductive process, and as the tie by which the particular facts are bound together, is indicated by there being some special new

term or phrase introduced in every induction ; or at least some term or phrase steadily applied to the facts which had not been applied to them before." "The scientific use of a term is in all cases much more precise than the common use." "The loose and infantine grasp of common language cannot hold objects steadily enough for scientific phraseology." "Every step in the progress of science is marked by the formation or appropriation of a technical term." "It is in a great measure by inventing such terms that men not only best express the discoveries they have made, but also enable their followers to become so familiar with those discoveries, and to possess them so thoroughly, that they can readily use them in advancing to ulterior generalizations." "This scientific fixation of the meaning of words is to be looked upon as a matter of convention, although it is in reality often an inevitable result of the progress of science."

The following aphorisms on the conversion of common words into technical terms are particularly valuable. "(1) In framing scientific terms the appropriation of old terms is preferable to the invention of new ones. (2) When common words are appropriated as technical terms their meaning and relations in common use should be retained as far as can be conveniently done. (3) When common words are appropriated as technical terms their meaning may be modified, and must be rigorously fixed. (4) This must be done so that they are not ambiguous in their application. (5) It is better to form new words as technical terms than to employ old ones in which the three previous aphorisms cannot be complied with. (6) Terms must be constructed and appropriated so as to be fitted to enunciate simply and clearly true general propositions." "The principle, that the condition of the use of terms is the possibility of general, intelligible, consistent assertions is true in the most complete and extensive sense." To return—"The conception [of which the technical term is the mark] must be formed before it can be defined. The definition gives the last stamp of distinctness to the conception, and enables us to express, in a compact and lucid form, the new scientific propositions into which the new conception enters." Mr. J. S. Mill's doctrine, that the force of the syllogism consists in an inductive assertion with an interpretation added to it, solves very happily the difficulties which baffle other theories on this subject." Though "to me it appears that there are two distinct elements in our knowledge,—experience without and the mind within. Mr. Mill derives all our knowledge from experience alone. In a question thus going to the root of all knowledge, the opposite arguments must needs cut deep on both sides. Mr. Mill cannot deny that our knowledge of geometrical axioms and the like seems to be necessary. I cannot deny that our knowledge axiomatic, as well as others, never is acquired without experience." "The inductive step consists in the suggestion of a conception not before apparent." It is not only the bringing together a sum of particulars, but it is the formation or appropriation of that suitable idea into which they are to be brought, and within which they are to be contained and apprehended. This depends on the acumen of the discoverer. "The process of induction includes a mysterious step by which we pass from particulars to generals, of which step the reason always seems to be inadequately rendered by any words which we can use." "Men, in seeking and obtaining scientific knowledge, have always shown that they found the formation of right conceptions in their own minds to be an essential part of the process."

We can do little else now than hastily note some points in which Dr. Whewell's logical doctrines are notable as to their fundamental tenets,—1. In his maintaining with Kant, the innateness of space and time as forms of intelligence; 2. In upholding a radical distinction between necessary and contingent truths, the former being

inwrought with the mind's constitution, and the latter being the results of experience; 3. In advocating a thorough difference between sensation and ideas,—the former being given in experience, the latter issuing from the mind on the excitation of the former; 4. In his notion of causation as a fundamental idea, not the outgrowth of habit or the effect of association; 5. In asserting that facts, unless combined with ideas, do not give us true science. Herschel on the one hand, and J. S. Mill on the other, object to his opinions on the genesis and formation of ideas; De Morgan supports, and G. H. Lewes opposes him; Morell partially approves, and Mansel in a measure, but cautiously, doubts, while Hallam strives to mediate between the contending thinkers. We might with truth say that the logic of induction has occasioned the most brilliant and exhaustive controversy of any question in modern philosophy, and the logical reader can scarcely fail to be gratified by the perusal of Dr. Whewell's "Letter to the author of 'The Prolegomena Logica'" (H. L. Mansel), and the reply, on "The Limits of Demonstrative Science," which that letter educated. Baden Powell's "Essays on the Spirit of the Inductive Philosophy" ought also to be read in the same connection. Perhaps no mark of the strength of a man's mind is so sure as the controversy his opinions excite. If his ideas are earnestly given forth, other ardent thinkers see that they must repel his arguments, or be held as tacitly resigning their specific ideas. This widens the circles of agitation, and other men of thought enter the arena; and as "the combat deepens" the interest excited gains force. Gauged thus, few men can be said to have more thoroughly exerted this agitating power than Dr. Whewell, or more persistently and ably held his own in the lists, in opposition to all gainsayers. He was perhaps, indeed, stubborn to a fault, and somewhat unsympathetic; but his was a mind formed for struggle, and it always appeared at its best when it was combative. Hence, perhaps, arose a considerable degree of the unpopularity and disfavour into which he fell—a disfavour which his manner rather than his nature seemed to justify. He was a man of fixed convictions, and therefore dogmatic, oftentimes seemingly overbearing, but he was a man of "kindly, affectionate" disposition; and though somewhat more stately and stern, perhaps, than was judicious, had good reason, it may be supposed, for thinking there was great need for his holding his dignities before men's eyes as things not lightly to be trifled with.

The need of a logic of science had long been felt. Whately's endeavour, in 1825, to explain induction, as in one case a preliminary to, and in another case as a form of syllogistic reason, did not satisfy scientific men. J. S. Mill objected to its completeness on metaphysical grounds, in 1838, in a criticism on Whately's logic, in the *Westminster Review*; Sir John Herschel, in his "Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy," 1831, gave an instructive exposition of induction, evidently levelled against the mere logician's explanation. Sir William Hamilton rushed to the rescue of logical

induction, in the *Edinburgh Review*, in 1833. Professor John Wilson, in *Blackwood*, Feb., 1837, essayed a solution of the same difficulty. The question became agitated more and more. Whewell's views were issued in 1837, "mainly so far as concerns the facts brought together to form sciences;" and, in 1840, in regard to "the ideas and conceptions, by means of which the facts were connected so as to give rise to scientific truth." J. S. Mill enlarged on the topic in 1843, controverting Whewell's views in several points. To this Whewell replied in an "Essay on the Fundamental Antithesis of Philosophy," added to the second edition of his "Philosophy of Inductive Science," as well as in a separate pamphlet "On Induction," 1845. Since that time the subject has attained a stand-place in every work on logic, such as had never before been granted to it; and though the logic of science is not yet definitely fixed, there can be little doubt that the labours of Whewell, besides being highly valuable in themselves, have tended greatly to the elucidation of the logical relations between facts and theories; have, in fact, supplied the most tenable logic of physical investigation which has been attempted since the days of Bacon.

Meantime honours and progress could scarcely fail to await an ardent thinker and eager worker such as he. In 1838 he proceeded to the degree of B.D., and issued a work "On the Principles of English University Education." During 1837—39 he was President of the Geological Society. In 1838 he was appointed Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Theology, Casuistical Divinity, and Moral Philosophy. He is said to have been the first professor since 1680 who delivered lectures. His course varied between 1838—1855 from twelve to twenty lectures a year. Some of these lectures have been published under the titles of "Lectures on Systematic Morality," 1846; "Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England," 1852. He has also issued in this connection "The Elements of Morality, including Polity," 1845, which has gone through many editions, and has been much improved in the course of issue. In this he considers the subject in five divisions:—Jurisprudence, the morality of reason, the morality of religion, polity, international law. It is a work of rigorous reasoning, starting from given axioms or principles; and in his introductory chapter he explains the logic on which he proceeds and to which he adheres. The preface to the second edition of this work is to a considerable degree controversial, and contains matters of much interest. He has edited, with preface, syllabus, &c., Bishop Butler's "Sermons on Human Nature," and "Sermons on Moral Subjects." His edition of Sir James Mackintosh's "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy" deserves notice—still more does his continuation of it in the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We ought perhaps to mention here, too, his attempt to place before the English reader "the spirit of Plato, by translating in an abridged manner, but with much fidelity, the ethical dialogues of that distinguished ancient." In this series he takes "the direct and natural

import of the dialogue as its true meaning," and makes Plato not only self-interpreting but self-consistent. His notes, remarks, and abstracts of obscure or prolix passages give value to this edition, especially as an introduction to the academic philosophy. Few who begin with, will rest in, these epitomes, but will press on to the fountain-sources of the mightiest thoughts which flow from ancient Greece.

In 1841 he was President of the British Association at Plymouth, and at that meeting he read his famous "Report on Tides," the result of a long and elaborate series of researches. In that year he published his "Mechanics of Engineering," a treatise which, though small in bulk, has been singularly efficacious in originating much of that precise thought which has been expended on the application of mechanical science to the practical wants of life. He supplied, subsequently, great help to students in his edition of Newton's "Principia," with notes and references; and he has followed up a main form of thought in that notable work in his "Doctrine of Limits," with its applications; a book carrying far forward into science the mathematics of Newton.

On the resignation of the mastership of Trinity College, by Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, brother of the poet, in 1841, Dr. Whewell was nominated to the vacancy by Sir R. Peel's ministry, though at the time Trinity men anticipated the appointment of Dr. George Peacock, Dean of Ely, who was three years his senior in graduation, and had stood second wrangler after Sir John Herschel. The appointment was perhaps the best that could have been made. Whewell was a Trinity man all over. Trinity had the early and late love of his heart. To Trinity his benefactions have been manifold; and on its prosperity his name, fame, influences, and efforts have been immense. Trinity has thriven under his mastership, and he has dispensed liberally to it in many ways—in prizes, scholarships, &c.; still more so by presenting a *hostel*, or lodging chambers, for undergraduate students, just opposite the college;—an extension of which it is believed he has provided for as a memorial of his rule. But surely his example of industry, energy, victorious struggle into a foremost place in life and thought is a higher and nobler endowment to Trinity than all else he could have given!

The intellectual vitality, versatility, and eager-hearted pursuit of knowledge and literary excellence of Dr. Whewell is further proved by his "Specimens in English Hexameters," in a small work in which he, in company with Archdeacon Hare, John G. Lockhart, and Sir John Herschel, endeavours to show that the stately verse of Homer and the sinuous grace of Virgil might be naturalized in our language, by his exquisite rendering of one of Goethe's best productions, the fine idyl of *Herman and Dorothea*, which lives with a poetic life, though it may be confessed that it has lost by transplantation some of the fragrance, colour, and formal beauty it possessed on its native soil. Dr. Whewell's

knowledge of German became almost idiomatic during his residence in Freiburg, Vienna, &c., while studying mineralogy. Another instance of Whewell's knowledge of German is shown in his translation of Berthold Auerbach's graphic though simple story of *The Professor's Wife*. These were but amusements for his leisure, but he gave profounder thought to the works of Kant, Goethe, Humboldt, Hegel, Fichte, Schiller, &c. French thought was as familiar to him as the literature of his own land.

It would be wrong to omit here a notice of that work—only reputedly his, however—in which he labours to prove that "life's theatre" is limited, however much probability may be deduced from the existence of a "plurality of worlds." This is an eloquent, felicitously argued, and pious book; one in which the author's mind has evidently taken delight. Though we are far from being convinced that the thesis it upholds is correct, we cannot but admit the strength of the arguments and the grace of the style. It certainly does heighten our estimate of man, to surround him with a mighty solitude of ministrant worlds, of which his is the sole one having intelligent inhabitants within it; but does it equally honour Deity to believe that this apparent waste of creative energy has been foreordained and brought into actuality merely for human service? This, however, is not the place for debate, and we pass on to mention his "*Indications of the Creator*," which, though consisting chiefly of theological extracts from his "*History*" and "*Philosophy*," were arranged and prefaced so as to form a controversial contribution to the debate originated by the publication of "*The Vestiges of Creation*," a work which caused a flutter for a while among theologians and scientific men, but has now fallen into considerable forgetfulness.

To be Master of Trinity was, it is believed, the crown of life to Dr. Whewell. His soul was linked to his college in love. He was assiduous in every way, by the expenditure of money, effort, influence, even himself, to make Trinity the glory and envy of colleges. He knew what real work was, and he aimed at having that from the students; everything was done that lay within his power for the attainment of this end. As a tutor he was affable and earnest; when he became master his affability was laid aside as inadvisable, but his earnestness, honesty, thoroughness, good-heartedness, were retained and maintained. He never forgot his own days of struggle, nor what education had done for him. He interested himself warmly in the education of the poor, he took special pleasure in promoting the prosperity of the Cambridge School of Arts, and whenever his help was wanted in a good cause, he was ready with effort as well as help. Though highly influential and much respected, he abstained from interference with civic affairs, though he was chosen by specific mention in the Act of Parliament, we believe, Chairman of the Directors of the Cambridge Waterworks Company. Although in many cases he failed to win the keen sympathy of love, he rarely failed in securing esteem and

respect. His very merits made him move, to all appearance, as seen by undergraduates, in an atmosphere of awfulness.

But when in the college chapel at the commencement of October term he preached to the members of Trinity, how lucidly he explained the foundation of morals, how penetratingly did he probe the conscience, how earnestly did he endeavour to strengthen them against the temptations, and prepare them for a manly endurance of and resistance to the difficulties of life; with what a fatherly regard he poured forth advice and warning, and how fully did he enter into all the recesses of the heart in search of inducements to nobleness and holiness of life! Then in the College Hall, when the annual distribution of prizes came round, how kindly were his encouragements, how big was his heart with love for those who had endeavoured to bring honour to their college by doing their duty, and how seldom he forgot the strife and labour the students had undergone! It was a grand sight—the stalwart and tall figure of this self-raised man, whose massive head was the home of so much knowledge as to entitle him to be regarded as a *myrionous*, one many minded; whose prone brow was heavy with the weight of thought, whose keen eyes were radiant with memories and hopes, and whose long grey hair told of the oncoming of years of which his large and fresh features showed but little sign—in his sonorous, dignified, yet urbane style of pointing out the manner in which it behoves man to acquire a knowledge of the *must* of the physical universe, and learn to obey the *ought* of moral life.

His college chapel sermons have been published, as have been others of his sermons, which show him in a favourable light as a philosophical divine. He edited, with a preface, the "Lectures, Essays, and Literary Remains" of the Rev. Richard Jones, Professor of History and Political Economy at Haileybury College; and delivered a series of lectures on "the science of the production, distribution and public use of wealth" in the presence and for the instruction of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He was the editor likewise of the "*De Jure Belli*" of Hugo Grotius, in which the Latin text was accompanied by an abridged translation (1853). An article of his on "Greek Mathematics" appeared in the "*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*;" he was, besides, an extensive contributor to the *Transactions* of various learned societies, and to the reviews and periodicals. We have no note of these wide-spread evidences of his industry and thoughtfulness, but we can scarcely avoid mentioning his latest published contribution, which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for March, in which he expresses the opinion that "M. Comte and his positive philosophy" are "quite unworthy to be made the serious subject of discussion among philosophers." We note in it the warm praise and friendly eulogy he bestows on his ablest opponent, J. S. Mill, and intimates his respect for his most harassing and pertinacious critic, G. H. Lewes. This paper appeared while he lay on his death-bed, and it was fitting that words of peace should be uttered by him before the great peace of death settled upon his spirit. The paper

is at once magnanimous and valuable. It was scarcely read by us, when we heard that the master of Trinity had "passed over to the majority" and was gone.

In 1841 he married Cordelia, daughter of John Marshall, Esq., Headingley, Leeds, who brought him a considerable fortune; in 1844 he proceeded to the degree of D.D.; in 1854 his wife died, and in memory of her he caused a mortuary chapel to be erected in the cemetery of Cambridge, for which he furnished the design himself. In 1855 he was elected vice-chancellor of the University, and then resigned his professorship of morals into the hands of John Grote, B.D., of Trinity, brother of the famous historian of Greece. In 1858 he married Everina F. Ellis, widow of Sir G. Affleck, and sister of the late Mr. Leslie Ellis, of Trinity, one of the editors of Bacon. She died in 1865; and one of his most famous pulpit discourses was delivered shortly after her demise on the "Lessons of Death." He had long felt on that subject an inscrutable interest. This is seen especially in his notes on Plato's "Phædo." We know now for a fact, that, stately as was his carriage, and healthy as he seemed, Death had been using his insidious preparatives on him; his pulse was fluctuating and low, his brain had less vitality in it, and age was beginning to give him premonitions of the grave. Alas, the end came sadly and suddenly! By an accident met with while riding near Trumpington Bridge, Cambridge, 24th February, he was seriously injured in body, but more in brain. The result was partial paralysis, semi-consciousness, and at last as the consequence of irremediable lesions and extravasation of blood,—death, which took place at Trinity Lodge on 6th March, shortly before 5 p.m., as was announced by the tolling of Trinity Chapel bell. Grief overclouded Cambridge at the news. He was interred on the 10th of March, in the presence of a large concourse of mourners, in the centre of the ante-chapel of Trinity College, at the express desire of the Seniors—the grave being most appropriately chosen as lying midway between the statue of Bacon at one end and those of Newton and Barrow at the other. The shield on the coffin bore the master's well-known and well-chosen motto from Lucretius, "Lampada Tradam," "I shall hand over the torch." Suitable words for him in life, and fitting too to indicate his death to earth, and the passage of his spirit into the presence of Him of whom we can say, "Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne, mercy and truth go before His face."

So passed away one of the ornaments of British science, literature, and divinity—the Leibnitz of modern times; a man as versatile as, but far more solid than, Brougham, the scientific Macaulay of discovery, and the Bacon of modern induction. He was a great, good, and wise thinker, whose life contains a lesson of noble progress, and whose works are likely to survive some of his more popular contemporaries. In our age few men have done more with less help, and been greater despite of obstacles, or risen higher from so lowly a condition. Science may well mourn the loss of the Master of Trinity, and Trinity the loss of its Admirable Crichton. S. N.

Religion.

IS THE OFFERTORY PREFERABLE TO THE PEW-RENT SYSTEM IN OUR CHURCHES?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

WHILE supporting the principle of the offertory, I do not intend to denounce the pew-rent system as unworthy of any application whatever; for I think that if instead of decrying everything connected with systems other than those espoused by ourselves, we were willing to modify our ideas, and blend them so as to render them applicable, each where they would be productive of most good, we should attain our ends much more advantageously, and with fewer and slighter feelings of animosity than we invariably display in holding these two systems in direct antagonism to each other. I disagree with R. S. when he says the pew-rent system and the offertory ought to be considered as having two *distinct objects*. I think the supporters of each system seek to attain the *same object*, but are at variance merely as to which is the preferable means of obtaining that object.

I shall first direct my attention to the subject in connection with parish churches, where I think the evil of the pew system is seen most glaringly. Let us look at the history of the question for a moment. Some 500 years and more ago certain godly men built upon their lands and parishes churches for the use of those people who lived upon those lands; not only did they do this, but they also gave up part of their substance for the support of a clergyman to minister to their spiritual wants, and so these churches were handed down for years after the Reformation from one generation to another as the rightful heritage of the people. Early in the seventeenth century the principle of these churches began to be abused, the more important and affluent began to enclose spaces for their own particular use, until at length the whole area of the church became enclosed spaces for the convenience of certain families, and, ever since, the wealthy have occupied exclusively those churches which were originally intended for the common use of all and sundry, and which lawfully are public property, in which every parishioner has an absolute right to the free use of sitting in his parish church. Then in these parish churches at least, the offertory is preferable to the pew system, for while the one is legal the other is absolutely illegal, and an entire misappropriation of an ancient and rightful inheritance.

As regards the application of the offertory in other or private churches, I think we should be sufficiently liberal in our opinions to allow any number of Christian people who like (after contributing to the maintenance of the parish church or churches) to build a church for their own special convenience, to allow them to distribute the accommodation as they think proper. Let us or any who do not coincide with them in their opinions as to how the accommodation should be arranged, endeavour to prove to them by fact and argument that our system—the open church system—is superior to their pewed principle; if they decline to accept our ideas, then allow them to hold their *own* upon their own principles.

"Arnold" attempts, but I think in vain, to overthrow the offertory upon the ground of indecency, and after telling us it would make our ministers "eleemosynaries," a "begging fraternity," place them beyond the "pale of means of obtaining a livelihood," and commit a host of other injustices towards them, as well as making God's house a "den of thieves," and a "den of indecency," winds up by telling us the pew system is the *right* system, quite forgetting to substantiate any of his assertions by a single instance of proof. Such illogical arguments as "Arnold's" very imperfectly demonstrate the correctness of the conclusions at which he has arrived upon this question.

I will now briefly endeavour to show that the offertory is preferable to the pew system: first, as regards its connection with the people; and secondly, as a means of ecclesiastical finance (believing, as does R. S., that "as a Christian institution it remains impregnable").

I presume we all acknowledge the duty of public worship; then to what extent is there proper accommodation provided for that purpose? Taking the average of our churches, certainly not more than one-fourth of the sittings are reserved for the labouring classes, though they comprise more than three-fourths of the entire population of the country. Is this state of things right? are the souls of the few well-to-do people of more value than those of the myriads of poor people? are the rich, with all their means of home worship (great and invaluable means not possessed by the poor people), to *monopolize* the accommodation for public worship? But it is said the poor do not accept the means already provided; when the seats now in use for them are filled it will be time enough to talk of increasing their sittings, and opening the churches; but while the sittings of the poor yet industrious classes hold their present distinction, the independence of English artisans is too great, their feelings regarding their rights are too active, to accept a position where each is classed as a pauper, though willing and able to contribute his mite as readily as the hanker or the lawyer, and with as little shamefacedness as either, knowing that what he gives is honestly earned, and remembering "that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury." The offertory must prevent this inconsistency, and tend to draw the

people within the pale of the church, instead of (as the pew system certainly does) driving them from her.

Now as a means of church finance, no law can be laid down regulating a regular and certain flow into the treasury by means of the offertory any more than we can be certain of a regular supply derivable from pew-rents; experience and practice must inform us in that consideration. So far it is sufficient to say that where the offertory has been substituted for pew-rents the amounts collected have not only been equal to, but in most instances have exceeded the amounts gained previously.

I will close by just adding two reasons (extracted from Mr. Hereford's evidence before a Committee of the House of Lords on the deficiency of the means of spiritual instruction) why the amounts derived from the offertory will be larger than those obtained from pew-rents:—1st, because the pew system limits the clergyman's support to a small number of families able and willing to undertake beforehand the payment of a stated sum, whereas the church's system calls upon every one to give, and no one, if properly taught, can refuse to give something to that support; 2nd, because of those who pay pew-rents, none it may be assumed pay more than they can afford, whereas it is plain many rich pay for the space they occupy less than they could or ought to pay. D. M.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

We all believe in and admire Christianity. We look upon it as the noblest and grandest institution ever given to mankind, not only for their spiritual welfare, but also for their intellectual and moral development. Every person is invited to taste the sweets of the gospel, enjoy its consolations, and reap its reward. And with a view to effect this specific end the gospel is declared to be given freely to every one who asks earnestly to partake of it. For its proper dissemination it must have teachers and preachers to promulgate its principles, that it may be rightly explained to and received by the people. Now the question with which we have to deal is the mode of remunerating these instructors,—whether it should be voluntary, as the offertory, or compulsory, as in the pew-rent system. But the tenets of Scripture are applicable to all classes alike in every clime, having for their object the salvation of immortal souls. The gospel is liberal and charitable—it has a deep, broad, and kindly-hearted spirit. This will not be disputed. But a comparison of the manner in which individuals were recommended to give of their effects in apostolic times to those adopted in our own is quite irrelevant to this question. It depends greatly upon the constitution of the society where it has its existence. Apostolic times were quite different in their forms of society from the present. Besides, Christianity was not then recognized either as a public or national institution. And we know from scriptural testimony that in those days Christians were persecuted, and consequently never had public places of worship for the internal accommodation

of which they could either get contributions for the offertory, or rents for the pews. The apostles, from the manner in which they removed from place to place, only required their immediate necessities to be supplied. Their wants could only therefore be relieved by the offertory system. But the proceeds of the offertory are collected in churches of which the members can go to any pew they choose, and contribute as much as they please. Now this could never have been done in apostolic times in consequence of the want of places of worship. If the people met for Christian worship they were compelled to do so generally in the open air, and we have no doubt that many carried seats along with them. The conclusion is therefore plain that there could be no such system in apostolic times; but that the people contributed as much as pleased them for divine ministrations, just as they would have done to any other individual who would perform acceptable services for them. We are at a loss to conceive how this can be construed into an offertory system. We maintain that this system can only be carried out in places of worship; and Scripture affords us sufficient evidence to prove that the treatment of Christians in New Testament times was not very pleasant or tolerant; and that if they became too public in their profession, they would very often find themselves in the gloomy prison, or suffering martyrdom for their belief in or declaration of the truths of Christianity. We therefore believe that the Christians of early times maintained their preachers for the short time they remained in one place, by any individual contributing what he thought proper, without doing so in a public assembly of Christians. This almsgiving cannot be said to be an offertory system. It is, moreover, evident that the people could only supply the physical necessities of the preachers with sustenance, as it is manifest that the coin current among them was not circulated to any extent.

The apostles were required to go from place to place to exhort the faithful to be steadfast unto the end, and to preach the gospel. Neither Christianity nor Christ was recognized in the kingdoms in which they wandered and preached. The offerings of the people might do well, should we admit it to be an offertory system in that circumstance. But where society is permanent, freedom of conscience allowed, and religion recognized, the case is decidedly otherwise. The ministry must be stationary, and it is quite plain that in a settled state of society where the rights of religion are acknowledged, it would be a burden to which no people would submit, to have all the ministers running from one place to another—sometimes having ten times more than they required, and at other times none at all. Civilization and a constitutional system of society require a permanent ministry.

The affirmative debaters of this discussion hinge their argument greatly on the freeness of the gospel, and that the divine should preach first, and then be temporally remunerated. They also adduce a number of quotations from Scripture to prove that the preaching of the gospel should be maintained according to the will

of the people. Well, we may quote one instance in support of the negative side, and that one is the Jewish nation, where society was settled and permanent. They were required to contribute one-tenth part of their earnings for the support of the Levitical priesthood. This is scriptural; and it is a compulsory system imposed by the laws of God himself. We are certainly of opinion that not a clearer or a more direct quotation from Holy Writ can be adduced in the present debate. This tenth part of all was the Jewish law, and every one had to obey this law whether he attended public worship or not. It is diametrically opposed to the voluntary system, and although we would most entirely dissent from it, if it existed at the present day, still we cannot overlook the very compulsory and direct system imposed by God for the maintenance of the preachers of His word. Again, as to the preaching of the apostles, we could expect no other exhortations and counsels than they were accustomed to give, when we consider the positions in which they were placed, the dangers to which they were liable, their wanderings from place to place, and that therefore very little supplied their wants.

Having said so much on the compulsory system we will now consider whether the offertory or pew-rent system is the preferable one in the present age. It is evident that no one can be compelled to attend public worship. That in attending public worship people do it of their own voluntary act. We are unaware of any individual, so far as our knowledge goes, ever having been shut out from the house of God merely because he did not contribute to the offertory or pay his pew-rent. When people wish to congregate for religious purposes they require a place wherein they may find accommodation. If the State does not supply such a place, they must have recourse to their own resources. A great deal of expense would be consequently incurred, in addition to the mere support of the clergyman. Then some means must be devised whereby the expenditure must balance the income. The offertory as a whole has never been able to get this accomplished. Expediency must be resorted to, and the pew-rent system is the only suitable one to arrive at the desired end. Every member must therefore pay a certain rent for his pew, and a number are always allocated to the indigent poor. At this stage both systems are required for the proper maintenance of the clergyman and the expenses of the place of worship. We see nothing wrong in all this, as better cannot be done in the circumstances.

But it is urged that the pew-rent has a tendency to increase that distinction between man and man in places where of all others they should be equal. But we have no hesitation in stating that such a distinction never drives any who love the gospel from the house of God. On the other hand, they will have their consciences at ease, because they know that heaven is for the poor as well as for the rich. They never walk with the opulent in the ordinary circumstances of life, and they do not feel any humiliation in such a

distinction. They are accustomed to their own sphere of life, and it is only when one of their own number is elevated that their envy is excited. We know that if we follow a certain line of action, or be in a certain position for some time, the duties which follow from such will, in human character, become habit. When this habit is woven into their natures, the poor become accustomed to the thought that the rich, by their wealth, are above them in a worldly point of view; and hence the humiliation which this apparent distinction places between both classes is wholly unfounded. We are, moreover, satisfied that there will be a higher and lower class as long as society will exist.

But S. S. informs us that "we are debating not the practicability, but the *preferability* of the offertory." We cannot understand the force of this statement. How can the preferability of an object be ascertained unless it be practically tested? Experience, the result of practice, is requisite before we can realize whether a thing be preferable or not. We are under the impression that practice precedes preference; and that we must first practise ere we be in any position whatever to prefer. We certainly do not understand how a fixed and regular congregation can be in a church where the offertory system is the mode by which it is maintained. There can be no stated congregation in such a place, because every one who contributes to the offertory is recognized as an adherent of the church. All are admitted indiscriminately. If an eloquent orator were the preacher great crowds would assemble to listen to the mighty power of the preacher, and those who were the original and regular adherents would hardly gain any admittance whatever, because of the rush of people. Would not such cases be subversive of all decorum and justice if there were no pew-rent system to prevent such disorders? But it may be stated, in reply, that the church officer would know the congregation. How could he know them, when every one that demanded admission contributed to the offertory, and one was equally entitled to the privileges of the church as the other? No one having any right in it, it became everybody's right. The first at the doors would, as a matter of course, get the best seats. Crowds would be waiting until the doors would be opened, while those that belonged to the church not among the crowd—if any could properly be said to belong to it,—that is, if a celebrated divine preached therein, would get no admission after all the seats were occupied and the church full. Such would be of continual occurrence where eloquent and gifted divines discoursed if the offertory system prevailed, which would certainly be contrary to all order and equity. If every one paid for his pew, its possession would be a matter of right. Again, we are aware that a number attend church merely because they pay for their pews. This may appear ridiculous, but it is nevertheless true in many cases. When a person pays for a thing, as a general rule, he attempts to get value for his money. The pew-rent is similar. Other individuals pay for pews that do not regularly attend public worship. In some

places this is carried on to a great extent if the minister's sermons are thought very little of, or not highly appreciated, let him be ever so good a man or faithful in his calling. The result would be that the limited attendances would contribute very little to the offertory, whereas if the pews were rented the minister could be supported in a becoming manner. And we are aware that a great number rent pews, and attend divine service occasionally, merely for the purpose of being thought Christians and respectable members of society. But it may be said that the profits derived from such sources can be productive of no good. Let it be for good or not, it may be of service to many others who are desirous of having the gospel preached among them in supporting their pastor; and those individuals who rent pews may embrace the gospel during their occasional visits in consequence of their connection with the church, which they would never otherwise have an opportunity of doing.

The statement that the offertory would be preferable if every one professing to love the gospel would contribute according to his ability is very plausible. We cannot argue upon what might be done by people, but what they do, or have done. What, then, does experience teach us? It has undoubtedly taught us that the offertory system was never practicable, because it has always been found inadequate to maintain the minister, so far as his temporal necessities were concerned. This system, being then impracticable, could not therefore be preferable. The pew-rent system, having supplied this want, was then the preferable one. Being practical, it became preferable. And one cannot conceive how a thing is preferable which is not practical. It is all very well for people to say that this and that would be the preferable means of accomplishing an end, if it were possible to do it. But we are fully convinced that the thing which accomplishes the end in view is always preferable to that which cannot perform it: we think, then, that the pew-rent system is the best; and that if it would be discontinued the gospel would decline with rapid strides.

Surely if an honest man rents a pew in a church, he is not compelled to do so, but does it by an act of his own unlorded will. This cannot be construed into compulsion. He is cognizant of the fact, that it is only by such conduct that he can expect a pastor to remain among them, and therefore pays a proportionate share, so far as can be calculated, of the minister's stipend in the form of pew-rent. This is always done by every one of common sense, as being the only alternative. Congregations are often divided on the occasions of the inductions of pastors among them. If the majority should be victorious by a few votes over the minority, the latter would, as a matter of course, scarcely contribute anything to the offertory, and so the new minister would be nearly half starved. But if the pew-rent system prevailed, the minister would get as much as would supply his wants, and a little time would drown the murmuring of discontent. While, if the people knew that they had

the power in their own hands by the offertory system, they would wreak their vengeance upon the pastor against whom they voted. The pew-rent system is therefore conducive to order, and consequently the preferable mode of supporting public worship.

There is undoubtedly a great difference between the giving of man and that of his Maker. When the gospel is said to be given without money and without price, that simply means that it is given freely to all. But the idea of the minister spending all his time, and explaining the gospel, without money and without price, is a self-evident absurdity. He must have some means for his support, and the workman is entitled to his hire. And certainly, ere he could calculate on his manner of living, he would require to have some faint idea of what he was to get. If he had no idea of it, the cares of the world would harass his mind, and so, in a great degree, unfit him for the proper discharge of his calling. But when he knows what he receives, he has nothing to do but to live according to his income, like any other respectable member of society, and pursue his avocation with zeal and prudence. We cannot certainly perceive how the pew-rent system has the least resemblance to mercenary principles. In such a view, only a few are generally the gainers. But we are unable to discover why a certain number of individuals, adopting the pew-rent system as being the most practical mode for sustaining a minister, can in the least degree be charged with mercenary motives. The pure gospel, with all its gifts, is one thing; and the maintenance of the machinery whereby it is promulgated is another. The one is spiritual, and the other temporal. But no one can assert that either the offertory or pew-rent system is sinful. And when people themselves are willing to continue the pew-rent system, they do so because it is practical, and therefore preferable. If the people were dissatisfied with it, they would have no delicacy in regard to its discontinuance. They are themselves the best judges. And when they find it to be the most politic which circumstances will admit of, they avail themselves of it as being the most practicable and preferable, because it is sure to perform the object for which it was instituted.

We think, therefore, that the pew-rent system is in accordance both with Scripture and the constitution of society; that on account of its being practical it is the preferable mode, and that it is the principal means whereby an efficient ministry can be supported as becoming members of society. On these grounds we think the pew-rent system preferable to the offertory.

GEORGE MILLER SUTHERLAND.

Education.

ARE PUBLIC LECTURES PROFITABLE FOR INSTRUCTION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

THE word *Instruction* has, we fancy, been adroitly introduced by the initiators of this debate for the purpose of securing an easy victory. If this were not so, why did they not rather suggest the generic and preferable term *Education*? or if they wanted a specific word, why did they not employ *Teaching*? *Instruction* is indeed frequently used as synonymous with *Education*—although it is in reality only a portion of the latter process. *Education* is the culture of the mind, the training of the intellect; *Instruction* is only the communication of knowledge or information to the mind. A postman may bring an important and profitable letter to the house of an unlettered man, but he cannot give him the power of reading it, of comprehending it, and of employing it. So may a lecturer bring a golden treasury of precious thoughts to an audience, but he can neither make them understand nor appreciate his good things, unless they are learned and alert. This we suppose was the cleverly intended *reductio ad absurdum* prepared for the advocates of the affirmative of this question by its propounders. But we think they may be foiled by their own dexterously chosen vocable, and may be brought to feel the shame of having attempted to ensnare their competitors by an etymological quibble. And this we hope in part to accomplish.

Instruction is the act of setting, placing, or putting knowledge within the mind. This presupposes, therefore, that there are minds brought to the lectures which are to convey instruction; so that to argue that lectures are not profitable for instruction because of the unfitness of those who hear, or the ignorance of those who attend them, is to argue against the success of the plan in a case where one or more of the essential conditions has been intentionally omitted by the very party employing the argument. If again the objection be taken to lectures themselves on account of the incapacity or ignorance of the lecturers, this is to argue on a misnomer; for a lecture is a discourse intended to instruct, and must therefore presuppose the possession of the power of instructing in him who prepares and delivers it. It seems to me, therefore, cunningly devised as the wording of the question is, that the very terms of it imply the futility of the debate; for lectures which deserve their name cannot possibly but be profitable

for instruction. It implies a fallacy; for if lectures are not profitable for instruction; neither can teaching (if *vera voce*), nor oratory, nor preaching, nor debate, nor conversation, because lecturing is in a greater or less degree a combination of all these.

An appeal to facts, however, is the best method of settling this question. The charity of past ages, when it sought out a new form for its combined benevolence and usefulness, saw only the means of adding to the agencies likely to benefit men—the founding of lectureships. Lectureships have consequently been endowed in all our universities; in many of our hospitals; in connection with many societies and associations, and with many other forms of active endeavour to do good. Lectureships have been added to the means employed for congregational usefulness; for trades and odd fellows' societies. Every Mechanics' Institute, Working Man's Club, Society of Arts, Philosophical Institution, Athenæum, Hall of Science, Polytechnic Museum, &c., has its course of lectures. Even the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, the Kensington Museum, &c., have lectures delivered in them. The Royal Academy, the College of Surgeons, the Royal Institution, the Working Men's College, the Whittington Club, and even some of the London Volunteer Corps have incorporated courses of lectures with the other aims of their schemes and objects. Now, if it were felt that public lectures were utterly devoid of attraction and instruction, is it likely they would be so generally employed and enjoyed?

Look again at the facts of the case in regard to associations which have bulked largely on the public view. The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge incorporated lecturing among its other aims. The Sunday School Union have a staff of lecturers. The Anti-Corn Law League traversed the length and breadth of the land by their lecturers. The United Kingdom Alliance has a large staff of lecturers engaged in constant agitation against the liquor traffic; so have other temperance organizations. The Protestant Institute, the Sabbath Protection Alliance, the Liberation Society, &c., are other bodies who have faith in public lectures. The Young Men's Christian Societies of London and Dublin have long been distinguished as lecturing centres. They have published courses of lectures, and so successful have these lectures been, especially in the case of the London Association, that the Exeter Hall Lectures are now being re-issued in twenty volumes. What do all these facts attest but that public lectures are found in practice to be profitable for instruction on the whole? Or must we conclude that the whole world is mad, and that they consciously run greedily after lectures, knowing them to be useless and unprofitable? Let us note still further the fact that University Sessions are often begun with an address; that new schemes are inaugurated by speeches; that monuments are unveiled amidst oratory, and even markets and railways are opened with banquets at which lectures disguised as speeches are used to move and influence men. What is the British Association for the Promotion of

Science?—a large travelling collection of lecturers and lecture hearers. What is the Social Science Association but a migratory lecturing conspiracy? What are the inaugural and presidents' addresses of the ten thousand and one associations for the promotion, prevention, attainment, advocacy, &c., of this, that, and the other in which our country abounds but lectures of greater or less publicity? What, even, are most speeches delivered at public meetings—social, civic, financial, or other—but lectures? In fact, I do not well see how a lecture is to be singled out as useless and unprofitable without raising a similar question regarding preaching, legal advocacy, public addresses, parliamentary debates, &c., for they all partake less or more of the nature of lecturing—thoughts delivered in public with the intention of instructing those who hear them.

Lectures, then, by the clearest induction from facts known to everybody, are shown to be profitable for instruction. This settles all argument from theory. G. H. S. very ably combats the idea that "public lectures are profitable for instruction" on the ground that the conditions of public lecturing are adverse to instructiveness (p. 101); but this same objection lies against all public speaking, and may be urged against all publication whatever. Reading itself is open to precisely similar objections; and if we were to admit the argument of G. H. S. against lectures we should require to live in inexpressive silence all our lives. The argument of superficiality (p. 102) is superficial itself. Define "a little learning." Is it more than the hearer has got at all? If so, he may be instructed; if not, it is not a lecture which is given. The analogy of university lectures is quite in our favour, and dead set against our opponents. Captain Burrowe's argument, quoted with approval (p. 103) by G. H. S., defeats itself. If lectures are worse than useless for elementary instruction it is either because they are used for a purpose alien to their nature, or in a manner opposed to their intention. In the former case the fault is in the lecturer's want of sense; in the latter, in his want of adaptation to his work. But this argument, while effective against collegiate lectures, has no bearing upon popular public lectures, for in either of the cases stated the lectures would not find a "public."

Instructive lectures are such as appeal to generally felt wants, offer to supply information of which the need is known to the parties, or such as are so adapted to the level of public education that, beginning with what is known and admitted, the hearers may be raised from their own platform to another which is higher. Lectures may either convey new facts or new thoughts, or they may so arrange both facts and thoughts that they may lead to the suggestion of new combinations of ideas in the minds of those who hear them. Lectures may even be instructive which convey neither new fact nor thought, if they bring together, in a form more readily rememberable or intelligible, the facts or thoughts already possessed by the audience. We do not think the reasoning against

lectures at all tenable in the face of fact and experience. We have quoted many of the former, and we appeal now to our reader's own experience—has he not found public lectures profitable for instruction?

L. W. R.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

THIS is a question of considerable moment, and worthy of candid consideration. It has often perplexed me, but after a full investigation of the subject, I have no hesitation in taking the negative side.

In discussing this question, I understand that its signification applies to the instruction of the greatest number who may have the privilege of hearing lectures. I may admit, without further argument, that lectures may be of a very limited benefit to a few exceptions; but, as a general rule, I maintain that they are not a medium of instruction to the great majority who do attend them. As sources of information they are very superficial, and their beneficial tendencies very transient indeed.

Nothing can adorn and elevate the human race so much as instruction of a moral nature; nothing conduce more to human happiness than a well-cultivated mind. Knowledge changes the character of men altogether—it makes the foolish wise, the ignorant learned, the savage civilized. But as there appear to be such a variety of ways by which knowledge can be acquired, we are in duty bound to give our present question a careful discussion. Instruction must tend to develop the intellectual faculties by fact and argument in a consistent and logical manner, the impressions which it conveys to the understanding must be lasting, and the effects generally permanent. The instruction which is unable to bear out these ends cannot be profitable. Does then the information derived from attendance on public lectures develop the mind, or produce permanent results on the minds of the hearers? But a great deal hinges on a name, and nothing more so than the popularity of a lecturer. If he has received the applause of society for any time he may expect a crowded audience; if his name has not travelled very far his audience will be correspondingly small. Let the lecturer be a famous orator, and his eloquence will carry away the attention of his hearers from one object to another, so that no time is given for thought, or for considering in one's own mind what may have been heard. When the lecture is finished we may recollect a few of the most telling ideas or disquisitions at random, but generally speaking have no remembrance of the thread of the subject. We may have listened with great pleasure, indeed, but the eloquence was overpowering—the proper functions of the rational faculties were lost in the fascination of the moment. On the other hand, if the lecturer cannot aspire to oratory, the anxiety to listen, much less think, on the part of the audience, will be greatly diminished. At any rate, let a month or year elapse after the delivery of a lecture, and how many original ideas, how many important facts,

or how much of the consistent construction of the most elaborate and interesting lecture will the majority of hearers have remembered? The answer is quite obvious. Attendance on lectures may serve very well as a pastime, yet I am unaware how they can be proved to be the means of very profitable instruction. Lectures are generally delivered in a dull and monotonous manner. A person may hear the whole with patience, and mark how fact rushes on fact, and how argument is heaped on argument, all mingled together until one is unable to exercise his powers of discrimination on what he has heard. A lecture may be read, but how can that be a medium of instruction when you have no time whatever for reflection on what you have heard? What profitable instruction can the mere delivery of a lecture have on an audience when they have no time to reflect? And can the generality of hearers recollect the substance of every lecture they may hear so that they may reflect on them afterwards?

We are quite well aware of the description of lectures that audiences generally appreciate. They prefer light and flippant lectures to those of a deep and meditative character. They are all alive with applause and laughter at the former, while they sit in moody silence at the latter. They relish that which cannot, to any extent, be profitable by increasing their stock of knowledge, while they treat that which would be of profit with apathy and indifference. They wish amusement at lectures, and the lecturer must essay to suit the tastes of his hearers. We have observed this from personal experience in public lectures generally. We have also often remarked how applause had been lavished on very inferior lectures, while those ten times superior were listened to in silence as being dry and unpalatable. This I think of itself is sufficient to prove the entire uselessness of lectures as profitable for instruction. It has also the advantage of being taken from the conduct at lectures of the pretended recipients of profitable instruction.

But there are other objections against lectures being profitable for instruction. There is too great a variety of subjects in a course of lectures for the ordinary intellect to comprehend. They generally confound more than they instruct, and obscure rather than explain. From the varied and extensive character of any one subject there must necessarily be too much inconsistency for any great benefit. And can any one expect any benefit from a lecture when it is merely glossed over? A number of facts being selected, *here and there* out of a wide subject, without method or connection whatever, — can an audience derive any benefit from such unconnected cullings? Again, lectures are generally selected by lecturers from those departments of knowledge in which they deem themselves to be most proficient. It is quite natural for men to speak on their favourite topic, which becomes familiar to them by long study, thought, and application. But a lecture on such a study, if it be an abstract or scientific one, can never be justly appreciated by an ordinary audience: the train of thought cannot be followed, or the technical terms

understood. And yet lectures of such a character are the only ones profitable for instruction, and productive of any permanent results; but, as they cannot be comprehended by, are of no profit to the general intellect, while the superficial information acquired at a more flimsy one is lost a short time after delivery hence we believe lectures to be unprofitable as a medium of instruction.

We attach an infinite value to debate, like the opener on the affirmative side, of this question. Yet we are unable to perceive how public lectures can be ranked amongst the foremost means of instruction to audiences such as attend popular lectures. And we are at a still greater loss to conceive how this Magazine partakes of the character of lectures. In our opinion there is a great difference between the two. It must be plain that any individual cannot follow the train of reasoning in any lecture he may hear, remember how facts have been arranged, understand the signification of words, or even comprehend one-fourth of the substance of the lecture. Again, hearers have no time for thought, and if they do think on any striking idea, they will certainly lose the one which will immediately follow.—all which will produce a glorious medley for instruction! This Magazine is quite the reverse. Anybody can pore over its pages again and again, until he understands all that he wishes. He can think on any principle until he has fully mastered it, and get works of reference to explain that which may appear unintelligible. These reasons show plainly the great difference between lectures and the character of this Magazine. We certainly do not admit that the one bears the least resemblance to the other. We have no doubt at all of the instructive character of a large proportion of the contents of this Magazine; we are very dubious indeed on the point that public lectures produce questions and inquiry, which lead to thought, acquaintance with books, investigation of opinions, and to the acquisition of a language, &c. This appears to be a strange paradox. Public lectures leading to the acquisition of languages! We certainly would like to ascertain the number of individuals who have acquired the knowledge of a language out of the vast multitudes that have attended them within the last ten years! We may remark here that a great number of lectures are now published, but they are comparatively few to those that are not.

We admit that a great deal depends on the exertion of men as well as pupils in acquiring knowledge. Yet in any view we cannot discover how a lecturer can be compared to a schoolmaster. The teacher explains the A B C to his pupil, and if the latter may forget it he will be told it over again. This is quite different with the lecturer. He gives the A B C of geology or botany to an audience as ignorant of these sciences as the child is of the alphabet, without having another opportunity of asking what he has forgotten, and getting an explanation of that which he could not understand. This comparison certainly does not give any strength to the affirmative.

There is another illustration brought forward in support of lectures as means of profitable instruction. It is certainly a strange one, and adds nothing to the stability of the argument on the opposite side. It is that lectures tend "to persuade their hearers to travel." The desire of beholding the sights and wonders of foreign lands is very laudable indeed. But we would humbly ask—how many of the innumerable lecturers that swarm in the kingdom have ever been in foreign lands to describe their sights and wonders? How many lecturers do we hear lecture after coming from foreign lands? And how many hearers have been persuaded to travel on account of lectures they have heard? This is a very lame and impotent reason; a very impractical one; and I am very sorry to inform the affirmative opener, that if this reason is alone sufficient to prove that lectures have been profitable for instruction, it is a great pity that it has not been oftener acted upon, or turned to greater advantage to society.

The last illustration is more futile than all the others. A similarity is traced between the lectures of professors at universities and public lectures. There is a great difference, in our opinion, between the two—the academical and the platform; and there is also as wide a difference between the audiences who attend them respectively. A university professor lectures, and the students are examined thereon daily and weekly. The student also studies and develops himself on the professor's lectures. Besides, there are examinations to pass at the expiration of each session which he must pass creditably ere he will get his certificate of proficiency, or may be, his diploma. There are prizes—medals, bursaries, &c., to be competed for and won. The professor lectures on the subjects which he professes a whole session or more, and the students, of course, study the same time; nobody can therefore fail to observe the difference that exists between the profitable instruction to be derived from the one in comparison to the other. Popular lectures are widely different. The audiences attend without any end in view; and if they hear a lecturer once they never return again unless he be a "gun of heavy calibre." Moreover, they have no stimulus—nothing to contend for and nothing to gain—hence they hear with listlessness. Public lectures, therefore, can bear no comparison with lectures delivered at universities; the students who attend the one to the audiences who may occasionally attend the other; the great ends attained at college to the superficial information acquired at the popular lecture.

We have thus investigated the evidence of the affirmative side, and it appears to be defective. It is chiefly illustrative; but the illustrations do not stand on their own legs—they are vague on the point at issue. They are not pointed, and not one bears out the object for which it was intended; and if they are the most definite that can be advanced, they certainly do not convince us of the utter futility of our cause. The whole evidence is the "preliminary stumbling-block," as it is called, and five or six illustrations.

In conclusion, we maintain that public lectures are not profitable as a medium of instruction to hearers. We have attended a great number, but seldom found our knowledge greatly increased by such attendance, nor had they the least tendency in inducing us to travel in foreign climes. We will wait patiently until more evidences may be adduced by the affirmative.

G. M. S.

Wick.

Literature.

DOES POETRY DECLINE WITH THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

POETRY is imaginative thought. Civilization is thought put through the testing of experience and applied to the uses of life. Civilization, therefore, is the direct antagonist of poetry; as it advances poetry must decline. Who reads poetry now-a-days for love of it as poetry? The modern perusal of poetry is a taste as artificial as that of tobacco-chewing, garlic-eating, and tattooing, as that of classical learning, archæological research, or a devotion to statistics. It has become the fashion to praise as poets certain old authors who, in the old days of the world's history, because there was a difficulty in transmitting thoughts or facts from race to race, or diffusing them among their fellows, sensibly invented a form in which, by artificial aid given to the memory by rhythm, &c., the passage of thought might be made easier. This is the real secret of poetry. It is a *memoria technica*, an artificial memory. The regular recurrence of set sounds and the flow of measured words gave help to the thinker or repeater, independently of the expressions, and made it able to be rehearsed more readily. Men felt the convenience of this style, of having ideas put before them, and seeing its usefulness, encouraged other thinkers to pursue the same course. Hence men had a distinct interest in the old times in praising the poet and loving the perfection of language to which he attained. This having become the habit of composition, men gave themselves to constructing varieties of measure in which thoughts could be expressed and rehearsed, and they found one sort more suitable for special kinds of narratives or feelings than others, and the different forms of poetry originated in this perception of suitability. Of course it attained great perfection, for men not only knew its use but its indispensability, and gave honour to those who ministered so directly to their wants. By-and-bye men began to be able to write,

and so give permanence and transmissibility to their ideas without these metrical forms, and then began the era of prose literature. This was soon felt to be a great convenience in writing and reading, and it became the favourite, as it was the natural vehicle for communicating common thought—thought which sought only to be useful. At the same time the metrical forms continued to be employed; but gradually they were appropriated only to thoughts not immediately useful, removed from ordinary levels, and poetry became a luxury instead of a necessity.

Thus we see plainly that poetry, which had its use in the old uncivilized times, lost its use and gave place to the language of civilization—prose. From that time it has declined. It no longer holds the foremost rank in letters. The historian and the politician, even the newspaper editor, hold in reality a higher place than the best of modern poets. Thucydides outdid Homer, Livy surpassed Virgil, the sophists outshone the rhapsodists, and the rhetoricians and orators of Rome excelled its poets. So, though Dante shone in the uprise of mediæval letters, and Petrarch shed a genial sun-gleam over the horizon of Italian thought, immediately on the possibilities of transmitting or diffusing thought being increased by the printing-press, historians and philosophers took the lead. You see the same phenomenon in all literatures, and you see, too, every increase in the power of diffusing books lessens the vulgar love of poetry. Ballads and poetic epics must give place to histories, and the play of imagination in modern days finds scope in the novel, not in the poem. Civilization has subdued poetry, and she has fallen into irretrievable decline.

Shakspeare, it is true, held theatres in thrall, and has bound ages in his spells; but it is as a philosopher much more than as a poet; and hence he is read but not witnessed *now*. Milton's mighty epic charms men still, but it is as much because it copes with the ancients on their own especial field of glory as for the nobleness of its thoughts and the stateliness of its verse. Of all the dramas that have been written how few are read, not to say performed, compared to the histories that are now perused? Of all the epics which have been added to English literature—let us say only from Blackmore to Southey—how many are known by name, without speaking about perusal? Is it not a fact that few know even the outline, fewer the intent, of Spenser's "Fairie Queen"? These facts prove irresistibly that poetry has declined with civilization, and that too for a good reason—it is now of no utility commensurate with its cost in labour either of production or perusal. Hence we aver that poetry does decline with civilization, and hold that facts prove it.

Such is an outline of the first series of reflections which lead us to believe that the decline of poetry is simultaneous *pari passu* with the advance of civilization. It will be seen, on reference to p. 183, that R. S. and I explain the same facts differently. This arises from his looking at the coincidence of civilization and poetry in the

same era, and my noting the difference between these, and seeing that poetry was failing in usefulness and effectiveness while civilization was spurring on to its great conquests over human misery and wrong.

Never, perhaps, was there a greater mistake made by R. S. than when he says, "As freedom and peace are necessary elements of civilization, so also are they the constant companions of real and good poetry." Chaucer sang in the days of Cressy and Poitiers; Spenser while the Armada threatened the land; Shakspeare while Ireland was in Rebellion and the Gunpowder Plot was afoot; Cowley, Waller, and Milton in the times of the Civil Wars, the Commonwealth, and the Dutch sea-fights; Dryden in the times of Sedgemoor and the Revolution, Killiecrankie, and Glencoe; Addison during Blenheim, Ramillies, and Malplaquet; Thomson, Young, and Gray while Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Culloden were being fought; Cowper in the very heat of Plassey, the Heights of Abraham, the Storming of Quebec, Minden, and all the scenes and tumult of the American War; Burns lived during the American War, the War in India, and the French Revolution; Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Campbell, Scott, and Byron, during the Peninsular Wars; Tennyson, Browning, Dobell, and Smith during the Carlist War in Spain, the Revolt of the Canadas, the Afghan War, the War in the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the War in the United States, the Danish War, &c. These coincidences destroy the premises, and therefore the conclusion which R. S. founds upon them, that poetry and civilization coincide; but they do far more: for only think of the list which begins in the days of the Plantagenets, with Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, being closed in the reign of Victoria with Tennyson, Browning, Dobell, and Smith!

We entirely agree with R. S. in asserting that "the state of national civilization has a marked influence on the national poetry," but we contend that its effect is to make it worse. The higher the civilization the lower the poetry; not only in the estimation of the people, but in the actual value of the product. The roots of poetry must be delved about by great events, while civilization seeks peace and wealth. Science explains facts, and civilization acts upon her explanations, sets her whole state and condition in harmony with scientific facts and the arts that arise out of them. Imagination is thus cut off from her storehouse of available poetry. The gods fly from her presence; living nature gets itself dissected, and is no longer able to be apostrophized; botany materializes flowers; the eternal rocks fall before the hammer of geology; chemistry subtracts the mystery from pearl, diamond, rainbow, and sunbeam. And though poetry may egotistically and contemptuously exclaim of each of these,—

"I ask not, proud philosophy,
To tell me what thou art,"

its haughty ignorance does not recommend it to the taste of civil-

ization. Is this not the reason why poetry now-a-days prates of Faust and Festus, life drama and Balder, and has got into the regions of metaphysics, political economy, and natural theology; nay, has even got into social science and politics? Worst of all, has it not really begun to substitute for the production of true modern poetry the reproduction of old verse, whereupon she inundates us every quarter of a year with a new version of Homer; and having exhausted Homer, is beginning with Virgil?

Poetry is exorcised. The quantity of rhyme with which our age abounds proves the decline of true poetry. So low has the opinion got of what poetry is, that everybody versifies. Poets in the old times were prophets and teachers. They were sacred and loved. Now the poet is contemned and his teaching is laughed at; for every haberdasher's apprentice, every factory girl, every shoemaker's boy, or guide of a sewing machine manufactures verse, and claims the sacred name and holy form of a poet. Tupper, not content with attempting to rival Coleridge, endeavours to eclipse Shakespeare; and Smith, unsatisfied with feebly imitating Goethe, aspires to be the Miltonic sonneteer of our late war; Allingham attempts an Irish epic; and George Gilfillan is said to be about to strike Young's "Night Thoughts," Hesiod's "Works and Days," Lucretius's "Nature of Things," and Thomson's "Seasons" out of the market by "The Epic of Night;" while Abraham Heraud has flooded literature with epics of immeasurable length and verbosity; and the Oxford and Cambridge prize poems are becoming unpub-lishable. Can we affirm aught else, on a review of the premises, than that poetry declines with civilization? PHILOMATHES.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—II.

THE question proposed for debate may well be asked in this age of utilitarianism when amongst one class of people £ s. d. forms the finest expression in literature, and amongst another, the possession of strong reasoning faculties altogether supersedes the enjoyment of the beautiful and the imaginative, because it cannot be real or tangible. The latter appears to be the characteristic of the Puritans of the present age. Despising all that appeals to the tender and the pathetic, they shut themselves up in their strong castle of reason, debarring themselves from some of the most innocent and profitable sources of amusement.

But notwithstanding the wide-spread influence of the two characteristics mentioned above, distinctly traceable, as they are, to an advanced stage of civilization, I am still of opinion that poetry does not decline with the advance of civilization, and shall proceed to lay down the reasons which induce me to hold this conclusion.

We are accustomed to speak of poetry both as a gift and as an art; in this double aspect we must consequently regard it. By the gift of poetry is understood that natural qualification and endowment which exists ready to develop itself even under circumstances somewhat unfavourable; by the art of poetry is meant the culture

and perfection of that natural endowment by which every candid mind must acknowledge its value is so materially enhanced.

Poetry appears so closely allied to civilization, and so entirely dependent upon it for culture and countenance, that were it not for its presence the very capability of the existence of poetry, at least as an art, might be doubted.

When a nation begins to emerge from a state of barbarism, and civilization advances with rapid strides through the land, sweeping away many of the ancient usages and customs, new wants arise, and new desires are experienced. The existence of mind is determined; the cultivation of the mind is demanded and required. I hold this to be the grand distinction between an age of barbarism and an age of civilization, whereas the former acknowledges superiority in brute force only, the latter loudly proclaims the inferiority of matter to mind.

Let it not be thought that civilization introduces no other blessing than mechanism, or even commerce, although the great business relations of our country possess such vast importance. It bears in its train the seeds of still more important results. It gives full play to the inventive and imaginative powers of man, and where can they be better applied than in the boundless realms of literature? or where more nobly called into operation than in the fanciful, imaginative domains of poetry, which hold a second place to no department of literature?

The great French philosopher has written:—"Lorsqu'on a perfectionné ce qui est nécessaire on trouve bientôt le beau et l'agréable."^{*} This has been the order of the great law of human progress since the world began,—first, necessity; afterwards, beauty. "Necessity is the mother of invention," says our every-day proverb. Beauty is the product of the redundancy of that inventive and imaginative faculty in man, and the creations of fancy, charming alike in music, sculpture, or poetry, flow from the cultivation and expansion of this remarkable faculty,—a faculty almost unknown and uncultivated by barbarous tribes, whose attention is solely divided between material wants and sensual enjoyments.

To place this in a somewhat stronger light. We form a civilized community, acting, to a certain extent, upon commercial principles. Poetry is sought for and admired—the commodity must therefore be brought into the market. The desires of men point in that direction; the minds of men must therefore be called into operation to supply those desires.

This is much too commercial a way of looking at a subject so distinct and separate from "filthy lucre," but such material pressure must greatly increase the extent and value of poetic productions. Thousands now read and estimate the works of a national poet in the place of the solitary individual of a few centuries ago. Intellectual culture and comparative refinement have so far permeated

* Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV."

the people, that emphatically "the lower orders" seek enjoyment and instruction in the works of thought and imagination. The immense circulation and extensive discussion of Tennyson's latest poem, "Enoch Arden," will fully corroborate what I am here attempting to establish.

We must remember that true poetry is not created by this material pressure. All aspirations for poetic fame will be idle and useless unless the fire of genius illumine the pen of the writer. At the same time an age which looks with particular interest upon the productions of the poet, which presents every inducement to the rousing of latent faculties; a period which affords full and free scope for the most sublime works of genius and of art cannot reasonably be said to be unfavourable to the growth and development of poetry. As well might it be urged that our atmosphere was unfavourable to the existence of the mammoth, whose fossil remains afford us our only clue of knowledge,—or that a hotbed is unfavourable to the growth of a certain plant which had never been placed there, as that an age of civilization is unfavourable to the development of poetry when the Genius of poetry has not deigned to visit the master-minds of the age. The life-giving power of the atmosphere is recognized, the nourishing and strengthening properties of the hotbed are known, so the inducements and incentives of an advanced stage of civilization are known, and should be recognized; and whilst we may mourn the absence of the poetic talisman, we ought not to condemn the sterility of the soil. We have poetasters by the score, and rhymemongers by the hundred, but a true and burning poet is a creation worthy of Omnipotence itself.

Yet it must be acknowledged that a more correct taste for poetry, and a more enlightened view of its proper uses and adaptations, have become more universally diffused, so that, although the present age is not fertile in great poets, poetry itself has made rapid and sterling advances even in our degenerate times.

Against those who may urge that the "materialism" necessarily bound up with an age of civilization stunts the growth of poetry, allow me to place the words of a good critic and essayist, "Let manners change as they may, genius will find in the new manners materials for its powers."*

The materialism of many minds is left in their counting-house, and all are not blessed with those strong reasoning faculties, previously referred to, which need no relaxation. The genius of the spiritual world is greater than the material, and will trample it down. The true poet is able to penetrate to the innermost souls of his readers, and though some may pass his beauties by unheeded, the community at large feel his power, and recognize his talent.

But further, one of the tendencies of civilization is to induce study which must materially benefit the true interests of poetry. Abstract speculations, or deeply philosophical thought, may now be

* "The Minstrelsy of Scotland," "Hannay's Essays."

the most popular study of an age of civilization, but the whole culture of poetry as an art is so inwrought with deep and severe study; that poetry, apart from philosophy, can scarcely exist. Added to which the vast fund of knowledge requisite to the calling of a poet is thus attained by the study entailed; "The rich amalgamation of poetry, sacred and profane, of theology, philosophy, history, fable, of science, in the severe and exact knowledge of abstractions, and in the fit harmonies of music."

These things are necessary to him who would lead his fellow-men in this age of refinement, and these are things only attainable when civilization has greatly advanced.

Take a glance at the works of even some of our minor poets, compared with Shakspeare and Milton, and test them by this; could these works have been produced had Civilization withdrawn her influence,—the "Essay on Man," "The Traveller," "The Task," "Childe Harold?"—in fact, any of those poems which have gained a merited fame in the annals of our poetry?

Seeing, therefore, that poetry is so thoroughly dependent upon civilization for its development, I can scarcely conceive that that motive power which has helped to raise her to the high pedestal on which she stands can be a cause of hindrance to her further growth. Such are some of the reasons, somewhat ruggedly expressed, but sufficiently clear to demonstrate, that poetry does not decline with civilization.

L'INCONNUE

Social Economy.

DOES THE DRAMA ELEVATE OR DEGRADE?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—IV.

It seems that this question will be treated in a more liberal manner than its terms necessitate. We might limit our discussion by the narrow boundary in which Dr. Johnson's definition would confine it; but we are willing to lessen our vantage-ground, and to extend the arena of debate. We are willing to consider the effects of the drama when it is limited to poems or fictitious compositions, as well as when its definition is extended by including the representation of those on the stage. The opener of the debate on the affirmative side likewise allows this extension; but unfortunately in discussing the character of the actor, and in endeavouring to refute the common opinion that they are vicious and worthless people, he has entirely omitted to consider the effects of the drama on the audience. In cracking the shell he has lost the kernel. The character of the actor may or may not bear investigation; in too many cases we fear it will not; but the private life of a performer, whether good or bad, is not to be taken as an argument for or against the influence

of the drama on man. No single instance is worth mentioning. As a rule, actors are persons of peculiar gifts and peculiar tastes. These possessions themselves lead their owners to low society, and will often account for their vicious habits. Besides, what is one man's food is another's poison. We can well imagine that the stigma which attaches itself to the character of a performer does not often find ungenial soil. But while we may be ready to allow that there is some truth in this, we are ready to believe, with Mr. Mills, that there are many eminent examples of the contrary. But this is a matter that does not concern the question at issue, and we are sorry that the above gentleman, in his praiseworthy attempt to prove the decorum and morality of the player's private life, neglected the main point of showing the beneficial effect of the drama. Yet some of our opponents may think there is inconsistency in allowing the life of the actor to be often "degraded," and still maintain the power to elevate which lies in his profession, is calculated to exercise on others. The inconsistency is only apparent; it does not exist in reality. The same apparent inconsistency is seen in the fact that a doctor may contribute to the health of others, and yet be himself a pale emaciated man. As well might we assert, and with greater probability, that a vicious or an intemperate man could never produce a pure and healthy treatise. Yet the contrary of this appears in many notable instances. We need only allude to Addison and Steele, to remind our readers that drunkards have been the authors of some of the finest essays in our language on the evils of intemperance, and at the same time to show the truth of what we have stated. The defect exists in the constitution or habits. A man may even be successful as a preacher, he may convert hundreds and improve the lives of thousands, and yet practise the very opposite of what he preaches. The fact then that actors generally lead immoral lives—even if substantiated—would prove no more than that their inclination and circumstances tend thereto. Were it true that every member of the profession deserved the stigma, nothing further would be shown. But we have said enough, if not more than enough, with regard to this. The fear that our opponents might assume this false argument led us on. It is to be hoped that what we have said will caution them against digressing to an argument so fallacious and so untenable.

55. The objections to the drama written and represented are numerous. Readers of this Magazine will remember that in a former debate we stated and refuted them; it will be necessary, however, to give a cursory review of them. It will be readily seen that they are of no weight, and that they are founded on erroneous views; and not unfrequently on tales, reports, and exaggerations of a past generation. We need not examine the old hackneyed objection which, did it exist, would be a serious objection—the immorality of plays, for such an accusation against the drama cannot be maintained in the present age if it ever could. The tendency of the stage is now on the side of religion. Few are the new plays

that have not for their moral a doctrine of the Bible. Indeed, such is the inclination of the age, that if there is any real objection to plays, it is that they teach or rather are indoctrinated with a superabundance of morality; that is, to express ourselves more clearly, they harp too much and too often on the moral. The ugliness of vice and the beauty of holiness is too frequently on the lips of the actor; so much so, that we are sometimes afraid it defeats its own object. Monotony is wearisome; we need a variety both in matter and moral; sameness disgusts, and has a tendency to lead people into the opposite extreme for the sake of relief and variety.

Having thus laid aside the objection on the ground of immorality as imaginary and false, we find our opponents denouncing this kind of literature for a reason almost as fanciful as the one above. They assert, and we do not deny the fact, that other great dramatists are so full of licentious words and phrases, as to render the perusal or study dangerous for the young and refined. This objection can be met by several arguments. We need mention but one or two to show our readers how utterly unsound it is; and here we may be allowed to remark that those who hold such an opinion can take but a narrow view of the education of man, and of his existence in this world of sin and temptation. Such an objection as we have previously maintained cuts at the roots, nay, more, overthrows the system of education which is adopted in all civilized countries; a system which has the sanction and recommendation of the great educators and divines of not only the past, but also of the present time; a system which has produced the greatest theologians and moralists of all ages. The very volumes which reverends, right-reverends, and very right-reverends put into the hands of their successors are of a nature much more licentious than any of the plays of Shakspeare or Ben Jonson. The classical reader will require no reference, and others can learn the tone of Plautus and Juvenal from any commentary to their writings. If then there is any weight in the objection, surely those who have the care of the morals of the world would not advise the study of authors whose characteristic lies in this objection. But have our opponents considered the consequence of their argument? Are they prepared to allow the conclusions to which it leads them? Such an objection will include as improper for reading more authors than Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, more books than the dramatists have bequeathed us; books written for a different object and of quite a different tendency. Yes, it will, we fear, —arguing on their principle—include many that they themselves would recommend, or be sorry to part with; it will not stop even with the homilies of Elizabeth's time, but will close the Bible as a book unfit for the young and detrimental to the morals of its readers. If such an objection can be hurled against our dramatists, an objection equally as valid will fall upon the study of the Bible. The language of that sacred volume is, alas! not one whit more

refined than are the words which fell from the lips of the Stratford bard. And how can it be expected? The language we see there was the language of the age. The words and phrases which now shock the ears of refinement had no licentious sound to the ears of that generation. The language of one age is not the language of another. What was refined to our fathers is coarse and improper to us. The conversation of the drawing-room two centuries ago between ladies and gentlemen of the highest birth and education is only to be heard at the present day in taverns and low resorts. Addison was considered the model of purity when he wrote, but every reader of his works knows that they contain much that would not be allowed in the literature of our time. But is it not rather fanciful to object to the study of old writings on such grounds, when we might say all and much more is heard in our daily rambles? If the morality of youth is of such a valetudinarian kind that the perusal of a play of Shakspeare endangers it, how can we expect that it will not wreck itself upon the rocks of immorality so numerous in city life? To hide sin from the eye, or shut it off from the ear, does not erase it from the heart.

Another objection to the drama, and here we are speaking of it in its extended meaning, is that it collects together the lower orders, and thereby tends to unseemly mirth, rudeness, and vulgarity. Rather than the fact of its attracting people together affording an objection, we consider it one of its highest recommendations. There can be no truth in such an objection, else we might find it in every crowd, in every assembly—in fact, such an objection would stigmatize our social gatherings, and find harm in friendly intercourse; it would prevent the patriot from rousing the courage of his countrymen; it would leave the eloquence of the divine to the conversion of pews and pillars; it would scatter the city and its civilizing influence to the ends of the earth. We, on the other hand, are glad to see the rich and poor, the educated and ignorant, the refined and coarse, meet together. Such an assembly cannot but tend to open the eyes of the ignorant and to ameliorate the condition of the poor. Imitation is a trait in our character, and every student of human nature knows how eager and how apt the lower orders are to imitate their more fortunate fellow-beings. In an audience at a theatre, where so much wealth and refinement are conspicuous, some good effects will be produced on the minds of those who are witnesses of them. We are what circumstances make us; that is, we are materially influenced by the person and objects around us. This is evident in the superiority of domestic servants who have to deal with masters of education and gentlemanly bearing, and of persons whose business is in or near our great universities. We might go farther were it necessary, and show that the mind is improved and enlarged by residing in the neighbourhood of fine buildings and extensive views. We maintain, therefore, that the more the low are brought in contact with the high, the better it is for the civilization and moral tone of the

world. It has been now shown that three of the objections most frequently urged against the drama exist only in name, and that one, rather than demoralizing the people, tends both to their moral and intellectual improvement.

We shall proceed to state briefly a few of the arguments in favour of the drama, in its proper, as well as in the more extended source. The assertion that the drama degrades is nothing less than saying that knowledge degrades, that what we consider to be the principal, and, we might say, the only means of elevating man has the opposite effect. It condemns at once one of the best means of studying character. The proper study of man is man, said Pope, and in our acceptance of the truth of this line we should be loath to lose this dictionary of human nature. We may be told to go direct to the fountain head, but we may perhaps be allowed to remind our opponents that "the fountain head" may be swampy and beset with briars and nettles; besides, there is often a difficulty in filling a ewer at the source, while a little farther down, where man's wants and ingenuity have deepened the course, a plentiful and ready supply is easily obtained. In addition to this, a greater aptitude and better opportunities for this study are to be allowed some men, and few surely would have us forego perhaps the result of a genius's life, simply because it is clothed in the garb of tragedy. Observation is considered one of the five means of improving and enriching the mind, and what helps more to form, or cultivate this habit than a careful perusal of a play? Our attention is riveted on the character of the hero, and like as wealth produces wealth, so considering the traits of an imaginary person will conduce to the study of a being of real life; a similar interest might be claimed for literature. It would be no extension to the argument we have just given for the study of the drama, but merely particularizing the advantages, were we to mention that it improves and enlarges the judgment by enabling us to detect more readily falsehood, deceit, and chicanery; that it softens the passions by exhibiting the misery and vice which have accrued from their indulgence, while it shows the happiness and prosperity which have resulted from a just moderation of them; that it promotes Christianity by displaying the deformity of vice, and enhancing the loveliness of virtue by its theatrical effect.

There are collateral advantages which attend the witnessing of the representation of a play. Advantages which we allow, to anticipate our opponents, are trivial in themselves, but collectively have great influence; such are the scenes, the dresses, the superiority in figure and voice of the actors; in short, anything there we may behold better than ordinary, tends to educate and improve. Whatever makes one discontented with self, and determined to supply the deficiency, has a beneficial result on him. And who, we ask, is not more or less affected in this way on visiting any of our best theatres? Who does not see something in the actor to admire, something in the play that fills his soul with love for man, and for

the great Author of his existence? Yes, plays read or witnessed exercise an influence on the mind that we should be sorry to forego, and lament to see withheld from others, especially from the poor and ignorant, whose intellectual and moral improvement we maintain is greatly advanced by means especially of the drama.

ELPISTICOS.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—IV.

WE understand that the present discussion of the drama is regarding it, *as it exists*. Has it an elevating or degrading tendency? We have no intention, certainly, of using flowery and beautiful words in an argumentative paper, as some of the debaters on the "elevating side," have done. Such verbiage appears quite extraneous (see p. 96), and we are certainly of opinion that such a course has no tendency whatever to convince any one of the opinions which are sought to be inculcated. Although we are under the impression that the drama degrades, we are quite unable to discover how such a belief tends to banish the beautiful "from human life." Can the appurtenances of the stage, when they pretend to exhibit any object, be said to have the least resemblance to the realities which they represent? The mere fact that it is a representation of a pretended reality defines its actual character. It undertakes to represent the characters it puts forth in their original condition and natural simplicity. And the audience are expected, as a matter of course, to receive as genuine the impressions which such portraiture may have on their minds. When it pretends to bring past objects present it surely belies all truth. Now the whole aim of our being is for the attainment of reality, which is simply truth. Anything that tends to cause truth to appear in fictitious form has a pernicious influence. The drama has this effect; therefore, it has a degrading tendency. An individual may derive pleasure from representation, but such pleasure cannot be instruction, and that which is not instruction cannot be elevating. True pleasure and instruction, which compose reality, can be the only means whereby people are socially, politically, and morally elevated. If the theatres make good men happy, bad men virtuous—produce by their effects a better citizen and contented person, a moral man and a good Christian—then we might admit that they were elevating; but we believe that it is quite the reverse, and that they only increase moral degradation and wretchedness.

Our first objection to the drama is that it bewilders the imagination. In the drama every fanciful subject is selected to excite the imagination by making false objects appear real; so that by continual intercourse with these objects it loses the power for which it was intended, and makes its votary unfit for the legitimate duties of life. Past events are represented in the most fictitious dissimulation. Now such false representations have a powerful influence over the intellectual faculties by exciting the imagination to tenfold intensity beyond its proper scope, and dwindling down other facul-

ties which are of far greater importance to human weal to mere secondary agents; hence we believe that dramatical exhibitions have not the most elevating effect. The mere fact that the drama is an ancient institution proves nothing, and we certainly can adduce other old institutions that cannot, on the mere grounds of antiquity, be regarded as elevating in their general character on the public. We admit that the drama, when in its purer state, about three hundred years ago, exerted a kind of beneficial influence, but we certainly cannot affirm that *now*.

We have another complaint against the drama, on account of the excitement which it administers to those who are in the practice of attending theatres. The mind is generally concentrated on one object, and that is the performance of the actors. All pay attention with a kind of maddened thirst and enthusiasm which no one can describe. Now we most distinctly state that such mental excitement created by the aid of fiction has a tendency to disgust a man with his ordinary avocation in life; and that after such exhibitions as are usually seen in theatres, a person (after a night in such a place) will not be in the best condition for his work next morning. This we believe is most deadly against the elevating character of the drama. When it panders to the passions, and when its continuance for any time would make disaster in the life of any one—then we certainly come to the conclusion that it is most degrading in its general character. A night or two's attendance in a theatre may not seriously injure any person, but let it be continued for any length of time, and can the result be realized? We are aware that habit, which is the result of continual practice in a particular line of action, becomes a second nature, and would any person recommend that the drama should be regularly attended because it is a moral elevator? Decidedly not.

The drama may require a little study from the actors, but certainly not from the audience. And we understand that we have chiefly to do with the mass of spectators. "Thespis" states that "the frequenters of the theatre are the intellectually inclined." This is certainly one of the most chimerical ideas and ludicrous assertions that ever we heard. And the reason he gives for this is, that their poetic emotions are stirred. But the fact is quite plainly the reverse; the passions are very often dreadfully excited, and if this makes the "frequenter" intellectually inclined, we must state it looks very paradoxical. The mere fact of the passions being aroused certainly does away with the cultivation of the intellect.

And further, we must state, that no amusement whatever can be realized from attendance at the theatre. Imagine the artisan, after his hard day's toil, attending the theatre three or four times every week. What pleasure could he derive therefrom? But he approves and applauds the *dramatis persone* on the stage before him. We are unable, however, to conceive how intelligent and rational beings can laugh and giggle at such silly and flimsy exhibitions as are repeated over and over again. What does the theatre

do to the mental faculties? Does it ease and calm them after the day's work? No, it simply inflames and excites the less discriminating faculties, and the attendance at theatres, instead of being a recreation tranquillizing to the mind, becomes a stimulus to increase the passions, and hence in this manner demoralizes its victim.

Then all dramatical pieces must be suited to the tastes of the audiences, and certain ones will only draw good houses. Shakspeare has been founded on by the opposite debater, but we most distinctly assert that the best of his plays would only draw limited attendances. The annals of theatricals in London and the provinces sufficiently attest this fact. Who sees Shakspeare played now? We never were aware of either Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" or Milton's "Paradise Lost" being acted in theatres. Works of such a description would never suit the depraved tastes of theatrical votaries. Obscene comedies must be resorted to which will stealthily hint about vicious incidents, and cast slurs on virtue, in order that well-filled houses may be procured. The fact that it is pieces of such a nature that draw very crowded houses is a sufficient guarantee that they are not elevating in their character.

It has been alleged that theatres have saved hundreds. Well, we may say with equal certainty, that it has ruined thousands. An investigation of those who attend theatres will be adequate to prove this assertion. And also an examination of the crowd as they disperse after the night's proceedings, will be additional proof. And, further, the moral degradation that is usually seen in the vicinity of such places fully demonstrates that the drama is not elevating, but degrading.

"Philomathes" gives scriptural references in support of the drama. But has he ever proved that they are dramatical, or that they are acted in theatres at the present day? It may be all very well to talk about Sodom, David, the Old and New Testaments; but these quotations (p. 98) do not prove the beneficial influence of the drama. Again, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* may be advanced in its support on the ground of classic antiquity; but at that period the state of society was quite different. The productions of these great men were exactly suited to the age in which they lived; but we contend that the works of our own greatest dramatical masters do not suit the tastes and caprices of theatrical audiences. Some other stimulant is required ere the drama can meet with any success.

The "degrade" side has been argued so ably that any further remarks from us are quite superfluous.

We therefore maintain that the influence of the theatre is most pernicious to, and destructive of, the well-being of society; that it displaces the imagination from its proper equilibrium; that it excites the passions; that it is not an innocent amusement, or recreative in its bearing; that it tends rather to increase than diminish crime; and that its effects are most deteriorating in a moral point of view.

G. M. SUTHERLAND.

Toiling Upward.

NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, LL.D., F.R.S.

INSTANCES of getting up are not uncommon in the world. This series of papers, however, is, we understand, intended not to be a mere record of "men who have risen," or been raised, but of men whose energies have been tasked in the endeavour to ascend the hills of life's eminence in some form or other of intended and determined effort. It is intended to, or at least should, consist of the records of lives spent in willingly undertaken labour, over and above those which the mere necessities or position of the individual enforced, with the intention either of improving the mind, circumstances, usefulness, or reputation of the person so occupying himself, or of bettering in some manner his fellow-pilgrims in the journey of life. That alone can justly be called *toiling upward*. Examples of such ennobling struggles are fortunately to be found in every quarter of the globe; for it is the very nature of man—especially of men of earnest character and vigorous powers—to be irrepressible by any fate that works around him. To "the strong will and the endeavour" of such men the commonplace impossibilities of ordinary individuals gave way; for the hopeful energy of a resolved spirit imparts a keen and intense vitality to their exertions, and an unflagging zeal impels them to perseverance. Not only in our own land, but in many other countries, indomitable persistency wins honour and usefulness; especially so is this the case among the scions of the Saxon and the Teutonic races, who have a sort of stubborn indefatigability in them which pushes out into all kinds of effortful life, and which not only aims at or claims success, but attains it. Among many such examples of "toiling upward" we would quote the name and note the life-labours of one who has earned for himself an enduring reputation in one of the loftiest departments of science by the accomplishment of work unsurpassed in usefulness by many of the efforts of talented men.

The glorious phenomena of the heavens, especially as they are explained and developed by the mathematician, are admittedly sublime. The mightiest thinkers have thought no diligence too exacting, no labour too exhausting, which promised to enable them to—

"Unwind the eternal dances of the sky."

From the early ages of the Chaldaean seers to those of the immortal legislator of modern physical research, and from the days of Newton's grand out-voyaging discoveries in the starry spaces to

those present times in which Airy, Herschel, Galle, Encke, Leverrier, Santini, Adams, and Hind have gained names and fames, the most striking sagacity and industry have been combinedly employed to win from the heavenly distances the secrets of their order. Among the great workers in this science Laplace, the critical assayer of Newton's discoveries, holds a high place. His "*Mécanique Céleste*" is a marvel of sagacious mathematical analysis applied to the exposition of the physical phenomena of the heavens. To Dr. Bowditch there only remains the secondary glory of making the "*Celestial Mechanics*" of the distinguished Frenchman accessible to readers of English, accompanied by a copious running commentary, in which every difficulty, either in conception or in reasoning, is carefully elucidated, so that the philosophy Laplace teaches has been at one popularized and simplified, and an additional charm has been added to the great thoughts of the senator-astronomer. It is to the circumstances in which this noble work was accomplished that we hope to interest our readers, and by a statement of them we anticipate being able to excite their admiration for Dr. Bowditch, mathematician and man of science, as a sterling example of "toiling upward," not only in what he did, but in the circumstances and surroundings in which he did it.

Nathaniel Bowditch was born in Salem, a town on a peninsula in the Bay of Massachusetts, United States, 26th March, 1773. His father was a working cooper, in an humble condition of life; and was, in fact, so poor, that notwithstanding the excellence and cheapness of, as well as the high value attached to, education in the puritan and literary state, young Nathaniel was of necessity taken from school at the early age of ten years, to share in the bread-gaining work of the cooperage, which he did for upwards of two years, until his bones should knit a little, and a better paid opening occurred for him. His next remove was to a situation as shop and errand boy in a shipchandler's, where the work was scarcely likely to be easy to a raw lad who had not then seen the commencement of his teens. With resolute heart he fulfilled the trying duties of the day, and then, rejoicing that the night was his, he devoted long hours to reading and study. He was too poor to buy books, and scantily furnished were the home-shelves with those "aids to self-culture." Wherever he could he borrowed volumes, and, anxious to return them, perused them greedily; and when they contained matter more than usually interesting or important, either committed the precious passages to memory or copied them out in script. In this way, before he had completed his fourteenth year, he had copied a lengthy treatise on algebra, the exercises in which he afterwards worked out in full; another on conic sections, and one on geometry. To the study of these he gave himself with energy and diligence. A taste for mathematical pursuits developed within him rapidly, and he became so far master of its processes during the year 1788, as to perform all the calculations necessary to the making of a complete almanack for 1790. Shortly afterwards he obtained, by accident, a

copy of the "*Principia*," that great work whose publication by Newton constitutes one of the most remarkable epochs in modern science. Of the fame of the "*Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*," 1687, "by parcels he had something heard, but not intuitively." Now, however, he was roused to thought about it. But the book was written in Latin.* His living soul was not to be balked by a dead language. He determined by self-effort to acquire the key to unlock that treasure, the "open sesame" of so much thought and learning. Resolutely he laboured and gradually he vanquished the difficulties which presented themselves in his endeavour to master the language of Rome. He succeeded in attaining the capacity to read the marvellous volume in the original, and with painstaking effort and lengthy script-craft made a translation of the entire work; and this he had accomplished shortly after he had reached the end of his teens. No wonder, then, that the repute of this quenchless thirst and grudgeless industry went abroad in the neighbourhood, and won him favour, help, and encouragement. Private collections of books were opened to him, and his eager-hearted delight in their perusal not unfrequently surprised those on whose shelves they had lain unused. In some of the libraries to whose stores he thus achieved access there were fortunately several able scientific treatises, and these he studied with an avid zeal. Feeling within himself yearnings which mere reading could not appease, he sought out a field of action in the domains of science, but all seemed to him pre-occupied. The necessities of life, too, were upon him, and the work-a-day world had its demands on him. A leisurely life of thought could not be his. Even shipchandlery could not afford him a living, and when he had attained his majority he found it advisable to accept a situation as a captain's clerk, in which he was to act also as an inferior ship's officer. Such a life, with all its discouragements to study, did not eat from his spirit the ambition of knowing all that he could learn. He read during every spare moment he could snatch from the daily employments to which he was bound, and which he never neglected; and while keeping his watch during the night, by the help of an acute old British sailor, he acquired a knowledge of the art of navigation. In three years after he had first opened a book on the subject he was able to compose a treatise on practical navigation, which soon after its publication, in 1800, superseded the work of J. H. Moore, in which he had studied the subject, and almost immediately acquired such a character as to be universally used. In this work he improved many of the processes of computation employed in books on the subject; calculated anew, and more correctly, all the tables, while he nearly doubled them in extent; besides introducing many superior methods and plans. So highly was the treatise

* We may, perhaps, profitably note here for some struggling thinker, that a good account and analysis of this notable work will be found in the "*Penny Cyclopædia*," vol. xix., under the word "*Principia*," p. 5.

thought of by the best judges, that it was republished in London under the editorship of Kirby, 1802, and was much employed in the nautical services of France and England.

Nathaniel Bowditch, during his seafaring life, whether as captain's clerk, supercargo, or what he ultimately became, master, never forgot the keen delights of mental acquisition. He not only enjoyed study himself, but he took pleasure in instructing his fellow-officers, and even the common members of the crew in the methods of practical navigation; thus repaying to the class the debt he owed to "the old salt" from whom his own acquaintance with the subject was gained.

In 1803, when he had reached his thirtieth year, he had the opportunity offered him of changing a seafaring for a landliving employment. After having made four voyages to the East Indies and one to Europe, he quitted the management of seagoing ships, and accepted the offer made to him of the position of president of an insurance office in his native place, Salem. This post he occupied for twenty years, usefully to his employers—honourably to himself. Here he continued the careful economization of the spare moments of life which in his case led to such wonderful results. Catching in his several voyages a smattering of tongues, he pursued his linguistic studies as ardently as those relating to the practical applications of science. So widely did his efforts in the acquisition of languages range, that evidences have been left of his endeavours, and in some cases successful study of no fewer than twenty-five languages or dialects. The usual method pursued by this self-taught student was to procure a New Testament and a dictionary of the language to be learned. He then wrote down the original and a translation of it, carefully noting the idioms and the grammatical changes, and devoting his entire thought to the words, the matter being already familiar to his mind. In this way, as we have said, he became conversant with most of the languages of Europe and some of the forms of speech used both in the East and in the West.

His greatest effort, and that which won for him a very distinguished name among the men of science of the nineteenth century, was begun in his forty-second year. Pierre Simon, Marquis de Laplace, one of the most renowned mathematicians and astronomers of these latter days, issued the first two volumes of his work on the "Physics of the Heavens," in 1799; the third in 1802, and the fourth in 1805; the fifth did not appear till 1825. He died in Paris, 1827, and a posthumous supplement has been published since his demise. For many years Laplace was the foremost man in the astronomical world; his suggestions guided observation, and to test or prove his theoretical teachings, many students of the stellar firmament devotedly gave earnest labour and great as well as thoughtful industry. Bowditch read this noble contribution to physical research, and with keen eye observed at once its merits and its defects. Its merits are lucidity of expression and vast sweep

of thought, copiousness of results and extraordinary power of generalization, outdashing originality and Titanic mathematical combination. But this stupendous achievement fails in felicity of method, in precision of form, in connectedness of thinking, in outworked completeness, in symmetry of mathematical style, and simplicity of analysis. On these and many other accounts the Heavenly Mechanism of Laplace, if it were to work its due course of usefulness in the world, required a commentator. Dr. Bowditch determined on supplying the astronomical student with all appliances and aids to the comprehension of this great work by furnishing an annotated translation, in which the commentary should not only elucidate but test and criticize the text. He began this gigantic undertaking in 1815, and after a labour of twelve years had the first volume ready for the press. It appeared in 1829 (pp. 746); the second was issued in 1832 (pp. 990), and the third in 1834 (pp. 1,015). These are magnificent quarto volumes. They contain a careful and accurate translation of the original into excellent English. The foot-notes leave no step in the several processes unexplained, and scarcely even a difficulty in conception or in reasoning unillustrated. If it were possible, by any effort of painstaking solicitude and ability, to popularize and diffuse a love of astronomical pursuits, the preparation of this great help to students must materially avail to bring it about. Europe and America alike delighted to recognize the value of the munificent gift to science which the labours of Bowditch had supplied. The Royal Societies of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin bestowed the honour of Fellowship; so did the Astronomical Society of London. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences, the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, &c., &c., conferred their choicest honours on him; while Harvard University not only enrolled him among her Doctors of Laws, but placed him among their Fellows, which gave him an influential voice in the management of its affairs. He became a contributor to many scientific journals, and supplied papers to many volumes of the Transactions of the mathematical and astronomical societies. Many of the literary and scientific associations of New England owed to him aid in their formation, or improvement in their organization or means of carrying out their schemes.

In the midst of the working out of this immense life-labour he was called, in 1823, from suburban Salem to metropolitan Boston to become actuary of the Massachusetts Life Insurance Company, the most important institution of that kind in the United States. He was offered the Professorship of Mathematics in Harvard University; afterwards the University of Virginia offered him a similar situation, and the Government put in his option the office of Mathematical Instructor of the National Military Academy. He was chosen one of the Trustees of the Boston Athenæum, a Director of the East India Marine Society, and President of the Academy of Arts and Sciences.

All this while he humbly toiled on as the executive officer of a

life insurance association, chiefly built up into its importance by his zeal and care; and even when acting in the Executive Council of the State, he did not intermit the drudgery of bread-gaining duty or the self-sacrificing labours of his scientific undertaking. It was a labour which demanded self-sacrifice in more than one way. The rewardless toil of nearly a quarter of a century was not all given. It was impossible for such a work to secure a remunerative sale. Attainments for adequately valuing such a work, zeal for promoting a tribulation of toil so vast, appreciation of an undertaking so vast, were not common. The expense of bringing it out was heavy. Upwards of £2,500 were devoted to its production. He did not venture on such a risk unadvisedly. He consulted his wife and children on the subject; the former nobly offered to make any sacrifice which would facilitate his plans, and the latter begged him not to desist on their account, for they valued his reputation more than money. The offers of help which personal friends gave him were respectfully declined, and even the proposal of the American Academy to defray the cost of production was refused—he would both do and pay for the entire work himself. Unfortunately, an cancerous affection in the stomach racked him with pain, and delayed the progress of his industry. He did not live the life of a recluse. He studied in the common parlour, and pursued his work there as a part of the house economy. He endured all interruptions patiently, and welcomed his guests smilingly, though they broke off his half-finished analysis of some of the mind-tasking generalizations of the mighty French geometer. His mind was in perpetual vigour and readiness; the lowliest home-concern, as well as the most complicated affairs of business or of state, found from him an attentive and instantaneous consideration. He was punctilious in the performance of duty, hearty in his friendship, deliberate but kindly in his beneficence, scrupulous in business matters, and, though not greedy of wealth, careful of money because he knew what it cost to earn it. He was a good man, and though without cant or pretentiousness, a thorough Christian gentleman.

His studies went out in almost every scientific direction. Shortly before his demise he was engaged in an examination and analysis of the new theory of capillary attraction, proposed in 1832 by D. S. Poisson, the famous analyst of Pithiviers (1781—1840), in which he showed that that acute and eminent mathematician had merely reproduced in new *formulae*, and with a fresh notation, discoveries which Laplace had incorporated in his great work. Notwithstanding the terrible pain of the torturing disorder with which he was for some time confined to his chamber, he resolutely braced himself to the task of his life. Only a few days before Death, the skeleton, presented himself with the irrevocable summons, he corrected the proof-sheet of the thousandth page of the fourth volume of his translation of and commentary on Laplace's "*Mécanique Céleste*;" and there were only eighteen pages left unrevised by the writer when, on the 16th of March, 1838, he passed from among the dying

to take his place among the living, when he wanted but ten days of completing the sixty-fifth year of his chequered and changeful earthly career. He was buried amid the regrets of many. Tributes of respect, resolutions of sorrow and sympathy, and estimates of his worth were pronounced by societies and in periodicals, and a monument has been erected to his memory. But his best monument is his great life-task, and his best memorial is his life of reputable activity, of honest performance of duty, and of resolute and praiseworthy "toiling upward."

The Essayist.

MEMORY.

WHAT I have to say on this subject is more of a practical than a speculative nature. This, I think, will not be disagreeable to my readers. And while my treatment bespeaks the value I attach to good memory, it will be seen that it does not hold so high a position in my estimation as it does in that of the majority of people. Like the other faculties of the mind, it should be valued and cultivated, but not, as is too often the case, to the neglect or exclusion of those on which success or eminence as merchants, scholars, and gentlemen depends. Good memory will define our clever boys, and it is to this possession, and in consequence of its exclusive cultivation, that these lads seldom or never turn out able men. How rarely do the prodigies of our school days fulfil our expectation! How often do the dunces, or comparative dunces, monopolize the honours of after-life! How often do we hear of the stupidity of the boyhood of our great men! The reason, I think, is evident.

Education, as a rule, is addressed to the memory alone; and if the pupil retains what is told him he does all that is necessary. This alone gives him superiority over his companions, and at the same time earns him the reputation of cleverness. The exercise of the other faculties of his mind is unnecessary; his memory saves him the trouble of reasoning, thinking, and investigating, which one of deficient memory is obliged to do. Hence I consider it a great misfortune for a boy or a young man to have a quick and retentive memory. For if my readers observe, they will almost invariably find that people of good memories are generally deficient in judgment. The opinions of such persons are rarely worth asking, and I caution those who are seeking advice to go to others than the possessors of great memories. Good judgment and good memory are seldom found together. Of course there are exceptions; or perhaps I might have said apparent exceptions. Macaulay will at once occur to you, no doubt; but even in him I am persuaded

memory predominated ; and of this I feel sure, that, in proportion to his acquirements over those of others, his judgment will not bear comparison with his memory. He was a man of almost superabundant knowledge, but he surely was not a man of profound thought. You will find, too, that our great thinkers and philosophers are not noted for superior memories. This, I think, while it finds acceptance with most, will afford consolation and hope to many :—

“ There be many wise who cannot store knowledge ;
Yet from themselves are they satisfied, for the fountain is within.”

But let it not be supposed that I am underrating this useful faculty, or deprecating its cultivation. No, indeed ; I am fully and painfully convinced of its importance to all, and especially to those whose profession or duties require a readiness of speech, a quickness of comparison, or a reproduction of facts. Without it I am well aware all endeavours at eminence are vain, and with it few fail of accomplishing the ends they have in view.

In treating of memory and its improvement it seems to me of the first importance to lay great stress on health and the means which tend to its preservation. And here I may be allowed to digress, and give my belief and experience against the too prevalent opinion that a low state of health is not prejudicial, nay, is rather favourable to the development of the mind. Even though the facts and arguments advanced by those who entertain the theory are many and plausible, they go no farther than to help to prove the negative side. Kirke White, Keats, and the many others adduced, only show that great minds can exist in weak frames, or that their studious habits have produced this paradox. And again, that robust and athletic men are seldom men of great mental power may be true, yet it adds nothing to the question. The pugilist, the oarsman, the walker, say they, are men of small intellects ; the sickly, the delicate, the puny from birth, I reply, have never been remarkable for great mental achievements. No, in the former the body may preponderate over the mind ; in the latter, the mind rarely preponderates over the body. Physical prowess may be unable to supply mental deficiencies, or to strengthen mental imbecility ; but bodily weakness seldom fails of producing a similar result on the mind. Here, as in many other cases, the happy medium should be sought. *Sana mens in sano corpore* is an old and true saying, the latter part of which I would advise all who wish to improve their memories to lay well to heart. For since memory depends on the state of the brain, whatever is injurious to health is likewise injurious to the brain, and therefore to the memory. The rules for the preservation of the one will tend to the improvement of the other. Avoid, then, excesses, both in pleasure and work. Strict temperance in all things should be observed ; this will leave the mind unclouded, and disposed for any exertion.

Memory, as some one aptly said, is the sister of attention. The

truth of this is found in the fact that we remember best what struck us with the greatest force, to which we most attended, or which was associated with joy, pain, surprise, or curiosity. It is, then, of the utmost importance that we consider well the value of what is to be acquired, and keep it ever before our eyes, so that the attention may be aroused and exerted. And in order that the attention may be wholly concentrated on the object, the mind should be unoccupied and entirely free from whatever may cause it to wander. A learner will read and con his book to little purpose if he bring to it a mind engaged or disturbed. If other thoughts and cares will force themselves on you in defiance of all endeavours to cast them aside, lay by the book, and "calm the troubled mind in the pages of nature." But in passing let me caution my readers not to allow ordinary circumstances to induce them to resort to this remedy. Our thoughts are almost entirely at our own disposal, and a proper regulation of them and command over them are the result of habit, and should never be neglected for trivial reasons. Unless, then, the attention be disturbed by accidents of an unusual kind, let not its wandering be an excuse to forego the exercise of memory. But rather exert your care to its concentration, and habituate it to the control of the will.

In the acquisition of a language, or rather in learning its elements, such as the grammar and parts that require a passive recollection—that is, a recollection that reproduces without any effort;—or in committing to memory whatever is required to be repeated *verbatis*, that time of the day should be preferred when the body and mind are least engaged; and on this account might, just before retiring to rest, should be chosen. For in addition to the above requisite, the stillness of the hour and the long time the impressions have to settle before external objects come to endanger their retention, commend that part of the day. I advise, then, those that have to learn by heart to employ the last hour of the evening, and "when the shades of night are gathering, and alumber is drawing nigh," to run over the lesson you have learnt, that it may rest with you till morning, when a review or repetition will show the value of the plan, and fix the work even more firmly than you found it. Buller, in his quaint manner, has given an apt simile in respect to this: "It is best knocking in the nail overnight, and clinching it the next morning." If this rule and frequent repetition be employed, the acquisition of a language, that is, those parts which are to be thoroughly learnt, a poem, or a treatise, will be greatly accelerated. Let the task of yesterday be repeated to-day, and that of the week gone over on the Saturday, and that of the month at the end of the month. This is an excellent system, and few that have not pursued it can imagine its value or its success.

Thus far I have been speaking more especially on passive memory, and I think have given adequate though few rules for its improvement. I shall now say a little on what is called active memory, or memory that does not produce its fruit, so to speak, immediately or

of itself, but which requires a little thought or suggestion to bring it about. In the first place, let me advise my readers not to distrust their memories. We are constantly hearing of people complaining of their bad memories: little do they dream that by thus doing they are helping its weakness. The very fact of the supposition will often produce the reality: as distrusting the honesty of a servant makes him dishonest. If we have no faith in our powers we shall never achieve any great object. As trust in one's self lightens the difficulty of learning the art of swimming and skating, so confidence in one's abilities will materially lighten the labour of acquisition, and add strength to their strength. It is to this faith in their powers that many of our great men owed their success and celebrity. Johnson had prodigious belief in his own powers, and Kirke White trusted himself implicitly. If, then, you wish to preserve and improve your memory, do not distrust it. I must here, however, enter my protest, though it may seem paradoxical after the above remark, against trusting wholly to the memory and its retention of all and whatever we like to flood it with. Memory, like the rest of man's faculties, can be tired and exhausted. In some cases I feel sure that weak memories originate in this exhaustion, and do not exist in reality. But whether from the one or the other, or both, it is a lamentable fact that we forget *ad infinitum*. We have all heard of the story of the serious, cautious old barrister reminding the upstart lawyer that he had forgotten more law than his young practitioner ever knew. What a mass most of us have read and learned! but how few can recall more than enough to make the comparison painful and absurd! I ascribe this partly to incapacity of the memory, and partly to overburdening it—to heaping on new matter before the old is properly disposed and arranged. To counterbalance this—to assist the former and to prevent the latter—I would strongly advise one and all to adopt the plan of Whately and of many other eminent men, that of keeping a commonplace-book. Some think this suicidal and wasteful in time. Writing, they say, distracts the attention, and twice reading over can be done in less time than making notes and memoranda. I have no intention of refuting this opinion here, but simply state my belief in the plan and recommend its adoption. The system is getting more and more common, and not only with those of weak memories or moderate abilities, but also with those illustrious for their powers and attainments. It is recommended and practised by some of our greatest men. Macaulay, even with his extraordinary memory, divided his reading between his note-book and memory. But its use every one will readily allow on reflecting how much he has forgotten, both useful and amusing. Who does not strive to remember the pithy and wise observations in Bacon's essays and similar works? but who is there that will venture to assert that he can do this without frequent reference to the sources themselves, or the notes he made on his reading them? Re-reading may partly serve the end of a commonplace-book, but it seldom does so wholly, and never readily. For

such a book may not only contain the facts or reasoning of the work read, but also the observations of the reader himself; besides, these are expressed more concisely than in the original, and marshalled in an order more adapted for reference and to the owner's method, so that it not seldom happens that a glance at one's note-book gives all and more than an hour's revising will supply. I trust what I have already said will be sufficient to induce many of my readers to be in at once the plan recommended, and the result will speedily convince them of its utility, and compensate them for their trouble.

I would recommend, too, another means for the retention of what is read or heard, similar to the above, but not so practical, and that is, to talk over with your friends or others what you wish to remember: of course it is superfluous to say that this should not be done *ad nauseam*, to the destruction of a conversation more generally useful. The advantage of this is seen in the multifarious knowledge of schoolmasters and of men of sociable natures. The schoolmaster, as a rule, tells his pupils what he hears and reads—in some cases designedly, in most unconsciously,—and he thereby fixes it more firmly in his memory. The same reason will account for many other instances of memory acquirements. The great lexicographer ascribed his tenacious memory and vivid recollection of what he learnt in his youth to his practice of retailing it to an old person who took an interest in him. I know myself an eminent example and proof of what is stated above. It was once my good fortune to come into frequent contact with a gentleman who seemed to me and to every one else possessed of an endless fund of facts and acquirements. In my admiration for his knowledge I paid particular attention to his conversation, and on one occasion found to my astonishment that it was founded on the opinions and facts of a work I was engaged in reading. For the future I noticed the bent and substance of his remarks, and on retiring referred to my library, and almost invariably found them to be those of others. This was not quackery on the part of my friend, but arose from an earnest desire of fixing in his memory the contents of the books he was reading. The plan has not only this inducement to recommend it, but it possesses even beside social advantages—that of commenting on these opinions and eliciting those of your companions on the same subject.

But after all that can be said on memory and done for its improvement, nothing can supersede a constant and moderate exercise of it. It is almost marvellous what this will effect. To this, more than to any inherent superiority, must be ascribed the prodigious quantity that men have learnt and do still learn and retain. Scaliger reports of himself that in his youth he could repeat a hundred verses after reading them over once; and Macaulay, in no ostentatious spirit, used to say that if the first books of "Paradise Lost" were blotted out of existence, he could replace them from his memory. And amongst the undergraduates of our universities it is no uncommon occurrence to know men who have at their tongues'

end two or three Greek plays, and often as much again of Latin. And from personal experience I venture to assert that if my readers will adopt the directions above, and unflinchingly adhere to them, keeping ever in view the end, results not much less in magnitude than the last two mentioned above will crown their endeavours and repay their exertion.

ELPISTICOS.

The Eloquence of the Month.

LORD GLENCORSE ON "THE RELATIONS BETWEEN COMMERCE AND LEARNING."

[The Right Hon. John Inglis (Lord Glencorse), Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, son of the late Rev. John Inglis, D.D., minister of Old Greyfriars, Edinburgh, one of the leaders of the Scottish Church, was born in the northern metropolis in 1810. He was educated at the High School of that city, studied at the University of Glasgow, and gained the Snell exhibition to Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a degree in class third in 1833. In the following year he was called to the Scottish bar, at which he rapidly rose to great eminence, and almost at once gained a foremost place among his fellows. In 1842 he married the youngest daughter of Lord Wood. In November of the same year he was chosen Dean of Faculty of Advocates, the highest honour in their gift. He has been engaged in most of the *causes célèbres* in Scotland between 1838-58. He was candidate in 1852 for Orkney and for Lisburn, but was defeated in the former by 11, in the latter by 14. He was Solicitor-General for Scotland from February to May, and Lord Advocate from May to December, 1852, under Lord Derby, under whom he again held sway from February to July, 1858, being M.P. for Stamford during that time. On the death of the Hon. John Hope he was raised to the bench as Lord Chief Justice Clerk, with the title of Lord Glencorse, taken from the name of his seat in Midlothian. In 1857 he was chosen Lord Rector of Aberdeen University; in 1865 he received his present office of Rector. He is a member of the Privy Council, an LL.D. of Edinburgh, and D.C.L. of Oxford. He was Chairman of the Commissioners for the Universities of Scotland, and has taken a leading part in the University Reform which has lately been made in that country, in recognition of which his election to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow partly took place. He is undoubtedly a gentleman of great professional merit and much oratorical ability, although his voice is rather weak and wanting in music. The speech from which the following selection is made was delivered in the City Hall, Glasgow, to the students of the university. It contained a good deal of matter of local detail and not of general interest. We have selected the passages in which he dilated "On the Connection between Commerce and Learning," as those most available for our purpose.]

THE Lord Rector, who was welcomed with cheering, spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen,—

"It is with feelings of no slight diffidence that I this day enter upon the duties of the high office to which I have been called. The

illustrious roll of my predecessors, which reflects the highest honour on the university, and especially on the students of the university, would of itself be sufficient to inspire such diffidence. But there is to me something still more affecting in the associations inseparable from this place, in the reflection that to this venerable school of learning I owe my earliest instruction in literature and philosophy; that from the same bounteous hand I received the means of prosecuting my studies at another and still more ancient university; that in the days of my student life, forty years ago, such a meeting as this was adorned by the presence of many eminent men who have since passed away, to whom I was wont to look up with confidence, admiration, and esteem."

[After characterizing Profs. Sir D. K. Sandford, R. Buchanan, and Wm. Fleming, he proceeded:—]

"But while such retrospective feelings and reflections induce a natural misgiving of my being in any adequate degree worthy of the trust reposed in me, you will readily believe that it is, at the same time, with pride and gratification I resume my intimate acquaintance with the university and its affairs, in a character and position so conspicuous and so honourable. With the utmost sincerity, then, and in a single word, I tender you the expression of my most grateful thanks."

"An ancient seat of learning, placed in the heart of a great commercial city, is indeed a spectacle of striking interest, suggestive of curious and instructive speculation."

"The University of Glasgow, considered from this point of view, stands in marked contrast to the other ancient universities of the United Kingdom. Oxford and Cambridge have created the greater bulk of the urban population by which they are surrounded. St. Andrew's and King's College, Aberdeen, present the appearance rather of that tranquil and contemplative seclusion which the Muses are thought best to love. Dublin and Edinburgh owe their connection with the cities in which they are placed to the metropolitan, and not to the commercial character of these cities. Here alone for centuries learning and commerce have dwelt side by side, and made progress hand in hand, without any other apparent bond of union than the accident of juxtaposition."

"Academic and municipal institutions differ widely as regards their immediate and professed objects. Manufacturing and mercantile enterprise has for its end the creation and increase of individual and national wealth; but the ancient university proposes to itself the teaching and diffusion of sound learning and true religion for their own sake, and with no ulterior object, in the firm and constant belief that man is thereby best fitted and prepared both for the duties, the struggles, the cares, and the temptations of this life, and for the enjoyment of the life that is to come."

"But though thus widely different in their ends, there is much that is common to universities and municipal corporations in their

history, their organization, and their social and political influences. The *studium generale*, founded for the cultivation of theology, literature, philosophy, and the laws, but delegating its functions in details to minor bodies within itself called Faculties, each specially charged with some one branch of education and study, presents a remarkable analogy to the *municipium*, or free town, enfranchised and incorporated for the promotion of trade and commerce, but creating and fostering within itself minor corporations or guilds, each representing and watching over the interests of some particular trade or branch of industry.

"But in nothing do universities and municipal corporations more resemble each other than in the social and political influence they have always exercised: throughout their whole existence they have alike been nurseries of freedom. In the struggles for religious and civil liberty, not in this country only, but all over Europe, universities and corporate towns have, with few exceptions, been ranged on one side of the conflict.

"When men are once united in bonds of common interest, and are in their collective capacity possessed of rights worth fighting for, they immediately offer a formidable obstruction to the policy expressed in the despot's maxim, *Divide et Impera*. They become accustomed to act in concert for worthy objects, to resist encroachments on their property and privileges; and this discipline adds constantly new strength and courage to cement and consolidate their natural union, and to generate a sentiment of loyalty to their own body, which is the first germ of public spirit and national energy.

"The surprise, therefore, which may at first sight be produced by observing the growth and prosperity of such a noble seat of learning as this university in the heart of a great city, may perhaps be diminished by considerations which, though they do not lie on the surface, are yet not far to seek. There are more reasons for friendly relations and sympathetic feelings between commerce and learning—between the doctors of the university and the merchant princes of the exchange—than are constantly or even generally present to the thoughts of either the one class or the other."

[After a finely conceived though brief sketch of the history and progress of the University, the Lord Rector continued:—]

"I prefer to pass on to the time when Glasgow began to rise into importance as a place of commerce, though it is no part of my purpose to trace the extraordinary rapidity of its growth in population and wealth. I wish rather to inquire how it fared with the university during this later period, and whether there be any foundation for the reproach that is sometimes thrown out, that our ancient schools of learning do not keep pace with the advancement of scientific knowledge, or accommodate themselves to the progress of society.

"Of all sciences there is none so entirely of modern origin as Political Economy. The natural laws, which govern the production and distribution of wealth, as well as the relations of capital and labour, and the successful pursuit and extension of commerce, are themselves necessarily coeval with the constitution of human society. But it was only in the last century that the operation of these natural laws became the subject of philosophical inquiry, and that the laws themselves were at length so digested and systematized as to assume the character and position of a science. The principles thus evolved have exercised to a wonderful extent the most beneficial influence on trade and commerce, and have in later times revolutionized our whole legislation on these subjects. But when the doctrines of free trade were first promulgated by Adam Smith from a professorial chair in this university, they secured little attention. Their acceptance as a sound theory in his own time by the smaller and more enlightened portion of the community, after the publication of his 'Inquiry into the Wealth of Nations,' was, I think, mainly owing to the intimacy which subsisted between the author and many of the distinguished merchants of Glasgow, a fact which demonstrates, in a very convincing way, the benefits of the alliance between the university and the city. Dugald Stuart, in his biography of Smith, fully confirms this view. 'His long residence in one of the most enlightened mercantile towns in this island, and the habits of intimacy in which he lived with the most respectable of its inhabitants, afforded him an opportunity of deriving what commercial information he stood in need of from the best sources; and it is a circumstance no less honourable to their liberality than to his talents, that notwithstanding the reluctance so common among men of business to listen to the conclusions of mere speculation, and the direct opposition of his leading principles to all the old maxims of trade, he was able, before he quitted his situation in the university, to rank some very eminent merchants in the number of his proselytes.'

"To some of you Adam Smith may be better known from his contribution to ethical philosophy. The leading theory on which his system of morals rests has not been generally adopted; but the character and style of his teaching in the 'Theory of Moral Sentiment' is so instructive, and at the same time so attractive, that I should be sorry to learn it has lost its place among the books of ordinary reading for students of ethics. . . .

"It is as a political philosopher, however, that Adam Smith has earned a world-wide reputation, and lent such powerful aid to refute the allegation that our ancient university has not in modern days been progressive. In political economy this university, through its great professor, was the pioneer of a new commercial philosophy, and may claim the whole mercantile community of the British empire—the most progressive of all classes—for its followers and disciples.

"Next to political economy, there is no science so distinguished in

modern times by novel and startling discoveries as the science of chemistry, and no discoveries have been attended by more important practical results. It is difficult to say whether they have contributed more to the progress of the science and art of medicine or to the improvement and economy of manufactures.

"What share had our university in the progress of chemical discovery? The name of Joseph Black is of itself a sufficient answer. He is universally admitted to have done more and earlier good service in this department of science than any other of the great chemists of the last century, insomuch that he has been described by an eminent French philosopher as 'the illustrious Nestor of the chemical revolution.'

"It is surely a significant fact, that in the two departments of scientific investigation and discovery that have the highest interest for mercantile men, the University of Glasgow should have taken so prominent and so useful a part. This can hardly be the result of accident. On the contrary, I think it is fairly attributable to the long, close, and friendly alliance between the university and the city, and to the influence exercised mutually by the higher intellects of both. Juxtaposition in such a case will not only generate reciprocal esteem and regard, but lead to the communion of minds very differently trained and exercised, approaching every subject in a different way, and regarding it from a different point of view, and each contributing either experience, or careful thought, or erudition, or inventive genius, to achieve one common end. Such, in my humble judgment, is at once the origin and the pervading principle of that alliance between the city and the university, which has hitherto so long and so steadily subsisted.

"To the same or analogous considerations, I apprehend, we must appeal for an explanation of another event in the same period of university history; I mean the support and assistance which were given to James Watt, while he was but a young man and known only as a skilful and clever mechanic.

"There is something inexpressibly pleasing in the picture of this wonderful practical mechanician and rare inventive genius, growing up under the fostering care of the first speculative philosophers of the age. But its most important aspect is that it affords another proof of that sympathy which prevailed between the studious and contemplative life of the university and the intelligence and enterprise of the world without.

"I should be doing less than justice to the cause of truth, and to my own settled convictions, if in an estimate of the mutual influences of the university and the city I should forbear to refer to those branches of study and that kind of learning which has a less direct and practical bearing on the interests and pursuits of mercantile men. Here, indeed, we cannot expect the same active co-operation of the two classes of this community which we see manifested in those sciences and investigations where the objects of both are identical or kindred; but I feel sure that the judg-

ment of the highest and best class of merchants will coincide with that of the profoundest thinkers and most eminent writers on what may be called the science of education, in holding that the study of classical learning, of moral and intellectual philosophy, and of general literature, is of infinite value to a mercantile community. The very devotion of the members of such a community to an occupation which makes constant and engrossing demands upon their time, creates the necessity for some rival and widely different object of interest. It is notorious that all strong impulses have a natural tendency to excess; and the energetic and successful prosecution of mercantile enterprise may for this reason be justly expected to generate a feeling of undue attachment to material wealth. To persuade men that there are better and nobler pursuits, and objects of loftier ambition, than the acquisition of money—that the development of the higher powers of the intellect, the refinement of the moral nature, and the cultivation of elegant tastes, are productive of truer and more lasting enjoyment than all the material pleasures that money can buy, is one of the great ends of classical and philosophical culture. The man who has been prepared by such means for the trials of a life of incessant commercial activity, will not only experience throughout all his labours and cares a powerful counteracting influence against the temptation to a blind worship of mammon, but when the sunset of life approaches, he will possess resources within himself the value of which no one can justly or fully estimate till he has been thrown back upon them by the occurrence of periods of leisure, to which in the vigour of manhood he is altogether a stranger. Whether it be in the first or second or third generation of a family of prosperous merchants, leisure will come, as the necessary consequence of large realized fortune, extensive connection, and the power of delegating hard work and imposing it on the shoulders of a younger and a needier generation; and with leisure will come its invariable concomitants, indolence and sensual gratification, if the mind, from its early training, has not been fitted to find solace and employment in literary and philosophical pursuits. Then, more than ever, such studies prove their value, for they are at once the ornament and the safeguard of social life. Wealth and leisure without letters or intellectual culture are dangerous gifts, and may prove fatal snares.

“Yet, on the other hand, it is surely a manly and noble object of ambition, first to acquire princely wealth by a life of enterprise and integrity, and then to employ it under the guidance of a generous spirit, an enlightened judgment, and a cultivated taste. There can be no greater public blessing, and no nobler sight, than to see a commercial aristocracy, animated by such principles and feelings as I have feebly endeavoured to shadow forth, blending and harmonizing with another no less illustrious class, whose devotion to letters and to speculative science has led them into a different path of life, attended with fewer rewards of worldly wealth or

external honour, but who feel a just pride in the influence and power which their genius and their learning command. The cordial union of these two classes affords the surest guarantee for the well-being of this great community.

"By such reflections as these I have been induced, on the present occasion, to bring into prominent notice what I conceive to be the primary and most important office of the university—its greatest and most beneficent work, in the education of young men for all conditions and pursuits in life requiring the active exercise of the intellectual and moral powers.

"Let no man beguile you by the jargon of a vain utilitarian theory. The chief end of primary, as distinguished from proper professional education, is not the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake. It is the development and purification of the moral nature, the training and strengthening and energizing of the intellectual powers; or, in other words, the formation of the character and the culture of the mind. When, therefore, shallow men prate of the uselessness of classical and philosophical study, and invite you to substitute for that invaluable training the acquisition of what they call 'useful knowledge,' tell them boldly that the effect of the studies in which you are engaged, in liberalizing the mind, refining the taste, and purifying the heart, arises very much from their so-called 'uselessness'—that is, their inapplicability to any direct object of pecuniary or mercenary advantage—that their 'uselessness' is, indeed, one of their excellences, because it is inseparable from their elevating and ennobling influence."

BENEFITS OF KNOWLEDGE.—The more we extend our knowledge of the operations of creative power, as manifested in the structure and economy of organized beings, the better we become qualified to appreciate the *intentions* with which the several arrangements and constructions have been devised, the *art* with which they have been accomplished, and the grand comprehensive plan of which they form a part. By knowing the general tendencies of analogous formations, we can sometimes recognize *designs* that are but faintly indicated, and trace the links which connect them with more general laws. By rendering ourselves familiar with the handwriting, where the characters are clearly legible, we gradually learn to decipher the more obscure passages, and are enabled to follow the continuity of the narrative through chapters that would otherwise appear mutilated and defaced. Hence the utility of comprehending in our studies the whole range of the organized creation, with a view to the discovery of final causes, and obtaining adequate ideas of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness of God.—ROGET.

The Reviewer.

A Compendious History of English Literature and of the English Language from the Norman Conquest, with numerous Specimens.
By GEORGE L. CRAIK, LL.D., 2 vols. Third Edition. London: Charles Griffin and Co.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

THE second volume of Dr. Craik's "Compendious History of English Literature" is not less useful and interesting than the first. Its contents are as varied, more modern in their interest, and more intimately interwoven in their influences with the literature of our own times. The earliest section gives details regarding "the middle and latter part of the seventeenth century." "A boyhood or youth passed in the days of Shakspeare and Bacon, and a manhood in those of the Great Rebellion, was a training which could not fail to rear high powers to their highest capabilities." He treats now of "Shirley and the end of the old drama," and tells us about theatres and their vicissitudes. Giles and Phineas Fletcher are noticed, and after the "other religious poets,"—Quarles, Herbert, Herrick, Crashaw—have been spoken of, we hear of clergymen of a less pious muse, Cartwright, Randolph, Corbet. Then we pass on to "poets of the French school"—Carew, Lovelace, Suckling,—on whom the author enlarges as is due to cavaliers, though he dismisses Denham with half a page, who had quite a similar claim to notice, and was as much of a royalist as Cleveland, to whom nearly nine pages are given;—but then Cleveland is little known, and Denham is represented in every book of select poetry. With Wither and Browne the notices of poetry are intermitted for a time.

The sacred majesty of Charles I. heads the bead-roll of prose writers. Milton's prose works are next briefly dealt with. We shall quote here his remarks on Milton's style.

"Rich as his style often is, it never moves with any degree of rapidity or easy grace, even in passages where such qualities are most required, but has at all times something of a stiff, cumbrous, oppressive air, as if every thought, the lightest as well as the gravest and stateliest, were attired in brocade and whalebone. There is too little relief from straining and striving; too little repose and variety; in short, too little nature. Many things, no doubt, are happily said; there is much strong, and also some brilliant expression; but even such embedded gems do not occur so often as might be looked for from so poetical a mind. In fine, we must admit the truth of what he has himself confessed—that he was not naturally 'disposed to this manner of writing; wherein, he adds, knowing myself inferior to myself, led by the genial power of nature to another task, I have the use, as I may account it, but of my left hand.' With all his quick susceptibility for whatever

was beautiful and bright, Milton seems to have needed the soothing influences of the regularity and music of verse fully to bring out his poetry, or to sublimate his imagination to the true poetical state. The passion which is an enlivening flame in his verse half suffocates him with its smoke in his prose."

Hales and Chillingworth are the next names. 'They were eminent controversialists belonging to a troubled age and a troubled church. Jeremy Taylor is barely mentioned; but Fuller receives a good deal of space. Feltham, author of "Resolves,"—Earle, author of "Microcosmography," and Sir Thomas Browne, the quaint and learned author of "Religio Medici," "Urn Burial," and "Sir James Harrington, author of "Oceana," having been duly commented on, notes follow on newspapers and classical learning, and the section is closed by a retrospect of the Commonwealth literature.

The poetry of Milton gets careful and critical appreciation. Cowley, Butler, Waller, Marvell, and other minor poets, are dismissed pretty summarily; after which Dryden and the Carolan dramatists receive attention. This brings us to the prose writers again, such as Clarendon, Hobbes, and Neville, the author of "Plato Redivivus." Other prose writers—Cudworth, More, Barrow, Bunyan, &c.—follow. A valuable chapter on "The Progress of Science in England before the Seventeenth Century" brings into prominence several little known facts, and this is succeeded by a chapter devoted to Bacon and Napier, and a farther account of English mathematicians in the earlier part of the same century. All these chapters are occupied with carefully collected facts and thoughtful observations, as are also those which follow on Harvey and the circulation of the blood, on natural philosophy, the history and progress of the Royal Society, and an account of the steps in the improvement of the steam-engine.

To Newton and his contemporaries a small space is assigned. An account of the establishment of the Royal Observatory is given, and a brief digest of the state to which medical science and natural history had attained. The interspace bounded by the English and the French Revolutions brings before us many men of varied genius, —Bishop Gilbert Burnet and Dr. Thomas Burnet, and Tillotson and South. On Locke his observations are few but pointed; on Swift he is full and able; on Pope ingenious and subtle; Shaftesbury and Mandeville get scant justice, as well as Addison and Steele. The poets of the Popian era are noted briefly, and Defoe's literary career is treated fairly. The poets of Thomson's time—Collins, Shenstone, Gay, Young, Armstrong, Akenside, &c.—are passed over slightly, almost slightly; but not so the novelists of that time, Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett. The groups that surrounded Johnson, Burke, and Goldsmith are sketched in outline, and they in chief. The historians, Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, are criticized with love, and yet impartiality; and several incidental matters of importance are presented to the reader with skill and will. "The latter part of the eighteenth century" brings us to

the times of Cowper, Darwin, and Burns, in poetry, on all of which Professor Craik has much to say, and says it well. The Shakspeare forgeries, the pursuits of literature, and satirical poetry, afford good topics, which are well treated. Under the heading, "The Last Age of the Georges," we have critiques of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Crabbe, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Hunt, &c., brief, incisive, spirited, and informed by the very grace of poetic criticism. Observations on some minor poets follow, a notice of the prose of the time is given, and an abstract of the progress of science is subjoined. On "The Victorian Age" he bestows twenty-three pages. These include rather an essay on the tendency and growth of the literature of modern times, than a detailed critique; but many fine thoughts and exquisite expressions appear in the course of the outline of the literature of our own day. The following passages may serve as specimens of the work:—

ON POPE.

"Pope, with talent enough for anything, might deserve to be ranked among the most distinguished prose writers of his time, if he were not its greatest poet; but it is in the latter character that he falls to be noticed in the history of our literature. And what a broad and bright region would be cut off from our poetry if he had never lived! if we even confine ourselves to his own works, without regarding the numerous subsequent writers who have formed themselves upon him as an example and model, and may be said to constitute the school of which he was the founder. And how rich an inheritance of brilliant and melodious fancies do we not owe to him! For what would any of us resign the 'Rape of the Lock,' or the 'Epistle of Eloisa,' or the 'Essay on Man,' or the Moral Essays, or the Satires, or the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,' or the 'Dunciad?' That we have nothing in the same style in the language to be set beside or weighed against any one of these performances will probably be admitted by all; and if we could say no more, this would be to assign to Pope a rank in our poetic literature which certainly not so many as half a dozen other names are entitled to share with his. Down to his own day at least, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden alone had any pretensions to be placed before him or by his side. Though he may be regarded as in the main the pupil and legitimate successor of Dryden, the amount of what he learned or borrowed from that master was by no means so considerable as to prevent his manner from having a great deal in it that is distinctive and original. If Dryden has more impetuosity and a freer flow, Pope has far more delicacy, and on fit occasions far more tenderness and true passion. Dryden has written nothing in the same style with the 'Rape of the Lock,' on the one hand, or with the 'Epistle to Abelard' and the 'Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady,' on the other. Indeed, these two styles may be said to have been both, in so far as the English tongue is concerned, invented by Pope. In what preceding writer had he an example of either? Nay, did either the French or the Italian language furnish him with anything to copy from nearly so brilliant and felicitous as his own performances? In the sharper or more severe species of satire, again, while in some things he is inferior to Dryden, in others he excels him. It must be admitted that Dryden's is the nobler, the more generous scorn: it is passionate, while Pope's is frequently only peevish; the one is vehement, the other venomous. But although Pope does not wield the ponderous fervid scourge with which his predecessor tears and mangles the luckless object of his indignation or derision, he knows how, with a lighter touch, to inflict a torture quite as maddening at the moment, and

perhaps more difficult to heal. Neither has anything of the easy elegance, the simple natural grace, the most exquisite artifice, simulating the absence of all art, of Horace; but the care, and dexterity, and superior refinement of Pope; his neatness, and concentration, and point, supply a better substitute for these charms than the ruder strength and more turbulent passion of Dryden. If Dryden, too, has more natural fire and force, and rises in his greater passages to a stormy grandeur to which the other does not venture to commit himself, Pope in some degree compensates for that by a dignity, a quiet, sometimes pathetic majesty, which we find nowhere in Dryden's poetry. Dryden has translated the 'Æneid,' and Pope the 'Iliad;' but the two tasks would apparently have been better distributed if Dryden had chanced to take up Homer, and left Virgil to Pope. Pope's 'Iliad,' in truth, whatever may be its merits of another kind, is, in spirit and style, about the most un-Homeric performance in the whole compass of our poetry, as Pope had, of all our great poets, the most un-Homeric genius. He was emphatically the poet of the highly artificial age in which he lived; and his excellence lay in, or at least was fostered and perfected by, the accordance of all his tastes and talents, of his whole moral and intellectual constitution, with the spirit of that condition of things. Not touches of natural emotion, but the titillation of wit and fancy—not tones of natural music, but the tone of good society—make up the charm of his poetry, the polish, pungency, and brilliance of which, however, in its most happily executed passages, leave nothing in that style to be desired."—Pp. 241–243.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

"A noble, heroic nature was that of this Samuel Johnson, beyond all controversy; not only did his failings lean to virtue's side, his very intellectual weaknesses and prejudices had something in them of strength and greatness; they were the exuberance and excess of a rich mind, not the stunted growth of a poor one. There was no touch of meanness in him; rude and awkward enough he was in many points of mere demeanour, but he had the soul of a prince in real generosity, refinement, and elevation. Of a certain kind of intellectual faculty, also, his endowment was very high. His quickness of penetration, and readiness in every way, were probably as great as had ever been combined with the same solid qualities of mind. Scarcely before had there appeared so thoughtful a sage, and so grave a moralist, with so agile and sportive a wit. Rarely has so prompt and bright a wit been accompanied by so much real knowledge, sagacity, and weight of matter. But, as we have intimated, this happy union of opposite kinds of power was most complete, and only produced its full effect in his colloquial displays, when, excited and unformalized, the man was really himself; and his strong nature forced its way onward without regard to anything but the immediate objects to be achieved. In writing, he is still the strong man; working away valiantly, but, as it were, with fetters upon his limbs, or a burden upon his back; a sense of the conventionalities of his position seems to oppress him; his style becomes artificial and ponderous; the whole process of his intellectual exertion loses much of its elasticity and life; and, instead of hard blows and flashes of flame, there is too often, it must be confessed, a mere raising of clouds of dust and the din of inflated commonplace. Yet, as a writer, too, there is much in Johnson that is of no common character. It cannot be said that the world is indebted to him for many new truths, but he has given novel and often forcible and elegant expression to some old ones; the spirit of his philosophy is never other than manly and high-toned, as well as moral; his critical speculations, if not always very profound, are frequently acute and ingenious, and in a manner generally lively, not seldom brilliant."—P. 326.

ON COWPER.

"Not creative imagination, nor deep melody, nor even, in general, much of fancy,

or grace, or tenderness, is to be met with in the poetry of Cowper; but yet it is not without both high and various excellence. Its main charm, and that which is never wanting, is its earnestness. This is a quality which gives it a power over many minds not at all alive to the poetical; but it is also the source of some of its strongest attractions for those that are. Hence its truth, both of landscape painting, and of the description of character and states of mind; hence its skilful expression of such emotions and passions as it allows itself to deal with; hence the force and fervour of its denunciatory eloquence, giving to some passages as fine an inspiration of the moral sublime as is perhaps anywhere to be found in didactic poetry. Hence, we may say, even the directness, simplicity, and manliness of Cowper's diction,—all that is best in the form, as well as in the spirit, of his verse. It was this quality or temper of mind, in short, that principally made him an original poet, and, if not the founder of a new school, the pioneer of a new era of English poetry. Instead of repeating the unmeaning conventionalities and faded affectations of his predecessors, it led him to turn to the actual nature within him and around him, and there to learn both the truths he should utter and the words in which he should utter them.”—P. 373.

ON KEATS.

“Certainly to no one of his contemporaries had been given more of passionate intensity of conception (the life of poetry) than to Keats. Whatever he thought or felt came to him in vision, and wrapped and thrilled him. Whatever he wrote burns and blazes. And his most wanton extravagances had, for the most part, a good soul in them. His very affectations were mostly prompted by excess of love and reverence. In his admiration and worship of our Elizabethan poetry, he was not satisfied without mimicking the obsolete syllabication of the language which he found there enshrined, and, as he conceived, consecrated. Even the most remarkable of all the peculiarities of his manner—the extent, altogether, we should think, without a parallel in our literature, to which he surrenders himself in writing to the guidance of the mere wave of sound upon which he happens to have got afloat, often, one would almost say, making ostentation of his acquiescence and passiveness—is a fault only in its excess, and such a fault, moreover, as only a true poet could run into. Sound is of the very essence of song, and the music must always, in so far, guide the movement of the verse, as truly as it does that of the dance. It only is not the all in all. If the musical form be the mother of the verse, the sense to be expressed is the father.”—P. 528.

We have heard with sorrow of the death, in February, of the learned professor's brother, Henry Craik of Bristol, the late colleague of Mr. Müller in the Orphan-house and its Christian missions. He was an eccentric but noble and holy man, whose love of knowledge was only excelled by his love of Christ. This grief was increased when we read as we did lately, of the sudden seizure, in his class-room, which had overtaken the professor. We have since learned that he has rallied somewhat, and that his precious life is likely to be spared. Literature can ill afford to lose a man of his extensive range of reading, of his solid and penetrating judgment, of his well-balanced and accurately disciplined mind. It would be difficult to find a successor for him who should be so honest and unostentatious, so acute and genial, so meritorious as an author, and so excellent in private character. George Lillie Craik is a gentleman, a scholar, and a Christian; he has gained laurels in many fields of letters, but his grandest guerdon is due for this history of the richest, noblest, and best of the literatures of the world.

The Inquirer.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

609. Would you or any of your readers oblige me by informing who publishes the best Latin work for self-instruction? state the price. Please furnish also, a list of works for self-instruction, suited for a young working man to study at, who intends by-and-bye to enter the Glasgow University for the ministry.—D. M. G. B.

610. Having paid some attention to climatology, and being desirous of studying the branch more, I shall feel obliged if some of your correspondents would inform me of the best works on the subject, especially the climate of Great Britain. Also the best works on the rivers and mountains of the same country, and the name of the publishers and price.—A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.

611. The best method of attaining to a thorough knowledge of English language and composition, and of forming a correct and vigorous style, with the most useful text-books for a self-educating student will be particularly useful to—G. H.

612. A few directions, such as a scholar might easily give, on the pronunciation of Italian, would greatly oblige—A SELF-INSTRUCTOR.

613. Is there any publication in which directions are to be found for reading rhetorically rather than elocutionally?—J. K. A.

614. Who is Strauss, the author of "The Life of Jesus?" and what is the special nature of the work which makes it be pointed out as so objectionable in a religious point of view?—A COUNTRY READER.

615. What is the nature, and who is the publisher of Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance to Shakspeare"?—QUERIST.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

580. The following is from Knight's "Half-hours with the Best Authors," vol. ii., p. 301:—"The 'Faustus' of Goethe has perhaps the widest European reputation of any poem of modern times. There are several translations of it in our own language. Without undervaluing other translations, that of Dr. Anster, of Trinity College, Dublin, appears to us to combine many of the highest requisites of a good poetical version with faithfulness and facility. The story of 'Faustus,' the daring student who made a compact with the powers of darkness, was treated by other German poets before Goethe; and it is the subject of a very remarkable drama by Marlowe, the early contemporary of Shakspeare." The following criticism of this poem, in its relation to the stage, may be acceptable at this time to some of the readers of the *British Controversialist*. It is from Schlegel's "Lectures on Dramatic Literature." "To the youthful epoch [of Goethe's life] belongs his 'Faust,' a work which was early planned, though not published till a late period, and which even in its latest shape is still a fragment, and from its very nature perhaps must always remain so. It is hard to say whether we are here more lost in astonishment at the heights which the poet frequently reaches, or seized with giddiness at the depths which he lays open to our sight. But this is not the place to express the whole of our admiration of this labyrinthine and boundless work, the peculiar creation of Goethe; we have merely to consider it in a dramatic point of view. The marvellous popular story of Faustus is a subject peculiarly adapted for the stage; and the Marionette play, from which Goethe, after Lessing, took the first idea of a drama, satisfies our ex-

pectation even in the meagre scenes and sorry words of ignorant puppet showmen. Goethe's work, which in some points adheres closely to the tradition, but leaves it entirely in others, purposely runs out in all directions beyond the dimensions of the theatre. In many scenes the action stands quite still, and they consist wholly of long soliloquies or conversations, delineating Faustus's internal conditions and dispositions, and the development of his reflections on the insufficiency of human knowledge, and the unsatisfactory lot of human nature; other scenes, though in themselves extremely ingenious and significant, nevertheless, in regard to the progress of the action, possess an accidental appearance; many, again, while they are in the conception theatrically effective, are but slightly sketched,—rhapsodical fragments without beginning or end, in which the poet opens for a moment a surprising prospect, and then immediately drops the curtain again: whereas in the truly dramatic poem, intended to carry the spectators along with it, the separate parts must be fashioned after the figure of the whole, so that we may say each scene may have its exposition, its intrigue, and winding-up. Some scenes, full of the highest energy and overpowering pathos—for example, the murder of Valentine, and Margaret and Faustus in the dungeon—prove that the poet was a complete master of stage effect, and that he merely sacrificed it for the sake of more comprehensive views. He makes frequent demands on the imagination of his readers; nay, he compels them, by way of background for his flying groups, to supply immense moveable pictures, and such as no theatrical art is capable of bringing before the eye. To represent the Faustus of Goethe we must possess Faustus's magic staff and his formulae of conjuration. And yet with all this unsuitableness for outward representation, very much may be learned from this wonderful work, with regard both to plan and execution. In a prologue, which was probably composed at a later

period, the poet explains how, if true to his genius, he could not accommodate himself to the demands of a mixed multitude of spectators, and writes in some measure a farewell letter to the theatre.”—G. H.

581. John Lothrop Motley is an eminent American historian and literate, born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, in 1814. He comes of a very distinguished stock, being descended on his mother's side from the Rev. John Lothrop, one of the Pilgrim Fathers, who came to Massachusetts in 1634. Young Motley was sent, when only thirteen years of age (in 1827), to Harvard University. Here he spent four years, and afterwards studied for some time in Göttingen and Berlin. Having spent some time in travelling on the Continent, he accepted in 1841 the office of secretary to the American Legation at St. Petersburg, but returned to his own country in 1842, to devote his time to the congenial pursuits of literature. He won for himself no mean place among the periodical writers of the day by his contributions to the *North American Review*, the *Atlantic*, and other magazines; producing about the same time one or two novels (the titles of which I am not very clear about). As the historian of the Netherlands he has won his great fame. In 1866 his “History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic” was produced, after its author had spent some years on the Continent collecting materials, and comparing and weighing authorities. Its success was rapid and decided; and it has been translated into almost all the European languages. His “History of the United Netherlands”—produced, I believe in 1860—is a sequel to his Republic, though it has scarcely met with the extensive reading of the latter. Of his merits as an historian it is not my province at present to dwell, though I venture to think he will take no mean stand amongst the list of historians, which includes the names of Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, Macaulay, &c., &c.—J. H. R.

589. Mention of the following works

containing information on and about London, may be useful to Richard J. Walter Thornbury's "Haunted London" is a pleasant, valuable, and suggestive work on the City, its history, traditions, and state in the olden time. "Curiosities of London; exhibiting the most rare and remarkable objects of interest in the Metropolis Past and Present, with nearly Fifty Years' Personal Recollections." By John Timbs. A wonderful little dictionary of London is this volume by Mr. Timbs. There is so much out-of-the-way reading in it, such apt introduction of personal experience, and such a quantity of agreeable illustration drawn from both books and men. "Traditions of London." By Waters, the detective police officer (published by Kent and Co.). "Pictorial Handbook of London, comprising its antiquities, architecture, arts, manufactures, trade, institutions, exhibitions, suburbs, &c.," with 205 wood engravings, large map by Lowrey, and above 900 pages, for 5s. (Bohn). "London and its Environs," by Cyrus Redding (Bohn). Consult also "Memories of Bartholomew Fair, with fac-simile drawings engraved upon wood by the Brothers Dalziel." By Henry Morley. The citizen of London may turn over Mr. Morley's pages with delight, as he contemplates in them that writer's characteristic sketches of this, one of the ancient glories of the metropolis; while the general reader will peruse with no less interest the author's graphic descriptions of the jousts and tournaments, the burnings of martyrs, the church processions, the executions of criminals of high and low degree, the miracle-plays and the puppet-shows, which Smithfield has seen since Rayer first founded the priory, and got the grant of a fair for its support.—G. H.

590. In answer to "Dowlee," I may remark that the United Kingdom Alliance was formed in Manchester, June 1st, 1853. Its original promoter was Mr. Nathaniel Caird, of that city; but he was soon assisted by many of the ablest friends of temperance and social

reform in all parts of the country. A general council meeting each year is the supreme governing body of the Alliance; but an executive, residing in Manchester, are elected to carry on the movement from one meeting of the council to another. The president of the Alliance is Sir Walter C. Trevelyan, Bart., and one of the Vice-Presidents is Lord Brougham. The object of the Alliance is to effect the legislative suppression of the common sale of intoxicating liquors; and in 1857 the general council adopted a measure, generally known as the "Permissive Bill," by which, if passed into law, every district would be empowered to veto the issue of licences for the sale of such drinks; the majority required for the veto being an approval of the Act by two-thirds of those voting. By this means some of the strongest objections originally alleged against a Maine (i.e., national prohibitory) law—such as the sudden derangement of the country's finances, and a possible overriding of the majority by a minority—are effectually swept away. The general council, at their last meeting, in October, agreed to try to raise a fund of £50,000 for guaranteeing the agitation during the next five years; and of this sum nearly three-fourths has been already promised. Each subscriber can remit his contribution in annual or quarterly instalments. The offices of the Alliance are at 41, John Dalton Street, Manchester, and 335, Strand, London; but a considerable agency staff is stationed over the United Kingdom. A weekly newspaper, the *Alliance News*, and a quarterly journal of social science, *Meliora*, are among the literary productions of the Alliance. A prize essay, "Argument," by Dr. Lees, of which 40,000 copies were sold, has been recently reissued as the "Condensed Argument for Prohibition." Non-teetotallers may be members of the Alliance.—D. B.

591. The edition of the Poetical Works of Milton, issued in Bohn's library, is perhaps as good and handy

a book for studying "Paradise Lost" as can be got. It contains a memoir, including critical remarks, by James Montgomery, himself a religious poet; an index to "Paradise Lost;" a verbal index to all the poems, and selected notes. The late Rev. J. Edmonston issued an edition of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," with explanatory notes, which would be found useful. It is published by Nelson and Son. In Thomas Keightley's "Life, Opinions, and Writings of John Milton," part iii., there is an introduction to "Paradise Lost" extending from p. 397 to p. 484. In 1773 the first six books of "Paradise Lost" were published, arranged in grammatical order, with ellipsis supplied; notes of all sorts, many of them valuable. It was the labour of James Buchanan, author of "British Grammar;" but was edited for the benefit of his widow after his death by Dr. James Robertson, Professor of Hebrew, Aberdeen (?), I think. This work, however, is now very rare. In 1828, Miss Christian Cann, who seems to have been a schoolmistress in Bromley, Middlesex, published, by subscription, "A Scriptural and Allegorical Glossary of Milton's 'Paradise Lost,'" which makes a good many of its mysteries plain. Macaulay's, and Channing's splendid critiques should be read; also Addison's papers in the *Spectator*, Nos. 262, 267, 273, 279, and in each sixth issue afterwards through fifteen numbers. Hallam's "Literature of Europe" contains some good remarks. The biographies by Sir Egerton Brydges, Hayley, Symonds, &c., have estimates of that poem. A paper in the *Retrospective Review*, and one in the *Quarterly*, vol. xxxvi., deserve perusal. George Gilfillan, amidst a little magniloquence, says some good things about Milton's noble productions. Professor Masson is at present engaged on an edition for the "Golden Treasury" series, and it is to be hoped will soon give us the continuation of his "Life of Milton," in the last volume of which he is to criticize the "Paradise Lost." Messrs. Longman

have issued two books of this poem, prepared for examinations, by Rev. John Hunter. Perhaps I have said enough as to the sources whence "Poeticus" may study thoroughly the bard of Paradise.—S. N.

592. It altogether depends on what the subject is,—in literature, Arnold, Lewis, Masson, &c.; in science, Sir J. Herschel, Professor Owen, &c.; in theology, P. Bayne, L. Davies, Dr. Vaughan, Dr. Alexander, &c.; philosophy, MacCosh, Veitch, Fraser, &c.; history, Froude, Brodie, Laing, Goldwin Smith, &c.; politics, Bagehot, Hannay, Hare, Crowe, &c.; social life, Gerald Massey, W. G. Blaikie, S. G. Osborne. We might go on for pages naming men who are at the top respectively of the several departments of human knowledge; but what good end would it serve? Does "A Debater" want to know the chief literary critics? Then we are equally wide of a distinct mark, for some critics are trustworthy on novels, some on poetry, others on history; some on essays, others on biography, and so on. The best criticisms we know are those contained in general in *Fraser*, the *Fortnightly*, and (in weekly reviews) the *London Review*. The best principles of criticism (present company always excepted—that is to say, outside of the *British Controversialist*) are contained in the papers by G. H. Lewes, in the *Fortnightly Review*, on "The Principles of Success in Literature." It is greatly to be desired that certain canons of criticism were generally agreed upon.—R. M. A.

594. The reason why the Council of Trent is so often alluded to in religious controversies is because it is the last general council that has been held, consequently its decisions are a standard of appeal in the Catholic church.—S. S.

595. "English Synonyms Explained," by Rev. G. Crabb (8va. Simpkin and Co.), is generally considered the standard work. The following are useful handbooks:—"English Synonyms Classified and Explained," by G. F. Graham (Longman);

'A Practical Dictionary of English Synonymes, alphabetically arranged," by D. L. Mackenzie (Ward and Lock); "English Synonymes," edited (and recommended) by Archbishop Whately, D.D. (Parker). Consult also "Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases, classified and arranged so as to facilitate the Expression of Ideas, and assist in Literary Composition." By P. M. Roget, M.D., &c., &c. (15th edition, 1865, Longman): this is a very valuable work; "Webster's English Dictionary" (new edition), by Goodrich and Porter (Bell and Daldy, 1865).—G. H.

597. I must beg J. S. M. to excuse my not answering his question before. I presume, from the nature of the inquiry, that you have not had the advantages of a public school education, and consequently do not purpose reading for honours. If, on the contrary, you are well prepared either in classics or mathematics, and have health and an inflexible will to work hard, I shall be glad to give you other information which I shall exclude in this answer. A man need not know much of any of the great subjects to pass; so if you are pretty well grounded in the grammar, Latin and Greek, and know a little mathematics, you can, without much trouble—that is, comparatively speaking—pass the examination for the ordinary degree. But I will give you more minute particulars,—that is, with respect to those things you should know *before* coming up; for if you will thoroughly master and know the books I shall mention below, you will find no great difficulty afterwards. You should know some elementary grammars—Latin and Greek,—say Kennedy's Latin and Charterhouse Greek; be able, with the use of dictionary, and, if you like, with the assistance of a translation, to make out a Greek and Latin subject—say, Orestes in Greek and a speech of Cicero in Latin; to be able to answer questions on the verbs, nouns, &c., geography, &c.; in fact, to know it thoroughly; to know the first four books of Euclid, and 6th proposition

of the VIIth.; to be able to work out simple questions in algebra, as far as quadratics with proportion, ratio, and a little more, and to know arithmetic. You should also know something—a good deal would be best—of Arnold's First Parts of Latin and Greek prose books. You ought at least to be able to do this—as much more as you like, *ad infinitum*. If you do these well before coming up, you will find all the examinations you have to pass only matters of grind. This is necessary *before coming* to Cambridge, to which university I would *strongly* recommend you to go, in preference to Oxford. Any further information or advice I shall be happy to give you.—ELIZABETH.

598. The American edition of the "Index Barum" measures $9\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches. After an introduction by Mr. Todd follow 136 leaves of ruled paper, 120 of which have capital and small letters printed consecutively at the top of the pages; and the remaining sixteen are ruled in the same manner, but have no letters printed at top. The capital letters are for the space, measuring rather more than two inches, on the left of the page; the small letters refer to the remainder of the page, measuring rather less than six. A space of rather more than half an inch is left from the top of the page to the commencement of the lines, thirty-four of which are on each page. Mr. Todd gives the following directions for using the index:—
"1. Read nothing which is not worth remembering, and which you may not wish hereafter to review. Have your index at hand, and when you meet with anything of interest, just note it down—the subject, the book, and the page, and any word designating its qualities which you may please, according to the method hereafter described. 2. Make your index according to subjects as much as possible, selecting that word which conveys the best idea of the subject. 3. You will find the index ruled with blue ink, with a wide margin on the left hand of each page. The mar-

gin is to contain the word selected as a guide to the subject noted down. On the corners of the page you will find the letters (capitals), and on the centre the first five vowels—*a, e, i, o, u*. Each letter of the alphabet has two pages to each of the vowels, so that of course each letter has ten pages. 4. When you read anything which you may hereafter need, place the principal word in the margin, under the first letter in that word, and the first vowel in it." Mr. Stock, of Paternoster Row, I believe, publishes something of the kind. But I think "S. W. Young" will find it quite as good a plan to choose a certain uniform-sized paper, in single sheets. And as he reads, make his notes or extracts, heading each sheet by some key-word—after the manner of a dictionary. As the papers are written they can be put in their proper alphabetical order, and fastened with an elastic band. I think "S. W. Young" will find all the convenience of the "Index Rerum" in this plan, with some advantages. It is easy to re-write or throw out pieces; and if proper margins be left, they can at any time be bound into a book.—T. S.

Todd's "Index Rerum."—The following extracts from the author's instructions for using the index will best show the nature of the work:—"Have your index at hand, and when you meet with anything of interest, note it down—the *subject*, the *book*, and the *page*, and any *word* designating its qualities which you may please, according to the method hereafter described. Make your index according to subjects as much as possible, selecting that word which conveys the best idea of the subject. You will find the index ruled with ink, with a wide margin on the left of each page. The margin is to contain the *word selected* as a guide to the subject noted down. On the corners of the page you will find the letters of the alphabet (capitals), and in the centre the first five vowels, *A, E, I, O, U*. Each letter of the alphabet has two pages to each of the vowels, so that of course each letter has ten pages. When you read

anything which you may hereafter need, place the principal word in the margin, under the first letter in that word and the first vowel in it. Suppose I wish to note something relating to America; I turn first to *A* and then to *E*, because *A* is the first letter and *E* the first vowel." Thus:—

America	supposed to be known in the time of Homer; Thomas's "Hist. Print.," v. i., p. 20.
Varro	beautiful letter to, from Cicero; Cic. Epist., lib. 6, Ep. 2.

The above description and examples will show the design and method of using the index. It can be had at all prices, but I would recommend beginners to use the half-crown edition, published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co., Paternoster Row. Larger editions published elsewhere can be found by referring to any bookseller's catalogue of books published.—A. K. B.

599. G. P. H. will find what he desires in the "Life and Letters of Robertson," by S. A. Brooke, M.A., 2 vols., published by Smith, Elder, and Co. There are also articles on Robertson in the *Contemporary Review* and *Sunday Magazine* for February.—S. S.

601. Of Oliver Cromwell's life and times the literature is very extensive. A list of state papers issued by him is to be found in Lowndes's "Bibliographer's Manual." Of biographies there comes first and chiefest Carlyle's. "Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations;" D'Aubigné's "Protector." Thomas Cromwell's "Oliver Cromwell and his Times;" Oliver Cromwell's "Memoirs of Oliver Cromwell, and of his Sons Richard and Henry;" Catherine's Macaulay's "History of England," as well as Hume's, Carte's, Lingard's, Smollett's, Keightley's, Knight's, &c.; Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," with Macaulay's Review of it, as well as Macaulay's paper on "Milton," contain materials of great value. So also do Clarendon's "Rebellion," Bulstrode's "Memoirs," Ludlow's "Memoirs," Thus-

low's "State Papers," Sir John Sinclair's "History of the Revenue," and Smyth's "Lectures on Modern History." M. Guizot has written a "Memoir of Cromwell," and Lamartine has issued a Sketch. Noble's "Memoirs of the Cromwells," and Sir Ed. Walker's "Discourses on History," may also be mentioned. In Fox's "Journals," Cowley's "Works," and Dr. Vaughan's "Revolutions," other additional references may be had. The "Life of Cromwell" has, however, yet to be written. When will S. N. include *him* among epoch men?—R. M. A.

602. Dr. Jared Sparks' "Life, Works, and Letters of Benjamin Franklin" is the authoritative work on the subject. It is, however, tedious and wearisome. In the *British Controversialist* two essays on Benjamin Franklin have appeared, viz., in vols. for 1855 and 1862.—TOM CAREFUL.

608. Bohn's Classical Library contains a very fair and cheap translation of Plato's works, and of many of Aristotle's. Taylor's version of Plato, notwithstanding some singularities, is worth reading. Dr. Whewell edited the "Ethical Dialogues" of Plato in such a way as to give a fair view of their

contents. Grote's great work on Plato and his contemporaries is highly valuable. C. Badham, B.D., has edited several dialogues of Plato with able introductions. M. E. Cope has translated the "Philebus," Wm. Smith the "Apology," "Crito," and "Phædo." Geddes' edition of the "Phædo" is excellently annotated, and to the Golden Treasury series the "Republic" has been added in a pellucid translation by Davies and Vaughan. Richard Congreve's version of "The Politics of Aristotle" is a highly superior work. Sir Alexander Grant's edition of "The Ethics" is expected to be worthy in scholarship and thought. Jelf's "Notes" on Aristotle's "Ethics" we have found very informing. G. H. Lewes's "Aristotle" is excellent on *science*. Bishop R. D. Hampden, on Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, conveys very clear ideas on the life and tenets of that triumvirate in philosophy. In the *Classical Journal* several portions of Aristotle's works were translated well. Blakesley's "Life of Aristotle" contains brief abstracts of most of Aristotle's works. To these many other books might be added. Does G. P. H. require more?—S. N.

The Societies' Section.

REPORTS OF MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

AUSTRALIA: SYDNEY.—*St. Philip's Mutual Improvement Society*.—The first anniversary of the St. Philip's Mutual Improvement Society of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales, Australia, was held in the Old School-house of St. Philip's Church on the 12th Dec. Upwards of 200 people assembled, and a musical and literary entertainment was given with great success by the members. The society is under the presidency of the Very Rev.

the Dean of Sydney, while the Hon. John Campbell, member of the Legislative Council, and Alexander Stuart, Esq., are vice-presidents. The object of the society is by "essays, readings, recitations, friendly discussions, and popular lectures," to promote the mental and moral improvement of the members. At the anniversary meeting, which was highly successful, the following report was read, for which we hope (though we are at the other side of the world)

you will kindly spare us a corner in the Societies' Section of one of your issues:—Your committee, in laying before you their first annual report, have much pleasure in assuring you that it is an encouraging one. The first meeting was held in the schoolroom on Tuesday, 29th Nov., 1864, when 21 gentlemen enrolled themselves as members. From that to the present time the number has increased to 47, and the average attendance has been good. During the past year fifty recitations and readings have been delivered; and your committee have much pleasure in observing, with regard to them, that most of the members have in due course shown considerable information.

Discussions have been held on the following subjects:—

"Was Oliver Cromwell a Sincere man?"—Yes.

"Has Novel-reading a Pernicious effect?"—No.

"Has Competition an Injurious effect on the community?"—No.

"Was Joan of Arc an Impostor?"—No.

"Which has been the most Beneficial to mankind, the introduction of Potatoes or Tobacco?"—Tobacco.

"Whether is the greater source of crime Ignorance or Intemperance?"—Intemperance.

"Is the Character of Queen Elizabeth worthy of Admiration?"—Yes.

"Which was the greater General, the Duke of Wellington or Napoleon Bonaparte?"—The Duke of Wellington.

Essays have been written on the following subjects:—"The History of Writing;" "Gold;" "Results of Machinery;" "The Genius of Australia;" and "Benjamin West, the Painter."

Lectures open to the public, free of charge, have also been delivered, by the Very Rev. the Dean of Sydney, on Columbus and some Lessons of his Life. Alexander Gordon, Esq., How our Forefathers travelled. Rev. J. Kemmiss, Ancient Cities. Rev. A. H. Stephen, The Hindoos.

The treasurer has in hand to the credit of the society the sum of £3 3s. 6d.

Your committee would also take this opportunity of expressing their warmest thanks to their President for the great interest he has taken in the proceedings of the society, and also to the Vice-Presidents, the Hon. John Campbell, M.L.C., and Alexander Stuart, Esq.

In conclusion, your committee would urge upon the members and their friends the necessity of increased interest in the society, and trust that the presence of so many here to-night will give a fresh impetus to the members, and prove that St. Philip's Mutual Improvement Society is what it really professes to be, an institution for the promotion of the mental and moral improvement of those connected with it, having for its motto, "Upward and onward, and true to the line." JAMES O'HEA, *Hon. Sec.*

SUBJECTS SUITABLE FOR DEBATE.

Is Prayer efficacious in the attainment of temporal Blessings?

Is Municipal Union advisable?

Is Theology a Science?

Is Heresy a Crime?

Is Christian Union desirable in our age?

Is a Progressive Theology possible?

Is Ritualism Unchristian?

Ought Religions to be National?

Are Creeds necessary to Christianity?

Is "Independent Morality" possible?

Has Science "a cure of souls"?

Can we have Morality apart from Religion?

Is Christianity one and stable, or variable and capable of being adapted to circumstances?

Are those who die Heathens lost for eternity?

Is the Drama or the Epic the higher form of Poetry?

Was the Reformation in England more a Religious than a Political movement?

Ought Religious Societies to undertake Publishing?

Can Prayer be tested by Experience?

Should Religious and Charitable Associations be freed from taxation ?
 Should Sabbath Observance be maintained by legal penalties ?
 Are the Motives of men capable of being Self-originated ?
 Has the malignity of Christendom been worse than that of the Heathen world ?
 Ought the Church to concentrate its forces ?
 Is Government by Party advantageous ?
 Is the Conflict of Opinions beneficial ?
 Is Christian Certainty attainable ?
 Was Christ's sacrifice Vicarious ?
 Can Theology be Incorporated with Life ?
 Is the Reign of Law compatible with God's foreordaining knowledge ?
 Is the use of a Book of Public Prayer scriptural ?
 Is Confession of sin to Church officers a requirement of Christianity ?
 Should the Roman Catholic Clergy be endowed ?
 Is the Sunday Science Movement defensible ?
 Should Public Libraries and Museums be placed under an executive responsible to Parliament ?

Is Coin or Credit the true basis of currency ?
 Was Shakspeare a Roman Catholic ?
 Are Protective Duties always baneful ?
 Is Free Trade in Land desirable ?
 Is Social Revolution injurious ?
 Is our Agricultural Population fairly treated ?
 Is the present Poor Law well administered ?
 Is it true of Governments, that "what-e'er is best administered is best" ?
 Ought the Educational and Charitable Funds of England to be placed under public responsible Management ?
 Is a great landed Aristocracy preferable to a rich and powerful Commercial Middle Class ?
 Are Treaties to be held as always binding ?
 Should Race and Nationality Coincide ?
 Does the French Policy in Italy merit Approbation or Disapprobation ?
 Is Quarantine advantageous ?
 Is the Impeachment of Colonial Governors in Parliament preferable to their trial in Law Courts ?
 Are our Colonial Churches properly constituted ?
 Ought Convocation to have Legislative powers in Ecclesiastical Affairs ?

Literary Notes.

MR. F. HUTH is about to publish the collection of Ballads bought by him at Mr. Daniel's sale for £800, for presentation to the members of the Philobiblion Society.

Fred Wolf, the German mediæval scholar, author of "Le Brésil Littérature," died 18th Feb. at Vienna, aged 70.

Rev. W. Evans, Vicar of Heversham, Archdeacon of Westmoreland, author of "The Rectory of Valehead," and Wordsworth's friend, died 10th March, aged 77.

A. R. Slons has had awarded to him by the Dramatic College, T. P. Cooke's £100 prize for his play "True to the Core."

Dr. Mackay is about to become the Lexicographer of "the lost and perishing beauties of the English Language," a collection of obsolete and obsolescent words and phrases.

James S. Gibb, of Dalkeith, is engaged on a "Memoir of Beattie," author of "The Minstrel," "The Nature of Truth," &c.

Shakspere Controversy is likely to be re-excited by Gerald Massey's "Interpretation of the Sonnets of Stratford's boat and the world's glory."

A Magazine of Metaphysical Philosophy is among the new projects on the tapis.

Dr. William Hepworth Thompson, Fellow of Trinity, and Regius Professor of Greek in Cambridge, has been appointed successor to Dr. Whewell as Master of Trinity College. The new master has edited and annotated W. A. Butler's "Lectures on Philosophy."

The monks of Monte Cassino have themselves edited and printed a *facsimile* of their splendid MS. Dante in large folio.

W. C. Bennett, of Blackheath, author of "Poems," 1850, "Songs by a Song-writer," 1859, has issued a prospectus of a "Ballad History of England."

Rev. William Fleming, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Glasgow, author of a "Manual" on that subject, a Vocabulary of Philosophy, &c., died 10th March, aged 74.

"The Death of Lucretius," the Roman poet, author of "The Nature of Things" (see *British Controversialist*, ante, pp. 165—167), is stated to be the subject of Tennyson's new classical poem. It will probably exhibit the failure of Epicureanism to satisfy the cravings of human life.

Mias Braddon's novels are to be issued in two-shilling volumes, revised by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler.

Dr. John Conolly, author of "An Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity," "An Essay on the Madness of Hamlet," &c., and the originator of the rational treatment of those who are mentally diseased, died March 7th.

The leading authors of America and ten publishing firms have signed a petition to Congress for an International Copyright with Great Britain.

Dr. Reifferscheid, of Bonn, has discovered fragments in Anglo-Saxon of King Alfred's "Version of Orosius," and in Gothic of St. Paul's Epistles by Ulphilas.

It has been proposed to issue a cheap popular edition of early English versions of the Scriptures.

Scientific Opinion is to appear in April as the companion of *Public Opinion*.

"A Centenary Book," in celebration of the introduction of Methodism into the United States, is ready.

Longfellow is engaged on a new, uniform, revised edition of his entire works.

The early poetry of Alfred Tennyson is becoming an object of great interest to collectors. Could not some one reprint and compare Hallam's and Tennyson's "Timbuctoo"?

Colonel Hamlyn, the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," a work on the Crimean war, &c., has in the press a book on "Military Tactics."

Lord Palmerston's literary executors will shortly provide an edition of some of his most interesting papers.

The collected works of Isaac Disraeli are to be issued in monthly parts and quarterly vols., and a new edition of Benjamin Disraeli's Novels is also in preparation.

A society has been formed in Paris for the purpose of executing a totally new and complete translation of the Holy Scriptures. In order to ensure impartiality the task will be confided, to learned men of the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish religions.

Alex. Dumas is engaged on a novel of modern life in Paris.

A Chinese newspaper, *The Flying Dragon*, has been commenced by Professor Summers.

A new, cheap, condensed edition of "Professor George Wilson's Memoir" by his sister, is in the press.

A subscription is in the course of being raised for the destitute widow and family of the late Captain Gronow, whose personal recollections had such attractions for the readers of circulating libraries.

Dr. T. L. Phipson, F.C.S., has in preparation a popular exposition of meteors, meteoric stones, &c.

Epoch Men.

RICHARD HURD, D.D.—PHILOSOPHICAL CRITICISM.

Hurd has, perhaps, the merit of being the first who, in this country, aimed at Philosophical Criticism.—*Henry Hallam.*

CRITICISM is at once an inductive science and a disciplinary art. It is both legislative and magisterial. It includes in it an analysis of the intellectual operations out of which art effloresces; of the means and instruments of producing artistic effects, and of the principles which should guide men in the production or reproduction of excellence. Criticism not only observes and analyzes facts, infers and methodizes a theory; it also administers laws and communicates instructions which may regulate practice. It is not contented with understanding, it aims also at achievement. The truths it teaches are auxiliary to the accomplishment of the mind's designs. It is not a barren and infertile science, but one which is fecund and prolific. Criticism implies discernment—the exercise of a clear judgment, furnished with adequate knowledge and guided by proper motives. To judge rightly we must know well; to determine justly we must investigate honestly; to decide fairly we must deliberate impartially; and to effect predetermined results we must employ fit means and suitable instruments. Criticism is the science of the laws of correct judgment in regard to the productions of art, as well as the art of determining how any specific production will accord with the fixed principles which govern the processes involved in the achievement of any excellent work. As a science it desires decision, as an art precision. It is more than a scheme of thought, it is a directory towards practical success. It is a compend of rules for the improvement of results; and it not only requires but requites submission. It is at once the inducer and the producer of "The high endeavour and the glad success."

Men seek knowledge not to gain pleasure only, but to acquire power, to regulate action and to influence the consequences and issues of events or things. Dominion is the darling of man's soul. For this it is that he labours and thinks—that he may subdue nature to his purposes, and art to his aims: this it is which excites

"The hunger and thirst of the heart,
The frenzy and fire of the brain,"

for the useful, the practical, and the helpful. Man wishes to know that he may be the better able to do, and he enquires that he may acquire. He searches for ultimate ideas and correlates them into systems, not only that he may deduce thence the laws of their relationships but that he may be enabled to devise and overmaster. It is true that "The fire i' th' flint shows not till it be struck," but it is equally true that it is not likely to be struck out effectually and usefully unless the conditions of its outcome and the means of utilizing it are studied and attended to. So it is with all true art, it is the result of practical skill, acting on and directed by scientific principles. Thus knowledge becomes power, science the minister of pleasure; and truth the mother of delight.

Of all powers, that which lies most within the grasp of man, and that which most specifically belongs to himself is—the power of thought. The effectiveness of the power of thought depends on its attractive communicability. So long as thought mirrors itself only in one soul it is inefficacious for the bringing about of change, movement or results in any other than him in whom it is manifested. It must flash forth from us into others before it attains the full measure of its power. Hence speech is one of the forms of human power; is one of the forces which stir men and change the currents of action in the world. Speech, as communicable thought, takes the forms of eloquence and literature; the former being thought expressed with all the vital power of the soul in which it arises, so that it may enter with life-stirring energy into another, and result in action; the latter being thought given forth as the goodly treasure of a life to be garnered in the souls of others as precious, desirable, capable at once of exciting delight, inducing acceptance and working change in those who take it into "the very inmost seat of mental sight."

Literature is reproduced thought—thought embodied. Genius supplies ideas, logic gives them form, rhetoric expression. Of form and expression there are many varieties. We know well, from every day experience, that there is a great difference, with regard to cogency of arrangement and effectiveness of expression, in the manner in which the same or similar ideas may be conveyed in speech or writing by different men. We not unfrequently see men of clear understanding and judicious practical habits doing injustice to their thoughts, through inattention to the method or propriety or grace with which they should or might have been uttered; while men of inferior endowments, but possessed of the ability to adorn their thoughts with fit phrases and proper forms, outshine and overcome them. Consummate parts must be enhanced by communicative arts, if it be designed that they should ensure way in the world for the views they hold. Some irresistible potency is therefore, we conclude, addable to thought, by the choice we make of form and style, of method and expression. What gives this relishable and felicitous correspondence between thought and speech? and how may this mastery of manner be acquired? are

questions of great pith and moment, on the attainment of satisfactory answers to which much, very much, depends.

Criticism professes to be able to solve these difficulties. It investigates the laws of effective literary effort; determines the conditions of artistic expression; decides on the means to be employed for the achievement of a given end; prescribes the culture to which the various powers of man must be subjected, that he may equal his desires by deeds; and intimates the manner in which the labour must be done by which any specific success is aimed at. The diligent toil of studious thinkers has been employed in investigating the most precious products of literature, that a knowledge of the principles of composition might be gained; in tracing the influences of these principles, through the various changes which thought in the course of being expressed is made to undergo; and in bringing the whole sum of these observations and investigations into one body of doctrine and a well-arranged system of rules. The diverse phenomena of literature have been subjected to scrutiny, examination and experimental testing, with the design of discovering the laws of the origination and dependence of successful literary effort, and of recording them in a classified and intelligible form for the guidance and advice of those who may be desirous of so wedding thought to speech, that literature may be the issue.

Literature is not the mere externalization of ideas. To outward form it adds visible grace, and conjoins the charm of beauty to the vivacity of life. Literature is cultured thought, and all culture is critical. Criticism, however, is rather the servant than the tyrant of literature. Its laws are not given forth with autocratic imperiousness; they are the deductions made from the precedents of genius, and they incorporate the decisions of the parliament of the illustrious in all nations who are in reality the legislators of the republic of letters.

" Those rules of old discovered—not devised,
Are nature still, but nature methodized:
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained."

The rules which criticism, by keen-eyed watchfulness and intense meditation, has been able to extract from the collected wisdom of the literary world, and which she has collected and arranged for behoof of the entire realm of letters, are but a collation and epitome of those unwritten laws which govern all literature. These she proffers for adoption by and for the guidance of those who aspire to a place among the effective thinkers of the race, or who desire so to improve the issue of their own reflections that they may in some degree attain the finished form of those literary productions which men have most admired and most long to imitate or rival. Criticism offers to aid the writer by supplying the results of the inductive researches of observant men in a classified and

orderly form, so that he, being saved all labour except that of thought, may devote all his intelligence to the elaboration of his subject, to give the world the benefit of his unhampered spirit. It knits up into a few brief comprehensive laws all the results of the experience of our predecessors, and places at our service, in short hand, a report of the acceptable and manageable, the right and fitting modes of efficient discourse. All this it does to the end that we, made wiser by the experience of past efforts, may use the greater diligence in perfecting the thought within us, that when expressed it may possess the fresh vitality of intellect, and the vigorous power of originality. Criticism is a save-toil as well as a teacher. It is no mere conglomerate of "wise saws" applied to "modern instances;" it is the wise decision of the few who in all ages have sought down to the elements of literary success, and have discovered, after diligent investigation, the principles of the human heart in which they rise and to which they appeal.

Criticism, as a science, is progressive. As our knowledge of human nature increases, so also does our acquaintance with the means of moving men advance. As our investigations into literature widen and deepen, we perceive more and more of the secrets of influence which genius has evolved from its own spirit, and inworked with the educts of his mind. And ever as criticism perceives more clearly the grace of life which exists in the literature of the past, it inspires more thoroughly the thought of a new age to aim higher, and to achieve more. The more earnestly it insists on truth of substance, of tone, of detail, of exposition, and of language, the fuller development of these qualities in literature gives it the greater claim on the admiration of readers, and the better influence upon the studies of authors. Almost every age, though it avoids some flagrant faults of that which preceded it, falls into others which require correction; criticism shows the violation of principle which underlies these errors, and translates the mistakes of former ages into warnings for all time. Criticism, therefore, can never wholly remit its watchfulness, although at some periods it may be more urgently required or exercised than at others.

The literature of the eighteenth century was not, like that of the age of Chaucer, an outburst of awakened intellect; neither was it, like that of the era of Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, a healthy issue from the enthusiastic national life of the time; it was a literature of culture. Culture trains, it is true, but it also restrains; it prunes as well as forces; it is not satisfied with effort, it aims also at effect. It proceeds upon principles, and follows predetermined plans; it endeavours to prewise, not improvise results. In short, culture is critical. The eighteenth century was unsatisfied, speculative, cold and ungenial. It was not so much a debating as a dissertative age; didactic instead of investigative; discussion was its delight. The theory of society, the foundations of religion, the origin of knowledge, the truth of history, the grounds of polity, and the principles of literature, were all alike called to the bar of criti-

cism, and made the subjects of advocacy on one or the other side. Opinions were not brought into collision,—there was not earnestness enough for that—but the most adverse theses were elaborated on the chief subjects of human interest, and placed before the readers of that age in a cold unsympathetic though elegant, refined, and polished style. The graceful prose of Addison, with its clear, frost-like glitter, and crisp, crystallized sentences; the elegant and fluent verse in which Pope uttered his didactic essays and his sparkling satires; the ingenious and acute speculations of Berkeley and Clarke; the commentaries of Bentley and the controversial writings of Leslie; the pithy vituperation of Swift and the humorous disquisitions of Steele; the ponderous compositions of Johnson and the philosophic narratives of Hume; the metaphysics of Reid and the economics of Smith,—even the novels of Fielding and Richardson—are all in a greater or less degree pervaded by this unsatisfied and critical spirit. It was a rationalizing age. It undoubtedly swept away from literature a great number of erroneous opinions, and loosened the hold of many of those prejudices which infect men's souls to their own injury. But it did this less through sympathy with truth, and real love to pure thought, than delight in destructive disquisition, and for the gratification of the restless dissatisfaction which had entered into the hearts of men. It was an age of good sense, of imitative artificiality, of superficial sagacity, but it was neither fervid nor earnest, profound nor comprehensive. It was a period that induced and justified criticism. Its chief activity of thought was expended in that direction. And, before the half of the century had closed, criticism had so thoroughly established its supremacy that the scattered and wayward efforts of single pens were no longer satisfying,—the multitude of commentaries, dissertations, disquisitions, critical and (to use Swift's word) "critical" discussions, essays, inquiries, vindications, expositions, &c., with which the age, and even the stage, abounded, were not enough to content the inquisitive hearts of the time, but a distinct organ of criticism was established in the *Monthly Review*, 1749, which was succeeded by the issue of the first—but short-lived—*Edinburgh Review* in 1755, and by the rival publication entitled the *Critical Review* in 1756. At such a time it was right that some one should arise who should set the query, What is criticism? with some definiteness before reflecting men—one able not only to put the question, but in some measure to answer it, and exemplify his teaching in a concrete form. This Richard Hurd did—did in a manner worthy of greater praise than subsequent writers have been willing to accord to him—viz., by placing a specimen of well-done critical work before the public, which he did in 1749, and then by defining specifically what he meant by criticism in its best sense. This he did in the following terms, viz.:—

"Criticism, considered in its ancient and noblest office of doing justice to the merits of great writers, more especially in works of poetry and invention, demands, to its perfect execution, these two qualities; a *philosophic spirit*, capable of pene-

trating the fundamental reasons of excellence in every different species of composition; and a *strong imagination*, the parent of what we call *true taste*, enabling the critic to feel the full force of his author's excellence himself, and to impress a lively sense of it upon others. Each of these abilities is necessary. For by means of *philosophy*, criticism, which were otherwise a vague and superficial thing, acquires the soundness and solidity of science. And, from the *power of fancy*, it derives that light and energy and spirit which are wanting to provoke the public emulation, and carry the general conclusions of the reason into practice."

We may as well confess that we have little that is new to tell, either of this man or his works. We were desirous of leading the minds of our readers to the consideration of criticism as a form of thought and literary effort, and with the intention of adding a human interest to our remarks, we came to the conclusion that it would best suit that design to interweave our observations round the events of some life—which, after due reflection, we determined should be that of Richard Hurd. And we fixed upon his name the rather that he has, of late, fallen unaccountably into the shade, and, though sixty years have scarcely yet thrown their sunshine over his grave, the labours of his lifetime have gone into terrible oblivion. Let us rub the encrusting moss of the past from the tomb of one worthy of better remembrance, and recount the chief facts of his life-history; briefly endeavouring to find in the meanwhile some useful lessons gathered from his works, or collected from a consideration of the life he passed, and the labour to which he gave himself during life, fully admitting that there is worth in every biography of every human being, if we can or will but carefully attempt to extract from the record the wisdom it contains and offers.

Richard Hurd, the son of John Hurd and Hannah, his wife, "plain, honest, good people" who rented a considerable farm at Congreve, in Staffordshire, was born January 13th, 1720. He was brought up among the healthy influences of rural life, and was early led to observe and enjoy,—

"Whatever greens the spring
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Concealed."

It was his good-hap, too, to live in the neighbourhood of Brewood, in which parish there is a well-endowed grammar school. In Hurd's time it was taught by a gentleman, "who possessed every talent of a perfect instructor of youth, in a degree which has been rarely found in any of that profession since the days of Quintilian." This was the Rev. Wm. Budworth, author of several sermons of considerable merit, "who was less known in his lifetime" (as Hurd remarks) "from that obscure situation to which the caprice of fortune oft condemns the most accomplished characters, than his highest merits deserved." Under the care of this "excellent person," Hurd acquired a superior education, and was able to proceed to the University of Cambridge when he was about fifteen

years old—an earlier age than was at all usual in his time. As an undergraduate of Emmanuel College, he made great progress, and acquired a reputation for diligence, thoughtfulness and thoroughness in his studies. He graduated Bachelor of Arts in 1739. In 1742 he was admitted to the Master's degree, and was at the same time chosen Fellow of his college. He received priest's orders in 1744, and speedily became known in Cambridge as an able, painstaking, and interesting tutor. For one of the students placed under his care—Sir Edward Littleton, Bart.—he prepared a commentary on Horace's "Art of Poetry" with notes, and other pertinent matters, the assistance derived from which his lordship welcomed with pleasure. This work Hurd was induced by his friends to publish in 1749. As a specimen of thoughtful and sustained criticism, this attempt "to explain the *Epistle to the Pisos* in the way of continued commentary upon it," as it is founded on a precise and faithful study of the poem with which it deals, attracted much attention and retained its reputation, almost unchallenged, for nearly forty years as one of the most concise, masterly, and systematic critical pieces in the literature of that age. It reached a sixth edition in 1776, and it was not till 1783, that a gainsayer of Hurd's hypothesis regarding the nature, design and method of Horace's celebrated didactic epistle arose. In that year, George Colman the elder, issued a "Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry with a Commentary," in which the opinions advocated by Hurd were impugned. It says a good deal, we think for the ingenuousness of the earlier commentator's mind, that Hurd confessed that Colman's objections were difficult to rebut, and probably in a great measure correct. At the same time it may be inferred from the fact that he re-issued his "Commentary and Notes" in the fifth volume of the collected edition of his works in 1811, that he was not willing to consider himself altogether in error in his estimate of Horace's aim and scheme. The solid yet ingenious mind, the plastic rather than creative imagination, the poetic feeling yet restrained fancy, the good sense and conceptive energy, the schooled enthusiasm and didactic picturesqueness for which Horace is remarkable, afforded admirable themes for critical disquisition. Hence, though frequently the topic of comment, the "Art of Poetry" when it was seen as it appeared to Hurd, was peculiarly suitable to his cool, observant, and penetrating genius as enabling him in a new sense to re-use his master's boast,

"Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,
Nos aliena meo pressi pede." *

It would serve little good purpose here to compare the opinions of Richard Hurd on the subject and method of the "Art of Poetry," with those advanced by Julius Cæsar Scaliger, in his preface to his "Poeticis, Libri Septem," 1561; by Daniel Heinsius in his

* "I first have set free footsteps on untrodden ground,
Not planted mine were feet of others have been found."

"*Animadversiones et Notæ Horatii Opera*," 1629; by Richard Bentley, in the annotations to his edition of Horace, 1711—probably the one in use at Cambridge in Hurd's days—or by his critical antagonist, George Colman. It may be sufficient to remark that it argued considerable vigour of genius as well as independence of mind to attempt "to clear the sense, connect the method, and ascertain the scope and purpose of this admired epistle" after the labour bestowed on it, and still more in opposition to or correction of the opinions formed about it by the three first-named giants in classical criticism; not to speak of the edition of the forty commentators, issued at Basle, in 1580, that of the Scholiast Cruquius, 1595, of the ingenious though tedious Lambinus, 1561, or the posthumous edition of the learned Belgian, Torrentius, 1602. From John Bond, 1606, we suppose he could learn little, and from André Dacier's French translation, with notes, 1681, still less. The following estimate by a competent authority, may be quoted as at once accurate and concise:—

"Dr. Hurd, in his very minute and elaborate commentary on the two great critical epistles of Horace, supposes that the 'Epistle to the Pisos' was written with a view to the regeneration of the Roman drama exclusively; that on this assumption the poem is reducible to a regular and consistent plan, and that all which it contains concerning other departments of poetry may easily be referred to that digressive character which is essential to the freedom of epistolary writing. No reader will contest the ingenuity of the hypothesis, or the plausibility of many of the arguments by which it is supported, yet it is impossible to rise from the perusal of Dr. Hurd's observations without feeling that his connections, in many instances, are anything but natural. To find an accurate system in Horace is what is not to be expected; a conversational absence of method and a 'graceful negligence' have been pointed out as his distinguishing features by [Pope] an author who entered more fully into the spirit of his essays than perhaps any critic or commentator whatever."*

The reputation achieved by this endeavour to treat with originality and care "a point of curious criticism of which little or nothing had been said by any great writer," and perhaps a dexterously turned compliment regarding Warburton's "*Critical and Philosophical Commentary on Mr. Pope's 'Essay on Man,'*" 1742, attracted the notice of the editor of "*Our English Horace*." A warm and lively friendship sprung up between them, Hurd becoming to Warburton nearly what Warburton had been to Pope. On the recommendation of the author of "*The Divine Legation of Moses*," Dr. Thomas Sherlock, bishop of London, appointed the critic of Emmanuel College one of the Whitehall preachers, a position which Warburton himself had held. In 1751, Hurd published his edition of "*Horace's Epistle to Augustus, with Commentary and Notes*," together with a "*Dissertation on Poetical Imitation*." This work contained an elaborate dedication to the Rev. Mr. Warburton, cre-

* "*History of Roman Literature*," by Rev. H. Thompson, "*Encyclopædia Metropolitana*," p. 104. See further—"Classical Disquisition," &c., by Prof. Benj. H. Malkin—*On Horace*, pp. 153-5; and Dean Milman's "*Life of Horace*."

ding him, as his patron, with the revision of modern criticism, and advancing it to its full glory. Warburton, on his part, described this work as "one of the most masterly pieces of criticism ever written."

Of a portion of this dedication on the "Theory and History of Criticism," the following analysis may not be unacceptable:—

"Criticism in its infancy was wholly turned to admiration, a passion which true judgment as little indulges in the schools of art as sound philosophy in those of nature." Rhapsodists, who could give no intelligible account of the subtle operations of poetry, were succeeded by thinkers whose "researches grew severe, inquisitive, and rational. The person who now took the lead in these studies was a philosopher, and, which was happy for the advancement of this art, the justest philosopher of antiquity. Hence, scientific or speculative criticism attained to perfection at once, and appeared in all that severity of reason and accuracy of method which Aristotle himself could bestow upon it." But, "though to understand be better than to admire, yet the generality of readers cannot or will not understand where there is nothing for them to admire. So that Reason, for her own sake, is obliged to borrow something of the dress and to mimic the airs of Fancy; and Aristotle's judgment was too proud to submit to this management. Hence the critical plan which the Stagyrte had formed with such rigour of science, however it might satisfy the curious speculatist, wanted to be relieved and set off to the common eye by the heightenings of eloquence." Greece was unable to furnish this, neither was Rome. "Criticism of any kind was little cultivated, never professed as an art by this people." Horace's Epistles are "only slight occasional attempts, made in the negligence of common sense, and not by any means the regular productions of art professedly binding itself to this work, and ambitious to give the last finishing to the critical system.

"For so great an effort as this we are to look back to the confines of Greece. And there at length, and even from beneath the depression of slavery (but with a spirit that might have done honour to its age of greatest liberty) a CRITIC arose singularly qualified for so generous an undertaking. His profession, which was that of a *rhetorical sophist*, required him to be fully instructed in the graces and embellishments of eloquence; and these the vigour of his genius enabled him to comprehend in their utmost force and beauty. In a word, LONGINUS was the person, whom, of the critics of antiquity, nature seems to have formed with the proper talents to give the last honour to his profession, and penetrate the very soul of fine writing. Yet so bounded is human *wit*, and with such difficulty is human *art* completed, that even here the advantage, which had been so fortunately gained on the one hand, was, in great measure, lost and forfeited on the other. He had softened indeed, the severity of Aristotle's plan; but in doing this had gone back again too far into the manner of the admiring Rhapsodist. In short, with the brightest views of nature and true beauty, which the finest imagination could afford to the best critic, he now wanted in a good degree that precision and depth of thought that so eminently distinguished his predecessor. For, as Plotinus long ago observed of him, though he had approved himself a master of polite literature, he was no philosopher.

"Thus the art had been [for ages] shifting reciprocally between two extremes. They were both to be revived, or, rather, a new original plan of criticism was to be struck out, which should unite the virtues of each of them. The experiment was made [by Warburton] on the two greatest of our own poets [Shakspeare and Pope], and, by reflecting all the lights of the imagination on the severest reason, everything was effected which the warmest admirer could promise to himself from

such a union." Then, considering the quarrels into which Warburton was perpetually getting into, there follows this ingenious and flattering passage which, without actually admitting, adroitly accounts for them. "Criticism, though it be the last point of literary experience, is more exposed to the cavils of ignorance and vanity than perhaps any other species of learned application ; all men being forward to judge, and few men giving themselves leave to doubt of their being able to judge of the merits of well-known and popular writers."

David Hume, the historian and philosopher, issued, in 1757, his celebrated "Four Dissertations:—1. The Natural History of Religion. 2. Of the Passions. 3. Of Tragedy. 4. Of the Standard of Taste." The first named, which is the most important, and also the largest, filling as it does half the volume, created much excitement and discussion. Warburton was anxious to "trim the rogue's jacket," though he was unwilling to come forward broadly as his antagonist. He therefore proposed to Hurd that he should furnish materials for a reply, to which skeleton outline he should communicate "elegance of form and splendour of polish." Hurd accepted the task of his patron, and shortly afterwards produced, anonymously, "Remarks on Mr. David Hume's Essay on the Natural History of Religion," addressed to the Rev. Dr. Warburton. Hume was at first led to believe that Warburton was the author. He learnt subsequently that he was not, and says, speaking of his own work, "Its public entry was rather obscure, except only that Dr. Hurd wrote a pamphlet against it, with all the illiberal petulance, arrogance and scurrility which distinguish the Warburtonian school. This pamphlet gave me some consolation for the otherwise indifferent reception of my performance."

Hurd had continued his residence in Cambridge as a Fellow of Emmanuel College till 1757, in which year his college conferred on him the Rectorship of Thurceston, in Leicestershire, where he entered into residence. In 1759, he issued "Dialogues on Sincerity, Retirement, the Golden Age of Queen Elizabeth, and the Constitution of the English Government;" "Letters on Chivalry and Romance," in 1762; and "Dialogues on Foreign Travel," in 1764: these were all republished in three volumes, in 1765, under the title of "Dialogues, Moral and Political." They are considered his highest achievements in literature. Warburton speaks of them as having "all the correctness of Addison's style, and a strength of reasoning under the direction of judgment far superior." They were translated into German by the poet L. H. G. Hölty (1748-1776), and were, what is perhaps their highest commendation, the suggesting models of the "Imaginary Conversation" of Walter Savage Landor.

In 1765, he was appointed preacher at Lincoln's-Inn; in 1766, he issued a collected edition of his critical writings, and, in 1767, his friend Warburton (who had been made Bishop of Gloucester in 1759) appointed him to the Archdeaconry of the fair city of the Severn, where martyr Hooper witnessed for "God's faith." In 1768, Warburton transferred to certain trustees the sum of £500 for the foundation, at Lincoln's-Inn, of the Warburton Lecture. Hurd

was appointed the first lecturer, and then began that course of masterly and instructive sermons which, under the title of "An Introduction to the Study of the Prophecies concerning the Christian Church," were published in 1772, and are even yet regarded as containing matter of great value, and to have effected much for the fixing and illustrating of the principles on which depend the right interpretation of the prophetic writers in the holy Scriptures. In 1769, he edited the select works of Abraham Cowley, the metaphysical poet, with an interesting preface, and useful notes, which elicited from Thomas Warton, the historian of English poetry, the encomium that Hurd was "the most sensible and judicious of modern critics."

From the archidiaconate of Gloucester, Hurd was promoted, in 1775, to the bishopric of Lichfield and Coventry; and not long afterwards he was appointed tutor of Prince (afterwards King) George [IV.], and his brother Frederick, Duke of York. In 1777, he published "Sermons preached before the House of Lords," and, between 1776 and 1780, three volumes of "Sermons preached at Lincoln's Inn." These sermons are, as regards style, simple, easy, elegant and perspicuous, not often rising into eloquence, but, when doing so, flashing out strikingly and successfully. In June, 1779, his friend Warburton died, leaving him his reputation as a legacy to keep. In 1781, Hurd was translated to the see of Worcester, and at the same time was installed in the confidential position of clerk of the closet. On the demise of Archbishop Cornwallis, the King pressed upon him the acceptance of the primacy; but he had the modesty to decline the mitre of Canterbury, and "humbly begged leave to decline [it], as a charge not suited to his temper and talents, and much too heavy for him to sustain."

In fulfilment of his duty to the memory of his early friend and constant patron, Hurd, in 1788, brought out a complete edition of Bishop Warburton's works in seven quarto volumes; and in 1799 Dr. Samuel Parr issued a collection of "Tracts, by Warburton and a Warburtonian," consisting of early pieces not admitted into Hurd's collection, with a dedication to the Bishop of Worcester, full of virulent scorn and bitter irony. This terrible outpouring of wrath, which, in Isaac Disraeli's opinion, "stands unrivalled for comparative criticism," dealt, in the language of Johnson and the personality of Junius, with the character of the living bishop and his dead friend, and punished with severity, Hurd's adulation of Warburton, and his arrogance to the opponents of the writer of "The Divine Legation." Hurd supplemented his former edition of Warburton's works with a Discourse, by way of a general preface to them, and giving some account of the life, writings, and character of their author; while he defended himself against Dr. Parr's allegations by issuing the correspondence between Warburton and Hurd in an octavo volume. It is an interesting work, and considerably affects the ideas usually formed of the bonds of friendliness between the two neighbouring prelates. During the later years of his life

he composed a memoir of himself, and prepared a collected edition of his own works, which, however, did not appear till 1811. His critical faculty, too, remained active to the end, for he spent much of the declining days of his old age in annotating an edition—which was published in 1810—of the works of the prince of eighteenth century essayists, Joseph Addison. On the 28th May, 1808, at Hartlebury Castle, the episcopal residence occupied by him as the Bishop of Worcester, Hurd passed away from the land of the living in the eighty-ninth year of his age.

Hurd's sermons are of the quietly pious, not of the effectively earnest kind; his literary works are elegant and thoughtful, displaying a cultivated mind and a cold, correct taste; but it is for his critical principles that he deserves to hold a permanent place among British writers. It is not alone for his just and keen penetration, his fine perception of the undercurrents of reflective thought, and the comprehensive survey of a subject which he took, that he deserves remembrance; it is for the distinct purpose he insists upon; for the patience with which he traces "the progress of the mind in rational thinking," and for the accuracy of the principles of judgment which he carries with him in all his excursions into the realms of criticism. He insists, as a prime element in criticism, that we should distinctly understand the aim and intent of the author, and that we should judge him from these, not from our preconceived notions of what these ought to have been. This, he thinks justly, should overrule all criticism, and should both guide and limit it in so far as regards any completed work; but, in so far as concerns criticism as a guide or help in practice, he considers its true province to be to point out the various means of obtaining a given end and to determine which of these can be most readily and effectively employed in the circumstances, at the time, and by the person—thus at once asserting for criticism a scientific basis and a practical object; and, in short, originating philosophical criticism.

Literature is thought expressed in fitting form, in acceptable method, in proper taste, in suitable style, and all these in a consensaneous oneness. It is truth of thought, feeling, and fact, uttered with apposite force and faithfulness. Criticism, as a science, states and explains the laws of literary productivity, and, as an art, regulates the mind while engaged in planning and composing. Philosophical criticism investigates, discovers, explains, and enforces the everlasting laws of logic, emotion, and expression; judges when they are obeyed or neglected, and praises or condemns on honest and fixed principles, not according to personal bias, party preference, clique connection, sectarian policy, or business interest. Because it teaches these truths we think it requisite in our day to call attention to the principles of philosophical criticism. S. N.

Religion.

IS THE OFFERTORY PREFERABLE TO THE PEW-RENT SYSTEM IN OUR CHURCHES?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—IV.

“Every man, according as he purposeth in his heart so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity, for God loveth a cheerful giver.”—2 Cor. ix. 7.

“And he [Jesus] looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury. And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.”—Luke xxi. 1, 2.

THE pulsings of the heart of the present age is after purer forms. With great social, political, and religious upheavings, it is trying to escape from the thralldom of the dark ages. Like an enslaved giant, bursting its bonds, conscious, for the first time, of its power, and nerved by the remembrance of a long list of grievances, it seems to hit out with a jubilant savagery, against all our little, cherished, idols of superstition and ignorance. The black-letter spirit of the day pleads in vain for its time-honoured treasures, for the spirit of the age seeks its congenial company in the reform-clubs, rather than in the “Societies of Antiquaries.” To say that an idea was enunciated in the cell of a monk two or three hundred years ago,—to say that a custom is as old as the conquest,—to say that a book is rich in the rude beginnings of typography, is no recommendation now-a-days. Men ask, Will it stand the test of reason? Is it the best that can be devised? and so on; and, if it will not stand the crucible test, hurry it away to the limbo of lies, and the lumberhole of impracticables. Amongst these upheavings and revolutions, religious matters hold a very prominent position, and the battle cry of religious strife often drowns the sound of political warnings. To the outward observer, indeed, the Church and religion seem sadly torn and bleeding with the fierceness of their internal contests. There are all stages and forms of religious struggles; we have Church *versus* Church, Church *versus* dissent, dissent *versus* dissent, Calvinistic dissent *versus* free thought, and so the battle wages throughout the country. Old women of either sex watch the contest with wild alarm, ever and anon giving utterance to their prophetic forebodings that these mighty upheavings portend something terrible to the earth, and ever and anon croning about the day of destruction; but men of thought look calmly on, remembering that often in the night, with terrible pains and agonies, is born the puling Hercules, that grows in time to be the full length giant, mighty in battle and strong in the chase. We need not fear these religious uprisings, for now, as of old, truth will come forth from the trial brighter, purer, and holier. One form into which

this revolutionary religious spirit has resolved itself, is that of open churches,—or, as the question is put at the head of our debate, “Is the offertory preferable to the pew-rent system?” In writing upon this question I shall attempt, in the first place, to deal with the objections brought against the offertory, and, secondly, adduce reasons in favour of its adoption.

It is urged that many would not give as much under the offertory as they do by the pew-rents, and that the Church could never be maintained by free-will offerings. If men would not give as freely as they do now, it is plain that their present contributions are either given grudgingly or of necessity, and the Bible distinctly states, that such offerings are obnoxious to God; but I would ask, what proof is there that men would not give as freely? Nay, is the testimony not strongly to the contrary? If a body of Dissenters wish to build a church, how do they raise the money? By free-will subscriptions amongst their friends! The rich give of their plenty by hundreds and thousands, the poor, like the widow in the sacred narrative, give their mites, and so, in that greatest of all religious efforts, the building of a place of worship, men trust to the offertory, but decline to trust it in the maintenance of their services. Would the love of worship as manifested in the building of a chapel be less in supporting worship in it? Look to the vast sums raised by the Bible Society, the Missionary Society, and the Bishop of London's fund,—nay, more conclusive evidence still, look to those churches and chapels where the offertory is adopted—and we have a proof of what can and would be done by voluntarism.

I came across a satire the other day which admirably illustrates the pew-rent system. It is entitled, the “Third Epistle of Peter.” “And let the churches be divided into seats for the congregation, and let the chief seats be for the rich, that pay by thousands, and the next for the poorer, that pay by hundreds, and the last for those that pay by tens. *And let the poor man sit behind the door.*” Such is the case; if we go into a church, we find that the front seats in the galleries, the commodious seats in the bottom, and the seats best situated for hearing, are crowded with the rich and fashionable, while away in the obscure corner where the minister's voice is scarcely heard, and his face hardly visible, sit the poorly clad. Why is this? Because the front pews are the high priced ones, for which the rich alone can pay, while the distant seats are the free or low-priced ones. And thus, while men say that any position is open to the poorest, they make a statement that would be about as reasonable as to state that our expensive hotels are just as open for the reception of the poor as the rich. The distinction is just as visible in a church as in a theatre—we can see where the boxes, pit, and gallery, each find their representative. We read (Proverbs xxii. 2), “The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all.” And so it should be, each walking into the sanctuary, and bowing himself in worship in that position which seems to him most convenient. As to wranglings and strifes for

places, we think few would go to church to battle for a seat. I have attended hundreds of free public meetings, and I have never known a case of quarrelling for a seat, to which one had as much right as another.

The offertory seems the fairest and simplest way of contributing. There is no compulsion, but a man goes and drops in his penny or his pound as of his indigence or prosperity he can afford. I knew of a certain chapel in a town in Lancashire, which was attended by a great many cotton operatives. During the height of the famine I visited this chapel, and was surprised to see pews, where I had formerly recognized faces of poor men, empty, and I asked what was the reason? A friend told me he had asked several of these pew-holders, and he found that they were unable to pay their pew-rents. So it is in many cases; needy but true worshippers are kept away by their inability to pay their pew-rents. But it is not so under the offertory.

The offertory is the most convenient mode of contributing. A few pence a week, though mounting to a round sum in a year, are not felt very heavily in a poor man's purse, whilst the yearly pull of two or three pounds would be.

The offertory would allow of a more systematic and proportionate giving. The Bible plan of giving is, first, as a man can afford, and second, freely and heartily; and all money contributed otherwise than thus is no virtue on the part of the giver. The most eager defender of the pew-rent system must concede, that what the rich man contributes is in no proportion to what the poor man gives. If the wealthy merchant does pay some pounds more for his pew accommodation, the whole is a mere trifle out of his pocket—an amount that would not buy wine for his dinner, or tickets for his family at the opera. There is no effort, no sacrifice, no amount really *devoted* to church support; and, after he has paid his quarter's pew-rent, he gives his mind no further trouble than to enter it in his cash-book. It diminishes no pleasure, and never causes a moment's anxiety before, or a moment's thought after it is paid. But the poor man's amount is raised with perceptible effort and difficulty. Little pleasures, little luxuries, things that go, in the aggregate, to make up the sum of happiness, have to be denied. This I do not complain of, for I think our religious services ought really to cost us something, but I do not think the poor should give their all, while the rich only give the mere "parings" of their wealth.

I do not see the force of the objection, that the offertory would make the salary of the minister insufficient, or that he would need to be speculating while the box was going round, whether Squire So-and-So had dropped in half-a-crown or a threepenny bit, or wondering how much himself and family would have to live on for the coming week. For, if I understand the offertory aright, it would be in the hands of a body of deacons, elders, or officers of the church, who would pay from it, not only the minister's salary, but the expenses of the Sunday school, and all other kindred organizations in connection with the place, and the minister's salary could be as fixed

and settled as under the pew-rent system. The amount contributed would not fluctuate very much, and it would soon be found what amount might be expected from the offerings of the congregation; and thus the minister's salary might be as certain as now. To say that, if an obnoxious minister is adopted by the majority, the minority would not attend the chapel, or contribute to its funds, is to state no very great injustice. If they dislike a minister, they can throw up their pews, and stop their pew-rents, and I see no reason why they should contribute to the support of a pastor with whose life or doctrines they cannot be satisfied. Indeed, I thank our opponents for the argument in favour of the offertory, which is, that, under it, members of a church who may not coincide with the church government, or the religious teachings of the minister, can leave it, without any obtrusive dissent, or throwing up pews, but by simply absenting themselves.

Those Christian people—advocates of the pew-rent system—who have glanced over the papers in this debate, must have blushed for the line of defence set up for them. The writer who led in the negative side starts with the motto, "that which costs nothing is thought nothing worth;" and, if this is his idea of the offertory—of giving nothing—we quite share his line of thought that, under such a system, the "decency of the Christian church" could not be maintained. This motto, strange to say, has given the tone to the negative side of the debate; the subsequent writers all follow with the assumption, that Christians are niggardly, and strongly addicted to threepenny bits, or giving as little as they can. They do not for a moment suppose that people would give anything to the support of religion if they could help, and that, anyhow, they will give as little as they possibly can, and that, if a plan were devised by which their neighbours could not tell how much they gave, they would invariably contribute the smallest fractional coin bearing Her Majesty's impress. They assume that frequenters of churches and chapels have no love of religion; no real desire to promote its spread; no willingness to make sacrifices; and so their theory is to shame folks to church for fear of Mrs. Grundy, and then make them pay for their seats, consoling themselves with the very comfortable assurance, that, if it does not do the hapless sinners, thus escaping the wrath of public opinion, any good, it helps to pay the parson's salary. Do not suppose that I am caricaturing my opponents; here are my vouchers. In the last negative paper, signed "G. M. Sutherland," occurs the following passage, "And we are aware that a great number rent pews, and attend divine service occasionally, merely for the purpose of being thought Christians, and respectable members of society. But it may be said that the profits derived from such sources can be productive of no good. Let it be for good or not, it may be of service to many others who are desirous of having the gospel preached among them, in supporting their pastor" (p. 265) thus comfortably, and from about this standpoint, do our friends of the opposition survey this question. I think it is a reproach to our boasted Christianity to place

it on such a level; and when I look around me in a country town, or in a fashionable city, and see the munificent gifts of private individuals—the commodious churches, the fine chapels, and the various institutions for the relief of the poor and the destitute, and alleviating the pains of the sick, when I take up my paper in the morning and read of Peabody and a host of such men,—when I think how willingly men subscribe to a cause which they have at heart, and I look over the lists of political and social organization,—when I leave my newspaper and its city flavourings, and go into the byways of the country, and hear in the cots and dwellings of the indigent unblazoned stories of Christian charity and benevolence, then I think there is something, after all, in our boast of nineteenth century Christianity, and little, very little, in the taunt of meanness and niggardliness that our opponents in this debate would have us believe go a great way to make up the pervading spirit of churches and Christianity.

NAM DER.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—IV.

THE pew system is quite different from the pew-rent system. Pews are enclosed seats in churches, and have been adopted for the purpose of economizing space, as opposed to moveable seats available indiscriminately in use on the continent. It is quite an English-like idea. As a man's house is his castle, so he wants his pew to be his own. Right is the Englishman's great desire. Let me know what I have a right to, and then let me have it. In 1287 it is recorded that a Canon of Exeter was compelled to rebuke his hearers for quarrelling about their seats in the church. So great was the human tendency in Englishmen to claim as their own what they had been long accustomed to hold, that the pew system had many attractions. Now, given the pew system and the appropriation of seats as a fact in English life, what good argument can be employed against a pew-rent? If, of course, you could abolish the pew system, and root out of men the inclination to appropriate their usual sitting, a new method might be adopted, or an old one revived, in which the pew rent might be exchanged for a payment at each service on taking a seat, or for an offertory made at the conclusion. But could such a change be made in our country without the originating of greater evils even than those sought to be suppressed? We greatly doubt it.

The law of pew rents in England in the Church as by law established is, we believe, very simple. In the parish church each parishioner has a right to a seat, and the churchwardens are bound to find a place for such as may desire it, and in these churches pew-rents are illegal. According to law, the parishioners are to be seated according to their degree. This is the pew system in the Church. Had there been no dissent in the land, that would of course have remained, not only the law, but the use and wont of the country. But population has outgrown the ancient limits of the old parish churches, and dissent has set itself in opposition to 1866.

any increase or extension of the revenues of the church, or of the rates by which church accommodation could be made co-extensive with the population of the parish. Hence such churches as are erected under local acts of parliament or church building acts, as they require a revenue, require to exact pew-rents; which is done precisely in the way that seats were disposed of in the old churches by law, "according to degree," the rich paying high pew-rents, and the poor low ones, and thus as nearly as possible approaching to the old forms of church letting.

Dissent, of course, having no revenue allotted to it from the land, is compelled to have recourse to some means of sustaining the general charges involved in the maintaining of sacred ordinances. That dissenters may assimilate their pews as much as possible to that of the old form of worship, which gave each worshipper a right to a seat according to his degree, they have selected a plan of pew-rents. In this they have acted wisely, for they secure a stated means of providing for the charges incumbent on them in the provision of a place of worship for their adherents.

The offertory is an old Romish form of providing support for the clergy and help for the poor. It was in the olden times much abused, and it is quite evident that it is very liable to be abused even now. It is a sort of taxation for the support of the gospel, and it has the inconvenience of not being leviable on any fixed principles. The offertory may become an instrument of exaction and of extortion on the part of the clergy, and it is very liable to be abused by the censorious, the covetous, or the over curious.

The offertory is a proper means of affording opportunity to Christian congregations to aid any work of charity or usefulness, but if ordinances are to be upheld in a church, the responsibility of providing them ought to be shared, and every one should be called upon to bear his share as a duty, a privilege, and a pleasure. The pew-rent seems best suited to this matter, because it enables each one to bear, and to know that he bears, a proportionate share in the permanent charges of divine worship. No one can be said to worship his God under his own vine and fig-tree, unless he pays his pew-rent and shares in the expenses of the congregation equitably. It has been found by experience, and it has been incorporated into law, as the best system of acquiring rights, that they should be paid for by stipulation, not by self-assessed charge. Hence lands and tenements are let; hence, following analogy, pews are rented. The experience of the world is in favour of rents in all other kinds of accommodation, hence the pew-rent system in churches is preferable to the offertory, or experience takes a sudden change in church business, and political economy is falsified in it only.

J. G. M.

AFFIRMATIVE REPLY.

OUR worthy editor having kindly hinted that what we have to say on the Offertory *versus* Pew-rents needs to be said speedily,

we proceed to make some reply to the negative writers on this question, and to offer such other remarks as may suggest themselves to us.

In "Arnold's" article there is no argument that is not met by two remarks made by us in our opening paper, viz., 1. That we are discussing not the practicability, but the preferability of the offertory. 2. That, did all contribute, as should be the case, according to their ability, the offertory would be as practicable as it is preferable; for then it would produce a larger amount than is now produced by pew-rents.

Much nonsense has been uttered about the tendency of the offertory to lead to fears in ministers as to how they should be supported; and thus producing unfaithfulness, and a keeping back of truths which are unpalatable, and reproofs which are just. This objection to the offertory is not well-founded. A minister of the gospel, who is worthy of the name, will be compelled to be faithful in his public ministrations whether he be advantaged or disadvantaged thereby. He too deeply feels the solemn importance of his work to trifle with it. To please God, and profit his fellow-men are with him objects of far greater importance and concern than his worldly advantage. We happen to be very familiar with the feelings of ministers, and can speak authoritatively on this point. Even under the pew-rent system, ministers are dependent on the contributions of their hearers, and some ministers when pursuing a certain course of conduct, or of preaching, which they felt to be right, have felt certain that they should give offence to some of their chief supporters, yet that consideration has not deterred them; and when their offended hearers have withheld their *stipulated* pew-rents, which we know some have done, they have not regretted the course they have pursued. Persons who rent pews can punish a minister who has given them offence by giving up their pews, or by withholding their stipulated subscription while the pew is retained; and if those who do so are influential individuals there are many church officers whose disposition is mean enough to let the minister suffer, rather than to risk offending wealthy individuals by applying to them for the stipulated pew-rent. It follows, therefore, that pew-rents are no security that a minister shall receive the salary arranged to be paid him, and that the offertory is no greater a temptation to unfaithfulness, nor any less security for the minister's freedom from fears about his income, than are pew-rents.

"Trevelyn" laughs at the bringing in of James ii. 1—10, as a scripture condemnatory of the pew-rent system. We did not ourselves adduce this scripture in our favour, but, in connection with the pew-rent system, we have witnessed more which is condemned by the above scripture than we could have imagined to be practised. In a chapel, the principal support of which was contributed by three wealthy families, the only free-sitting a few years since was a bench which stood glaringly prominent from all the rest of the chapel. However inclement the weather might be, every time the

door opened the cold air pounced on the occupants of this bench. Indeed, it might have been supposed to be placed where it was for this purpose. Many times have we felt for the poor occupants of this bench, but the wealthy families being the managers of the chapel, and accustomed to make up out of their own pockets as much of the minister's salary as the pew-rents failed to afford, any proposal to furnish free-sittings of a better character, or to a greater extent, was frowned upon, even though there were many seats in the chapel which were *never* occupied, and the wealthy families could have supported the chapel and the minister without sacrificing one comfort or luxury. Is not this one of the beauties of the pew-rent system, and a recommendation of it?

"Trevelyn" thinks that, rather than produce in the poor shamefacedness and irritation by compelling them to give their weekly mite on the same bench with the wealthy, "it would be better at once to have churches for the poor, and churches for the rich." This is carrying out with a vengeance one of the evils attaching to the pew-rent system. Most likely "Trevelyn" will soon be able to believe,—if he does not already believe it,—that the rich will be separated from the poor in heaven. At the very least we may expect soon to hear of visible churches formed of only rich members, and of others formed only of such as are poor in this world. "Trevelyn's" mind is of a different cast from that of the late Justice Talfourd, who, when death seized him, was giving utterance to his belief that one great evil of the present state of English society is the great separation and distance which exists between the higher and the lower classes. It is easy to show how unreasonable "Trevelyn's" suggestion is. Let us suppose a superior preacher to be located in a certain town where the rest of the preachers are of a very inferior character, and such a case can be found, if "Trevelyn's" suggestion be acted upon, one class must be excluded from the ministrations of the superior preacher. This would be manifestly unreasonable. If it be a church for the rich that such a preacher as we have alluded to ministers in, the poor must be excluded from the benefit of his ministrations; or if it be a church for the poor in which he labours, the rich must be shut out from that benefit. But why should the rich be excluded, simply because they are rich? Or why should the poor be shut out, merely because they are poor? They each have a soul, and it must be both more reasonable and more scriptural that all classes should have the privilege of a good man's ministry, than that any class should be excluded therefrom on the ground of either riches or poverty. The remarks about man's propensity to form habits constitute no argument whatever. A whole swarm of habits requires to be swept away. Besides, on the ground adduced, anything that is habitual may be justified.

G. M. S. professes to produce Scripture in favour of the exaction of a fixed sum for the support of ministers of the gospel. The Scripture brought forward is that which relates to the tithes by

which the Levites were supported. But is the Levitical law binding on us? Is it intended to be in any way a rule of our conduct? If it be in respect of tithes, it is in its other injunctions also; and we are bound not to wear garments made of a mixture of linen and woollen, and not to kindle a fire in our habitations on the sabbath day. Let us be honest, and not cull from the Levitical law precepts which suit our purpose in enforcing our favourite dogmas, while we reject the rest. But, if we maintain the obligation of the Levitical law, let us take it in its entirety.

After quoting the Levitical law as though it were binding on us, G. M. S. tells us that he "would most entirely dissent from it, if it existed at the present day." What depravity and perverseness! To maintain the obligation of a divine law, and in the same breath avow an entire dissent from it. Surely this is worse than denying law's obligation. G. M. S. seems to be unable to distinguish between the practicability and the preferability of a thing, and says, "Experience, the result of practice, is requisite before we can realize whether a thing be preferable or not." It is not difficult to disprove the correctness of this statement. The absence of policemen and prisons is not practicable. But would not their absence be far preferable to their presence? Will G. M. S. give a negative reply to this interrogatory? But we have had no experience of a state of things in which there are neither constables nor prisons. How, then, do we know that such a state of circumstances would be preferable to the existing state? We know it from the very nature of things. We know it because such a state would show the absence of a vast amount of crime and misery, the absence of which things we are certain is preferable to their presence. Yet we have had no experience of such a state of things.

Besides, the terms of the question are not, "Is the offertory practicable?" but, "Is the offertory preferable to pew-rents?" We were then strictly correct in making the remark which G. M. S. criticizes, viz., "We are debating not the practicability, but the preferability of the offertory." Will G. M. S. assert that if the question had been, "Is the offertory practicable?" it would have been the same question as it is now? If he will not, he admits that there is a distinction between practicability and preferability. Further on in his article, G. M. S. asks, "What then does experience teach us?" and answers, "It has undoubtedly taught us that the offertory system was never practicable, because it has always been found inadequate to maintain the minister, so far as his temporal necessities were concerned." We shall adduce evidence to show that G. M. S. has made this assertion rashly, and in ignorance of the facts of the case.

A clergyman who has written an essay on the English pew system very reasonably supposes the case of a poor man who is not accustomed to attend a place of worship seating himself in a wrong pew, and being put out of the place which he had taken, the result being that the man resolves not to go again. Such a case would be

prevented if sittings were no longer bought and paid for, for pew-rents are just that. As regards an objection which may be brought that if persons have no particular seat which they regularly occupy, confusion will be caused where reverence is required, we would say, Let persons ordinarily occupy the same seats, but if any of those seats is previously taken by a stranger let him retain it. It is not probable that regular attendants would take the sittings of other regular attendants.

At public meetings and lectures people are generally satisfied with such places as may be vacant, willing to make room for others, and to sit beside their inferiors. All being admitted on one footing much irritation and unpleasantness of feeling is avoided which is perpetuated by the pew-rent system where God is worshipped, and would be avoided by the substitution of the offertory for that system.

Another clergyman in a recently published essay on the offertory, says, "In other parishes, again, incumbents, encouraged by the success of the offertory, collected for other purposes, and convinced of the impropriety of the pew-rent system, have had what seemed at first the hardihood, to throw themselves on the voluntary offerings of the people, and of all who have made the experiment we have never heard of any one who has regretted it."

The same writer, having given the amount of gold, silver, and copper, respectively contributed to the offertory in a year at a certain church, goes on to say, "In other churches, after both systems have been tried, the amount of the offertory has been found greatly to exceed the pew-rents. At St. Philip's, Clerkenwell, for instance, the pew-rents amounted to £80 per annum; but since these have been abolished, £400 to £500 per annum has been obtained from the offertory. At St. Matthias, Stoke Newington, the offertory averages £1,000 per annum, a sum certainly greater than could be obtained by pew-rents, and this, it must be remembered, is not collected from a rich congregation like that of St. Andrew's, Wells-street, or All Saints, Margaret Street, but from one which is mostly composed of the middle and lower classes. This has been found sufficient not only to double the endowment which the incumbent receives, but also to provide curates, and to defray the expenses of all the parochial institutions."

Instances of the success of the offertory might be indefinitely multiplied, and these might be taken from every kind of parish and every sort of congregation.

These positive statements, made by those acquainted with the facts stated, completely overturn the assertion of G. M. S., and prove that the offertory is preferable to the pew-rent system.

S. S.

NEGATIVE REPLY.

S. S. is an able writer, but a gentleman of peculiar views. He seems to have a clear though narrow vision, and to be in the habit

of carefully keeping his eyes from wandering beyond the limits in which his idea of Christian liberty has enclosed him. We admire him for his staunch adherence to these self-imposed boundaries, and scarcely feel warranted in inviting him to "fresh fields and pastures new" in controversy. It is plain, that, though he loves debate, he is unwilling to discuss; between which two things we think there is a considerable difference. Debate always signifies or at least generally implies, the attempt to beat down an opponent without giving him a fair chance of striking in favour of his own views; in short, means that the debater's opinions are fixed; while discussion, as we understand it, is to strike reason against reason, to test the strength and value of each, so that every feeble argument may be broken down, that no false argument may be permitted to stand, and that the truth, round which the good and sufficient reasons are ranged, may then be held to be established in its right of place. Debate may be delighted in by a stubborn mind. Discussion can only bring gratification to a truly impartial and honestly thoughtful one. We shall endeavour to meet argument by reply.

The *freeness* of Christianity first dwelt on by S. S. is spiritual, not temporal. It refers to the missionary state of the gospel in its early condition, not to the fixed state of the church when discipleship has been voluntarily entered into by the constant hearer. Is S. S. prepared to act up to his own principles (p. 29) "whatever talents, whatever amount of the world's good (Christians) possess . . . they were commanded to freely give, use, or impart the same for the good of others"? Will he labour without fee or reward, sell without price, give without return, impart without recompense? and if so, how will he "provide *first* for his own house?" Necessity is laid on men in civilized communities to have a fixed and stated way of gaining a living, and clergymen are not exempted from this primary duty. On S. S.'s plan the clergymen would not gain a living, he would gain a begging, and what came of that sort of living by offertories the history of friars and monks will tell. The spirit of the Lord Jesus cannot be in those who desire to expose God's clergymen to the same condition as "the commoners of the air;" or rather the dogs which eat of the crumbs which fall from the table.

The payment of pew-rents is not "an obedience extorted or compelled against the will" (p. 30). It is a voluntary agreement not only entered into with, but terminable at the will of the renter. "The nature of trading" (p. 30) no more appears in the pew-rent system than in the offertory, for the offertory is really putting up the preaching of the gospel to public auction, and allowing every one to appraise its value at whatever he likes. Why should it be the minister, who is "first to preach the gospel," and be thereafter rewarded, if, and in proportion, as the hearers think fit? If "the precept" freely give "has a double meaning" (p. 30), why is it not operative on minister and people at once, on the people to offer

temporal support, and on the minister to offer spiritual edification? Can it really be true that a clergyman's "duty is to preach the gospel at the hazard of receiving nothing for it"? Wherefore so, unless the same law holds with the merchant, the labourer, the manufacturer, in short, with all who occupy seats in church? should they not also give what they deal in, or do at the hazard of receiving nothing for it, and that, too, without power of appeal to any law court to insist upon their claim of payment? Pew-rents could not be paid for before they existed, hence pew-rents could not be mentioned or enforced in the New Testament. How are either people or clergymen to obey the injunction "Owe no man anything," if the offertory is to be made universal? That more is given to the offertory than is given by pew-rents, as affirmed on page 31, is an argument against the offertory. That is trading on charity, and imposing on the people "a burden greater than they can bear," or should bear under Christianity. Who does not know the privations undergone by the poor in their strife to give, in answer to the clergyman's alms-seeking, "liberally." People see the value of their money in all other things, but they do not see it in Christian preaching; hence they are disinclined to give. They say,—

"What is the worth of anything
But just so much as it will bring?"

And as they see nothing tangible brought to them by it, they count that of none effect which really preserves their health, wealth, good name, and holy hopes. "Ecclesiastical finance" (p. 260) may call for the use of many, even of every honest agency, but until men really learn the worth of Christianity there is no way of convincing them of its value like charging them for its support, and when they have learned its true worth, they will neither grudge pew-rent nor offertory.

R. S., as the ally of S. S., comes forward in strange style. "The pew-rent system and the offertory should not be brought into comparison" (p. 104); *therefore* we shall debate the question of the preferability of the one over the other.

The offertory "is of apostolic institution" (p. 105). But it is, as we have shown above, so instituted, because nothing else was possible in that age. Is R. S. prepared to maintain that all things "of apostolic institution" are incumbent on the church? Then our clergymen must become the wanderers, outcasts, and persecuted ones of the earth; must not have any house of their own anywhere, but take the first house that offers as their place of sojourn; must labour for their own subsistence, that they may not be burdensome on the flock of Christ; must not be regularly educated for their profession, must take no thought what they should say before beginning to preach, and insist on it that the Church should have "all things in common," from queen to quean, from prince to pauper. This would be a fine improvement of society. Such

nonsense is always the result of preferring the letter of the word, "which killeth," to the spirit of Christ, which "maketh alive."

Offerings to the temple were both fixed and free (p. 105), therefore, argues R. S., following the analogy of Scripture, we ought to have no *fixed* pew-rent, but only the *free* offertory. Is the offertory not often much more compulsory than the pew-rent? Does it not often result in making a poor brother ashamed of his poverty in the very house of prayer? We contend, in opposition to R. S., that "*it tends to keep up and increase that distinction between man and man in the place where, above all others, all are really equal*" (p. 107), for it brings the poverty of the poor and the wealth of the rich vividly before the sensibilities of a man every sabbath day: instead of being settled with quietly and periodically, like the pew-rent, the offertory, like the daughters of the horse-leech, cries out continually, Give! give!

D. M. (p. 259) discusses the illegality, not the preferability, of the pew-rent in parish churches, and into that land of "all-confusionary" thought, the law, we cannot follow him, except to say that able-bodied beggars are, we believe, treated by the law as vagrants, and that, if D. M. were to make all clergymen depend on the eleemosynary aid of the begging-box, *i. e.*, offertory, he might be advising a thing as illegal as the up-lifting of pew-rents.

D. M.'s "logic" is, it seems, irrefragable, and quite upsets "such illogical arguments as Arnold's" (p. 260), at once. Take a specimen; we are discussing the question "Is the offertory *preferable* to the pew system?" He argues, if people like the pew system, "then allow them to hold their own upon their own principles." Sapient, is it not? Do what you like is Christianity, and that settles the preferability.

If this were a mere question of "church finance" (p. 126), we could understand it to mean, by which agency can the maximum of income be squeezed out of any given congregation, the offertory or the pew system? *i. e.*, by making the payments made for the support of Christian ordinances be given at each service, in the presence of the entire congregation, or by making the payments on a sliding scale from a small sum to a higher one, agreed upon privately, and settled in the same manner at stated intervals. The former is undoubtedly the most distinct method of "making the most," but it is also the way, we think, to excite the greatest amount of sensitiveness and shamefacedness in the poor, and the most likely to puff up the self-importance of the rich; both great evils, we think.

The pew system, on the contrary, fixes a decent minimum on which ordinances can be maintained; considers the general average of the incomes of those likely to attend; proportions the various payments expected to these, and then offers accommodation to such as require it at this moderate fixed payment, making provision, moreover, for a certain number of sittings for the poor and for strangers. This being arranged, Christian ordinances are secured,

the proper maintenance of the clergyman is provided for, and yet the offertory is free to be employed for any special object of Christian effort or philanthropy. The offertory sets aside the pew-rent system, but the pew-rent system can be worked with the offertory.

We have now, we think, *discussed* in order the several arguments advanced by the maintainers of the affirmative, and we believe that most of them will be found to be shivered against the weapons of truth we wield. While we do not undervalue the offertory as an aid in Christian philanthropy, we think that, as a system of keeping up settled Christian ordinances, the pew-rent is best adapted for the majority of churches.

ARNOLD.

Education.

ARE PUBLIC LECTURES PROFITABLE FOR INSTRUCTION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—IV.

WITH fact, experience, and common sense to guide us, this is no question. We feel it difficult to believe that any one is in earnest in making it one. Our public lecturers are almost all gentlemen who have more than an ordinary acquaintance with the subjects on which they discourse. This being so, it is impossible, with truth, to negative what is now debated. Any person who knows more than ourselves, let him open his mouth when he will, is sure to instruct us if we are capable of being instructed. We speak for ourselves. We have never heard a lecture without being greatly instructed. If the writers who have adopted the negative fairly view the evidence in the light of their own experience, we believe they will find it harmonize with our own opinions. This subject is independent of theory and speculation. It belongs to the domain of fact and experience; and herein we find an affirmative decision which seems to us indubitable.

We do not believe it necessary nor relevant to point to lectures *other* than public or popular to decide this matter. We stick to the text—Are *popular* lectures profitable for instruction? and believe we have already pointed to proof quite enough to sustain the affirmative of what is here assumed to be a question. Common sense, real fact, and experience, are great authorities with us; and where we find them contradicted we always suspect some sophistry—some trickery of thought or speech.

If any more evidence be required on the subject we point to the true history of public lecturing. Every propagandist, of whatever kind, makes use of this means to instruct others on the subject which interests him; and what is more, he has ever found it successful. The memory of the reader will supply him with abundant

instances of it. Anti-slavery, Reform, short hours of labour, education, &c., have all been aided by popular lectures. Affirmative writers have already reminded him of the lectures on anti-corn-law matters. Men, in this way, have also *been instructed* on temperance, ecclesiastical affairs, and indeed on everything. So, it is well known, and facts teach, that popular lectures *are* profitable for instruction.

Those who have adopted the negative side have paraded the abuses, mismanagement, and accidents of public lectures, as though that were condemning evidence. But thoughtful persons see at a glance this is no proof, but that it is simply irrelevant. It is now well-known that proof even of abuse is no argument against use. It is no argument against public lectures to say, that, as a means of instruction, they are not perfect. The common sense of this matter is well put in the table of contents of that best of human books, "On the Improvement of the Mind," by Dr. Watts—"Chap. 2, Five methods of improving, described and compared, viz., observation, reading, *instruction by lectures*, conversation, and study, *with their several advantages and defects*." The advantages, says Watts, are these: "There is something more sprightly, more delightful and entertaining, in the living discourse of a wise, learned, and well-qualified teacher, than there is in the silent and sedentary practice of reading. The very turn of voice, the good pronunciation, and the polite and alluring manner which some teachers have attained, will engage the attention, keep the soul fixed, and convey and insinuate into the mind the ideas of things in a more lively and forcible way, than the mere reading of books in the silence and retirement of the closet. A living instructor can convey to our senses those notions with which he would furnish our minds when he teaches us natural philosophy, or most parts of mathematical learning. He can make the experiments before our eyes, he can describe figures and diagrams, point to the lines and angles, and make out the demonstration in a more intelligible manner by sensible means, which cannot be done so well by mere reading, even if we should have the same figures lying in a book before our eyes."

What is the nature of the arguments of the negativians on this subject? Impartiality must pronounce it to be a medley of mistaken assertions, fallacies, exaggerations, and would-be ridicule. Of course all such matter is pointless. What pertinency is there in stating that "amusement rather than instruction is the object of lecturers"? It does not quadrate with truth. What point is there in objecting that "lecturers have their hobbies"? If they have, instruction is only the more certain. What is the worth of the objection, that lecturers are often "technical"? It is only when unavoidable, and that is seldom. What is the use of telling us of a want of adaptation between lecturer and hearer in point of culture? A docile mind on the one side, and a learned one on the other, is all that is needed. What avails it to tell us lecturers are too varied, too rapid, too trifling, too shallow, too deep, too unconnected, too little appreciated, and I know not what? Hearers, and they are the majority, with a determination to learn, turn all this base metal

into gold, for, notwithstanding all the drawbacks that can be enumerated, they attend lectures to get, and they do get, the gold of INSTRUCTION.

In conclusion, we may express a hope we have "riddled the armoury of the negativists, and, to the "satisfaction" of impartial readers "placed them *hors de combat*." We now wait with eagerness the promised "parting paper," in which "all our arguments are to be scattered to the winds."

Jarrow.

ROBERT P.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—IV.

WHAT are lectures? Merely readings of professedly original matter, but often mere faint shadows of what the lecturer has read in books. They are therefore often merely books diluted, and at their best they are only books in embryo—books in the process of conception—tentative books—experiments as to how certain opinions are likely to be received. In either case they cannot be profitable for public instruction: in the former, because they are mere make-believes; in the latter, because they afford no opportunity for deliberation, reflection and careful re-thinking. Lectures, as we have them, are now effete means of doing that imperfectly which books can do thoroughly—giving stimulation to study. In former days, when all thought was reproduced by speech and little was ever entrusted to writing, and before printing was invented, lectures were all very well; but now-a-days we have changed all that. All the greater minds of our age lecture in magazines, reviews, or newspapers, and give expression to the treasures of their mind in books. A library is now the people's university, the newspaper is the place where we find conversation on the news of the day, magazines give us our occasional lectures, and books supply the function of professional courses of collegiate instruction. Why should men leave their homes and waste time in going to, waiting for, and coming from lectures, when the greatest thinkers of our age, of all times, are willing to instruct us at home patiently and unpatronizingly? J. S. Mill offers to discourse on liberty, representative government, political economy, to the people, at a cost not more than that charged for a course of diluted verbosity and doubtful matter at our athenæums, &c. Professor Fawcett will teach the working man at home similar truths as he discourses on at Cambridge, at a merely nominal charge. F. D. Maurice will rehearse to the poor man as frequently as he pleases, his magnificent lectures on working men and the franchise at a fourteenth part of the original cost of hearing them, with the further additional benefit of being able to "bequeath them as a rich legacy unto our children." Even Shakspeare's thoughts, two hundred and fifty years after his death, may still be heard and had in that grand globe edition of his works which Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have recently issued. Ten thousand great men of bye-gone ages offer to lecture to us, and shall we be told that public lectures are more profitable for instruction than those glorious "voices of the dead"? Private reading, and not

public lectures, is profitable for instruction. Read Plato, Bacon, Shakspere, Hume, Homer (in Lord Derby's translation, if you like), Dante, Milton, Fielding, Scott, and Washington, if you wish to be wise, in preference to running after Grossmith, Dawson, Gillfillan, H. S. Brown and popular lecturers of a similar stamp; or any of those who go on the stump, as the Yankees say. Verily there is more true wisdom in a few pages of the works of those great writers than in yards and years of lectures. Lectures, as readings, or repetitions, or recitations of prepared matter, may be far better given to us in books—in fact they are merely read or repeated books. Did our lecturers give us fresh, living, newly-grown thought, irreproducible otherwise and irrecoverable if not thus heard, they might be profitable for instruction; as this is not the case they sink below the level of books.

The foregoing remarks entirely do away with the arguments adduced by "Leighton" (p. 193), from the fact that lectures are frequently published. He was surely purblind when he employed those premises; for had they been profitable as lectures for the instruction of the people, would they have been published? Is it not from the very fact that they have not been profitable for instruction that these public lectures seek a wider public through the press?

The lecturer can only address a few, the author can address, and reach, and move, and instruct a great number. The public can only now be reached through the press, which multiplies the mind of an author, and supplies copies thereof for such as require them. Compared to the multitude reached by books, lectures are mere private parties to hear readings.

The analogy attempted to be drawn between sermons and lectures (p. 194) is still more futile, for lectures profess to instruct, sermons are meant to move, to stir to repentance and reform; for this the living earnestness of the preacher is required, for the other it is not.

"Leighton" has not refuted, even with Macaulay's help, the argument drawn from the *sciolism* of lectures (p. 194). It is an indisputable fact that periods are often rounded off and given great applause to, which are mere verbiage. Open any book of republished lectures you choose, and you will find an excuse about flatulence or inflation of style, of the necessary diffuseness of the matter to adapt it to an audience. Why should we willingly accept chaff among bread when we can get it without? We complain of the *sciolism*, because it is the necessary effect to encourage that, not to lessen it. It becomes a serious objection when it is seen that lectures hide it where it exists, if the lecturer is adroit, and that they encourage that spinning of a grain of thought into a long yarn of discourse. This may pass when "set in a note-book," to be "learned and conned by rote" by one individual, and that the writer, when it would not pass if set in a book to be submitted to the leisurely perusal of many.

The idea of "Elpisticos," that public lecturers "do for the public what the schoolmaster does for boys" (p. 24), is only about half the truth; they treat the public as boys, and give them mere dribblets

of information, knowing that their pupils are not to be subjected to any examination. He is not accurate in saying, in his comparison of university with public lectures, "there are similar instruments and similar materials, and we cannot see what should prevent a similar result." No! Well, we do; the absence of similar conditions. Undergraduates attend lectures with certain responsibilities and prospects; but public lectures are attended without any ultimate responsibility, or any future prospect of being subject to a tripos examination. Besides, public lecturers are not men who act as schoolmasters, anxious to act upon and influence the minds of their "public" pupils. They say their say, then hie away; schoolmasters do not act so. I am afraid that there would be but small grounds for a general Elpistic if schools were managed on the plan that public lectures, with the approval of "Elpisticos," are carried on.

L. W. R.—is he a *lawyer*?—has given us the postman analogy. Could there have been a clearer case of suicidal sophistry? If the greater number of persons to whom the postman is supposed to bring communications could not read, who would hold the postman in esteem? Not the majority. Now the public, as regards lectures, are represented by L. W. R. as incapable of reading; hence the lecturer, like the postman, is admitted to be all but useless. He brings up the book-lecture argument again. We say, welcome the book, avaunt the lecturer!

On the whole, however paradoxical it may appear, we do not think that public lectures are or can be profitable for instruction in any but the sheerest minority of cases. Shut the lecture-room, open the library; turn the hall into a newspaper reading-room, and institute a debating society, if you must have talk; but let the sham imitations of university prelections be abolished, and the results will be found far more profitable for instruction than lectures delivered *per secula seculorum*.
P. H.

Literature.

DOES POETRY DECLINE WITH THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

LIGHT by being diffused is weakened. Knowledge by being spread becomes less valued as a possession. Scarcity causes dearth, and hence an over-supply causes anything whatever to be held cheap. Every village in our day has its "Thomas the Rhymer," "Jamie the Poeter," or something of that sort; and Poet Close actually finds public patronage for lines like these:—

"I envy not the man how feels
 No charm in doing good;
 The highest pleasure that I find,
 It warms my very blood!
 When dire misfortune falls upon
 A man to crush him down,
 I'd share with him my loaf of bread,
 Should it be white or brown."

Poet Close and Poet Tennyson! Such is the terrible conjunction which the present age affords, and yet no "Dunciad" is sung. Homer is out-matched by Heraud and Washington Moon; Ovid and Tibullus find rivals in elegiacs in Gifford and Alford; Tupper now condescends to compete at once with Hesiod and Shakspeare; Alex. Smith is our modern Cowley; Moschus and Bion, Donne and Weaver, are outdone by Robert Buchanan; Ben Jonson has Boucicault for antagonist; and Aristophanes must give place to Sothern. In a former age it was felt by Pope that degeneracy had come upon poetry; but Tate and Brady, Shadwell and Blackmore are brilliant and glorious writers as compared with the authors of verses whose "calculating faculty" has been enshrined, like a whinstone in a pearl casket, in cream wove and scarlet gilt covers. Can such things be, and yet it be argued that poetry has not declined? The poet formerly was all but a holy being—one worthy of worship—an inspired one, a maker and a prophet. He claimed and was acknowledged to have inspiration. The nine muses—the sacred nine—with Apollo to boot, supplied him with height of argument and grace of style. But now the death of a village cur can excite versification; and yet the demise of one whose death "eclipsed the gaiety of nations" could scarcely elicit fit verses to be read beside the prose notices of the daily newspapers. In this the decay of poetry is woefully manifested, and no better proof can be asked of the assertion that "poetry has declined with civilization."

Compare the laureate poet of all England, whom we admire almost above all living men, with his predecessors Chaucer and Spenser; then compare the prose of the ages of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, with the prose of the age of Coleridge, De Quincy, Macaulay, and Carlyle, and evidence patent to every one will be felt to be there of the decay of poetry. Poetry has not even stood still amidst movement and stir, but it has actually retrograded. Science is the true poetry of modern days. It has outshot the finest fancies and the nimblest wits. The very brightest dreams of the poet have been outstripped by the mere everyday contrivances of science. Poetry, like sculpture, has lost the power of rivalry; like architecture, it has failed; like necromancy, it has been outgrown. The novel has supplanted the epic; the newspaper leader the Pindaric ode; the pages of *Punch* the biting satire; the funeral sermon the elegiac verse, and the lecturer supplies the place of the rhapsodist; history excels the drama, and political oratory has gained the place once held by didactic verse.

Poetry has increased in volumes, not in volume; in words, not worth; in length, not strength; and in tedium, not tunefulness. Imagination cannot picture such wonders as science can realize, and men have taken to effect rather to affect. The fancy of the past yields to the brilliancy of the present; and our explained Nature leaves no harbour of refuge for gods, nymphs, naiads, satyrs, elves, fays, &c. Philosophy has put these to flight, and history has now to succumb to the scientific spirit of the time, and prefer facts to fanciful hypotheses. To write a "Polyolbion" in our day is unnecessary, for we have gazetteers and guide-books, and cyclopædias save us from Cyclops and Eumenides. Poetry is at a discount, except as a sort of imitation of the antique. It has no felt relation to the age. Scott saw this, and thought to save poetry by combining it with romance, but the nation preferred "Waverley" to "Marmion," and would rather read Froude's "Henry VIII." than Milman's "Anne Boleyn." The days of poetry, like those of chivalry, are gone—gone to return not.

Let us take the test R. S. gives; sacred poetry, Compare the majesty, pathos, beauty, and religiousness of the Psalms,—even read in their prose translation; in Brady and Tate, Sternhold and Hopkins, or good old Francis Rouse, who gave the Scotch their version,—with the "Christian Year" of the justly lamented Keble, with Sir Roundel Palmer's "Book of Praise;" and do the latter not sink infinitely into the shade, and therefore show that poetry declines with the advancement of even Christian civilization? Greece, Rome, and Italy, are shown to have been superior to all acquirers of subsequent fame, from the incessant desire and the as constant failure of the most famous scholars and poets to translate the great works of their great authors.

It is not that "distance lends enchantment to the view" that we think the elder poets better than the younger; it is because, as a fact, mind was fresher, nature more eagerly loved for herself, not for what she gave, and thoughts were less earnestly given to utilitarian aims, that we think the poets of our day cannot but be inferior to those who sang in the days of "the world's grey fathers."

DALZIEL.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—III.

CIVILIZATION is evidently that state of society which harmonizes with orthodox laws, and attainments which are made by the development and right use of the mental faculties. Poetry has been defined to mean more than is generally understood by it, and even more than is comprehended in it; but the words—metrical representation seem to express what is generally implied when the word is used. Now, to deal with poems would be a never-ending task, and, if we grasp the subject as one great whole, in order to deal with it with any degree of success, we must determine what is mostly represented, and then classify the different subjects. We might speak of the thousand and one subjects that form the small

talk of every village, town, and city, all of which are represented by poetasters ; but the object to be kept in view is to exclude would-be-poets, and to deal with the works of men of honoured name. And what have they represented to any extent which may not be summed up as facts, feelings, and imagination ? In class first, facts which have been recognized and understood through the agency of the senses, and represented in the most suitable language at the author's command. In class second, feelings resulting from the operations or influences of various agencies are described in the most melting, beautiful, or thrilling words that could be collected or even invented. In class third, the imagination is represented so vividly, that we have wondered where the authors acquired their knowledge of the language that seemed to have gushed from them like waters from the ever-bubbling spring. The question may be asked, what is mostly meant by facts ? To which we answer, things that are presented to the mind through the agency of sight or hearing, or other sources. The vices of royalty, or monarchs and their subjects, politics, despotism, misrule, priestly dogmas, the battle field, heroic deeds, appalling shipwrecks, the discoveries of science, logical conclusions, literary compositions, and revelations, affectations of society, &c., all of which have been represented by poets of well-known celebrity. And then there are God's facts. Nature, with all her beauty, grandeur, magnificence, riches, and phenomenal displays. Every lover or admirer of poetical works is conscious that these, too, and many other facts, have been metrically represented by the poet's genius. Feelings, or sensations, resulting from fear, danger, disappointment, privations, acquisitions, in short, from mental and physical exercise, have been described with pathos such as poets only feel. And then comes the imagination, of which Ogilvie gives us a very understandable definition. "A mental image or fancy, idea, conception ; that faculty of the mind which forms new combinations of ideas from materials stored up in the memory ; contrivance, schemes formed in the mind, device, conceit, an unsolid or fanciful opinion, first purpose or motion of the mind." What, then, was the object that was kept in view by such men as Milton, Scott, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Browning, Byron, Pope, and many others of equal note ? Was it simply to represent the bare fact, to express the feeling, and to fling their images to men caring little or nothing about their form or beauty ? No. Their aim was to clothe the fact so as to rivet the attention of their readers ; to express the feeling in such a way as to infuse it, as it were, into others ; to paint their images in such glowing colours that even casual visitors to their picture galleries might be fascinated against their wills. And, if such had not been their object, how would they stand now in the estimation of men who possess all the elements of civilization, suppose that men had been found, with more money than sense, to publish their works ? Why the very men who now seem to exist as stars that will never die would be regarded as poetasters rather than poets. And then

imagine, if it is possible, Milton's "Paradise Lost" being written by a man who was uncultivated in every respect, and who was obliged to catch at every word that would express his meaning or serve his purpose, and what would it be worth? Even less than the most common set of songs that is warbled by the unnoticed ballad girl. And what would Pope's "Essay on Criticism" be if it did not give us a clear proof of a thoroughly cultivated mind, if, in fact, some of the elements of civilization shone not in it? It would be simply a criticism not worthy of being criticised. The songs—if, indeed, they can be called songs—of the savage, on being interpreted, are found to have no attractiveness whatever; those of the semi-civilized, but isolated, are slightly meritorious; those of the self-educated artizan, who makes his rhymes in the workshop, and circulates them among his fellows, are often found to indicate talent of no mean order. But the works of the superior natural poet of great acquisition are read and prized by the upper ten thousand. What is the secret of these marked contrasts? Are not the songs of the savage found to be disordered medleys of nonsensical trash, just because their authors possess none of the elements of civilization? Surely no one will say no. But those of the celebrated poets are valued because they evidence cultivated minds, and also because of the superiority of the language used. The material or the immaterial may supply the text, but words make the book; and who will say that the acquisition of language and acquired or improved constructive ability are not elements of civilization? To what conclusion, then, can we come other than that, if poetry declines with the advancement of civilization, it must be because the poet's genius is degenerating, from some unknown cause, and not because the elements of civilization are, or can be, detrimental? To argue otherwise would be equal to asserting that the forging ability of the village blacksmith is superior to the skill of the goldsmith for representing the beauty and worth of the precious metal. In fact, he who argues that the advancement of civilization diminishes the commendatoriness of poetry, must be prepared to admit that ignorance gives us the best literature. J. G. N.

Social Economy.

DOES THE DRAMA ELEVATE OR DEGRADE?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—V.

THE drama is a public school of manners and virtue. It is not merely entertaining, it is highly useful. Some of the greatest minds in every age, and in every literature of the world, have chosen the drama as the vehicle of their thoughts. The drama is living thought. The creations of the poet's fancy live and move, think and act, feel and suffer in our presence. In it thought gets a life beyond

life; it enters into the poet as experience, acquires existence in his imagination, passes forth from him thought, in which state it enters into the actor from whom it proceeds as life. Here, then, is a proof that it is not a mere scapegrace of the mind, a prodigal son of literature. It is the nearest approach to creativeness possible to man. The sculptor arranges and expresses form, the painter seizes upon and gives representative existence to form and colour, the poet gives outward symbols of thought, but the dramatist, when his productions are performed, reproduces life. The drama is not only an exquisite poem, it is a living novel as well as a brilliant series of paintings, in which the figures are real and vital. It is history realized, events made visible, and thought presented to the receptive mind.

The written drama is the poetry of activity, and the acted drama is poetry in action. Both are poetry, and as poetry are essentially elevating, for all poetry is an elevating of thought above the dull levels of life; but they are each much more so because of the vitality and reality imparted to them by their representative nature. They show the growth of character, the progress of passion, the causative energy of events. The drama is realized metaphysics. There is more genuine mental philosophy in Hamlet and Lear than in a hundred verbose prose treatises on the science of mind. This is a highly valuable quality of the drama; for far more people can be found to see a play than to peruse a philosophical treatise. The intellect, the emotions, the wits, the principles of morals, are all seen, discussed in vital activity in a drama, and to know the causes and consequences of thoughts, passions, mistakes, delinquencies, &c., is not a degrading but an elevating acquisition.

But the drama is not only metaphysics enlivened; a good play is an animated novel, and a novel whose truth to nature is tried by the best of all tests, an appeal to visibility. "The mere fact," says G.M.S. (p. 285), "that it is a representation of a pretended reality defines its actual character," that is, in other words, we presume, it is a living lie. Perhaps G.M.S. will kindly inform us what is not a "representation of a pretended reality?" Is poetry at all anything else? We think not. Is all poetry, therefore, to be tabooed? Is science aught but a "representation of a pretended reality?" We affirm that it is not. Man cannot know reality. The real, it is beyond his power to seize. He can only represent that which he deems to be the real; and when he talks of the certainties of science, he but pretends. Number me the "representations of a pretended reality" to which astronomy has given her sanction in differing ages; or geology, or electricity, or chemistry? Even botany, as soon as it leaves classification, and betakes itself to explanations, drifts into difference. If "anything that tends to cause truth to appear in fictitious form has a pernicious influence," what criminality must attach to that storehouse of lies—history!—history, which ought to be the record of the actual, but is well known to be the most shamelessly suborned witness in every party dispute.

If the drama "bewilders the imagination," and thereby is worthy of censure, how trebly worse is Nature, which bewilders the imagination of a thousand poets, and through them intoxicates with its semi-divine insanity, the most intellectual of the children of the earth! and is not religion even liable to a similar censure? So, then the drama alone is to be found fault with, and these are not to be exposed to a similar righteous judgment. If this is a sound objection against the drama, it is equally so against Nature, oratory, and we would even venture to add—mathematics.

"Excitement" (p. 286) is bad in excess; but in moderation it is a great good. Medical men keep a whole laboratory of excitants for their practice, must we dismiss all excitants, or only regulate their use; if the latter, why oppose the drama? if the former, what is to be done in sickness? "No amusement whatever can be realized from attendance at the theatre" (p. 286). Hear this, ye Thespian votaries, and confess that your whole lifetime has been spent in a mistake! You and I, and all of us, have been going to the theatre in the belief that we were amused, but G.M.S., wiser in his generation than all the wise, has found out the great error of our lives. None of us has ever enjoyed the splendid elocution of Faucit or Glyn, the merry-making of Stirling or Sedgwick, the fine impersonations of Phelps or Vandenhoff, Montgomery or Sullivan, Buckstone, Sothorn, O'Toole, the Boucicaults, the Keans, and all the other haunters of the stage have not really given us any delight. Our faces have been glum, and our hearts sad, when we thought we were laughing boisterously at Falstaff's humours, or been delighted with the solemnities of Hamlet. Well, we declare we live in a strange world for we did not think men would run in crowds in all cities and in all countries to pay for enjoyment, and yet be mistaken all the while; but we "live and learn"—though the doctrine of G.M.S. is rather strange!

"The moral degradation that is usually seen in the vicinity" of theatres is no argument against them—else the same mournful arguments might be used against the meeting of the Houses of Parliament, Exeter Hall, Church soirées, and evening sermons. Evidences of "moral degradation" come upon us too frequently in every vicinity; but these do not prove that all that is in their vicinity is necessarily tainted by it, or akin to it. G.M.S. has doubted the Scripture references in favour of the drama. I have only followed the lead of scriptural commentators who expound certain passages as dramatical, and characterize others as possessed of singular dramatic grace, vividness, and force. They are merely adduced to show that the drama in itself is not opposed to the Scriptures, and therefore that it is not the inevitable tendency of the drama to degrade. It is but a subsidiary argument, and enough is advanced over and above this altogether, to prove that the drama elevates much more than it, in itself, degrades, which was the thesis to be proved by

PHILOMATHES.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—V.

I FRANKLY OWN, though I fear the statement may be received with a shrug by some of our friends on the other side—that in the following paper, I intend to view the drama from a Christian standpoint. I am no advocate of a dogmatic war of texts. The views I hold have not, so far as I am aware, either narrowed my judgment, or weakened my relish for legitimate enjoyment. I have no desire for anything in these pages but rational and candid argument. But one's reasoning on a subject like this, can only be honestly shaped by the principles he has adopted in respect of moral and religious truth. Mine are scriptural. I have accepted the Bible as the true and ultimate exponent of what a man's life ought to be. The aims he should keep in view are those which it reveals. The tempers by which he should be actuated are those which it inculcates. The precepts by which he should be governed are those which it enjoins. Amusement is not to be sought for in anything which is at variance with the "very pure" word. I fear this is a different view of life to that which breathes through the article of "F. S. Mills," it is therefore not astonishing that we should widely differ in some of our conclusions.

There is a mighty fascination to an imaginative mind, in the glare and dazzle of theatrical performance. The unquestionable excitement of a well acted drama, the light and music of the stage, the brilliant scenery, the moving plot, the absorbing progression of scene and act till the culmination of the piece is reached; these things, combined at first with their thorough novelty, invest the theatre with immense allurements to a pleasure-seeking nature. It has, therefore, the disposition of a majority to speak in its favour, and blunt the force of any argument which can be employed against it. It has further on its side, as the affirmative articles have shown, the sympathies and spoken sentiments of many who have held exalted places in the world of literature, of some, I regret to say, who have given themselves to the ministry of the gospel.

But, on the other hand, the very intensity of the fascination which the stage exerts, is one of the most potent arguments which can be used against it. It is to myriads an intoxicating agency, as powerful in its own way as the much decried alcoholic drinks. For one case where it elevates, in a thousand it more or less destroys a taste for the deeper, but less exciting and sensuous pleasures of thought and study; it engenders a restless, frivolous state of mind, and despoils the soul of its capacity for deep and earnest impressions. From experience I am convinced that a passion for the theatre, and an interest in the earnest work of life cannot co-exist. Imagination is a capital servant to the mind, the pleasures it ministers are peculiarly its own, and I can go as far in the praise of its tempered exercise as "F. S. Mills" can reasonably wish. Imagination, however, becomes an evil when it usurps a governing position there, and to give it a tyrant power I hold to be the influence of the drama, when performed on the stage.

A good deal has been said about the moral influence of the drama, in presenting vivid and accurate representations of the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice before the vision of its patrons. But, I ask, even supposing the matter of stage plays to be entirely unexceptionable, how can their *performances* ever be productive of benefit? Before a man can produce a lasting impression on the mind of another, must he not himself be known, or at least conceived, to be thoroughly in earnest? The truths he utters may be weighty in the highest degree, but if they are known to come from the lip alone, while the heart is full of totally different feelings and thoughts, how can they stir the inner nature of the hearer with true impulses for good? The truths which are spoken must be felt to be in the man, as part of the man, as animating, regulating, governing his own life, as breathed warm from his own warm-beating heart, ere they can fall with arresting power upon the spirit of another. But what of the theatre which "F. S. Mills" has so unreservedly lauded? I daresay his picture of the green room is correct enough, but among the crowd of actors to whom we are there introduced, where is he or she who is thinking of imparting moral impressions to the audience, or even possessed of the deep moral earnestness, not to say piety, which would fit one for the task. Their whole performance is feigning from beginning to end; or, if it be said that the acting itself constrains them to enter into the spirit of their part, then judge how the actor must be improved who plays Iago, or the actress who performs Lady Macbeth. The audience may for a moment be impressed with the sentiments which burst with all the *appearance* of reality from the lips of the performer, but the thought recurs that this is only counterfeit, and in the burst of applause which greets the successful player, the spell is broken and for ever. Witness the smiling, joking, criticising, which immediately succeed. If such a school teaches anything at all, it can only show how perfectly dissimulation is possible, and so plant in the soul the seeds of guile rather than those of virtue.

But I urge further, that to speak of the theatre as a moral school is to offer a plea which quite misrepresents the actual object aimed at. The theatre exists, and has always existed, not to profit, but to amuse. To teach morality is not an end to which the amusement is made subservient, but the amusement is the end, and in a great majority of the plays usually enacted, there is little morality beyond what will make the performance decent. Existing to please, the morality of the stage will not do to be of a very high class character. If it were too fastidious and natural, it would fail to attract. The moral lesson of the stage must be sugar-coated with sensation and excitement, and lightened with a sprinkling of the comic. It is plays of this description that attract the most, and allure "the bumper houses."

Take it even at its best, and "plot-interest," as "Philomathes" puts it, is the fascination of the drama. But "plot-interest," as

the stage exhibits it," is the romantic and exceptional, and not by any means the ordinary feature of life, and therefore I add that the strong, sensational colouring which the stage throws around life must prove injurious to minds accustomed to feast on its representations. Now, being sensational as it often is, can it be moral; conscience can no more be effectually aroused and led, while the lower passions are lively and excited, than heaven can mirror itself in the bosom of a ruffled lake.

I would infer from these considerations, even without the voice of history, that the drama as it is, has been, and likely will continue to be, so long as it lasts, is not an elevating agency, but the reverse. My opponent will say, "You have no right thus to identify the drama with the theatre, and to judge the theatre by what it is; to speak of the drama, is to speak of Shakspeare." Well, you may call the "Pilgrim's Progress," the book of Job, and the Bible narratives dramas if you choose, I grant at once that their influence is ennobling. The Greek and Roman plays were like our own, the most of them bear the stamp of genius. Some of them are chaste and profitable, others are polluting in the extreme. As to Shakspeare, I cannot think the morality of his plays to be very free from blemishes, or their influence wholly for good, but still I gratefully acknowledge their general value, and, when calmly studied, their healthful tendency. It is not with Shakspeare's plays I quarrel, but with the theatres where they are performed, and where even *they* are brought forward least of all. The theatre opens the door to all comers, however dissolute, if only they are gifted with a measure of histrionic power, and into the mouths of these persons it puts the noble sentiments, oftentimes the sacred words and appeals, which enter into the piece. This is a kind of unwarrantable sacrilege, often worse. On the other hand, it places men and women under the necessity of studying parts, acting passions, and uttering language which cannot fail to blunt their finer feelings, and especially to rob womanhood of those retiring and modest graces which are peculiarly her own. The ancients seem to me ahead of us in this respect, for no woman was then allowed to come upon the stage at all. Then, the very nature of the case gives a contradiction to the strange assertion of "F. S. Mills," that players are exposed to no greater temptations to immorality than persons in other professions. Why, the very business of the stage itself places the performers in relations, and mingles the sexes together in a manner, and under exciting circumstances, which, so long as these are "of like passions with ourselves," cannot help doing harm, and particularly, I say again, doing harm to the fairer part of the company. "F. S. Mills" also wishes us to believe that the villanies, vices, and seductions which are exhibited on the boards of theatres should have the effect of disgusting men with sin; and quotes

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen."

Are the next two lines, more apposite by far to the subject of the theatre, omitted in *his* edition of the poets?

"Yet seen too oft, familiar with his face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

And what shall we say of such absurd and frivolous caricatures of life and manners as those of the farce, and the "Lord Dunsreary" school of Comedy. They render folly amusing, and neither succeed in holding it up to scorn, nor try to do so. Nothing can be conceived more utterly at variance than these exhibitions with the inspired injunctions of the apostle. "Let your speech be always with grace;" "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good for the use of edifying." "Neither filthiness, nor *foolish talking*, nor *jesting*, which are not convenient, but let them be not once named among you, as becometh saints."

I have left hardly any space to touch upon the history of the drama. I think that, in full accordance with what has been said, it goes decidedly against the position of our opponents. It was by her mad rage for this and kindred amusements, that Greece paved the way for her own ruin. The drama flourished most in Rome when her power was rapidly declining. The dramatic literature of the Restoration in our own country is emphatically a disgrace to that page of our history, and all throughout the tone of the drama has risen and fallen with the age. It has not led, but followed it; therefore its influence has not been elevating. When society was most corrupt, the theatre was most extensively patronized. The reign of terror in France is a marked example, the theatres increasing during that period from five to twenty-five. Nay, France is to this day the home of the theatre, and certainly the condition of its frivolous, effeminated people says little for the drama's ennobling influence.

Making all allowances, the theatre is assuredly the favourite resort of the dissolute and dissipated both of the higher and lower orders of society. I cannot see what attractions the drama would have for these, were it not that it ministered to their passions. At all events, it is their haunt, their characteristic haunt, and therefore I say emphatically, it is not the place for the Christian.

In fine, the very nature of the enacted drama, as a *performance*, destroys its efficacy as a moral power in society. A vast number of our dramatic performances are of the type called sensational—the morality of others is extremely questionable; these can only degrade. The amusement of the theatre is too exciting to be elevating—too absorbing to invigorate. Were I convinced that the influence of the theatre was ennobling, I would conscientiously give it all support; believing it to be the generator and nursery of much evil and frivolity, with equal conscientiousness, I feel myself constrained to avoid it.

J. O.

Toiling Upward.

DR. SAMUEL BROWN.

THE gospel of "Success in Life" is not the divinest. There is a glory in failure to master and attain a high ideal to which all the renown of an achieved reputation is as "moonlight unto sunlight." The life of faith, which not only hopes against hope, but works in despite of despair, has a grandeur nobler than titles won, wealth gained, fame acquired, and the whole object of a heart's wish grasped and held, can show or possess. The Evangel of Faith requires to be no less energetically preached than the positive philosophy that social prosperity is the highest good, and the noblest aim of mankind. The palpable and the familiar, the near and the earthly, are already engrossing enough in their claims upon human life. We require to be convinced that there is in faith an essential excellence and power as a mover of the vital forces, as an elevator of hope and effort, as a sustainer and quickener of affections and ambitions, as a concentrator of capabilities and acquisitions, to which there is no equal or just rival. The eye is keener, the soul stronger, the mind more effusive, the will more fixed, and the entire nature more unitedly active when animated by faith than when excited by the yearning of passion, the greed of acquisition, or gratified by the grasp of realized aspirations.

An ideal is a blessed and blessing outgrowth of the spirit. It attracts and works into unison all the varied powers of thought, feeling, and will; and by their union imparts an excelling strength and grandeur which entitles it to an aureole of glory, even when the life it vivified has had the verdict of this world written on it in one word—failure.

All true greatness has faith for its chief element. The really great is the truly faith-full man. Success depends on circumstances some of which *may* be beyond the power or control of the thinker or the worker; but the aim is the issue of his own life. It is the ideal of the man. A grovelling spirit is incapable of giving productive birth to a noble and ennobling ideal. To possess a grand ideal is to be great, but to persevere in the pursuit, and endeavour to work out that ideal in the face of fate,—amid the grief of friends, the scorn of foes, the contumely of the selfish, the doubt of many, and with the sustainment of few, is hard, hard,—is inexpressibly sad, but is noble. Faith, not foolhardily prompting on, but confidently urging effort, and life itself given in sacrifice to that faith. This is true martyrdom—be it for religion, for politics, for literature or for science.

Dr. Samuel Brown was a martyr to science, a martyr faithful unto death. We cannot but think that the story of his life will possess an interest for those who relish these records of "Toiling Upward" though we cannot write as his epitaph, "He attained!"

There is truth in the gospels of Endeavour and of Sorrow, as well as in that of Success—yea, much more so; for the faith which holds the heart tight to its endeavours, despite the sorrows which labour to unman the striver, is a nobler effort of spirit than that whose promptings are constantly verified by success. Such a life was that—exceptional, indeed, but truly given as an example—of Him of whom Heaven's self exclaimed to earth, "Ecce Homo!" of Socrates, of Dante, of Columbus, of Copernicus, of Galileo, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Wolfe, of Burns, of Shelley, of Peel, of Lewis, &c., of all of whom it may be said they toiled for great ends, yet died before they were attained. In such lives we see—

"All the soul in wrapt suspension,
All the quivering, palpitating
Chords of life in utmost tension
With the fervour of invention,
With the rapture of creating."

And in the very heat and midst of their endeavouring,—their aims still unaccomplished,—we find them called to undergo the "long mysterious exodus of death." They are martyrs for faith's sake, and, in being so, their life is, however outwardly a failure—a heaven ennobled success.

Samuel Brown was born at Haddington, 23rd February, 1817. He was the fourth and name-son of Dr. S. Brown, of Haddington, the founder of itinerating libraries; and the grandson of the self-taught Scottish divine, whose "Dictionary of the Bible," and "Self-Interpreting Bible," have done much for the elucidation of Scripture truth. He was pre-eminently a healthy-minded boy, who loved the sports of youth, and enjoyed heartily the games and occupations of the young. He was greatly given to excursioning, and often led his companions fatiguing pilgrimages, whose tiring effects were seldom much felt till past, so entertaining did he make the way as they went on. He did his school-work well and creditably, but he was not by any means an over-studious votary of books. In the Burgh School of his native town till 1830, and thereafter at the Edinburgh High School, he did the tasks assigned to him with a sort of medium industry, and took as much delight in holiday rambles as active boyhood usually does. The home-training to which he was subjected was kindly and religious. His father was an elder in the dissenting church of which his father had been the pastor, and he dutifully catechized the juniors of the household with the intent of testing their head-knowledge, and their heart-love of religious truths. Of these inquiries into matters of faith and practice, Samuel the younger had his due share.

In his sixteenth year (session 1832-3), he entered the university.

of Edinburgh as a student of medicine. The medical school of Edinburgh has been celebrated for centuries, but Brown had little design of giving his days and nights to the laborious anxieties of professional medical life. He aimed rather at the attainment of a scientific culture for his intellect, and a very early bias towards the study of chemistry manifested itself in him. Along with Edward Forbes and other notable spirits, then studying in "the grey metropolis of the north," he aided in the establishment of "The Oinero-mathic Club,"—familiarly called "The O. E. M.," from the initial letters of the Greek words for wine, love, and learning. It bound its members to sociality, truthfulness, and studiousness. In 1837 he was sent to St. Petersburg, where his eldest brother was resident. Here he remained for a season prior to his entering the classes of Eilhard Mitscherlich, the German chemist, discoverer of the laws of Isomerism, a new theory of the molecular constitution of bodies, and Professor of Chemistry in Berlin. While still at St. Petersburg, Brown was seized with typhus fever, from which he indeed recovered, but it left behind it a malignant dysentery,—from which he never afterwards was free. Shattered in health, and stricken in hope, he returned home, where he had not long been when his father died; and

"A nearer one still, and a dearer one
Yet than all others,"

also passed away from the tents of earth to the palace of the sky. So was he steeped in sorrow to the very lips, and was, under this dreadful baptism of grief, wrung to the inmost core of the soul, so much that—as if he had learnt the secret of despair—a blank desolation seemed to fall upon his life.

But life—such as it was—was his, and the work of life he must do. In 1839, Samuel Brown's Thesis on "Carburets" won the prize, and another on "Albumen" attracted great attention. In the same year he graduated as M.D. In the winter of 1840-1 he and Edward Forbes, afterwards the renowned Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh, commenced a course of lectures on the philosophy of science; and he prepared two papers, "Experiments in Chemical Isomerism," which were read by Professor Christison before the "Royal Society of Edinburgh."

These, and other researches and other experiments of his, attracted much attention; and his theory of chemical science, expounded and illustrated in lectures, commanded the admiration of men conversant with the subject. His apparent success (explained and maintained in the papers mentioned above) in some elaborate experiments for the transmutation of metals almost led men to believe that the dreams of the old alchemists were about to be realized—so that his name became known as that of one second to none of those men of promise who at that time were preparing themselves—according to the sagest prognostications of renown—for the foremost places in the future of the world.

Dr. S. Brown had made a reputation to himself in the literary and scientific societies of Edinburgh, as a man of original power, of exquisite mind, and of singular persistency; as a man who lived in the light of ideas, whose life, in fact, was full of the germs of noble thoughts; as a man to whom the mind of the world was likely to owe much. In the social scenes of Edinburgh he had become a man of mark. His intellectual power was acknowledged by Carlyle and De Quincy, whom he nearly rivalled in the brilliancy of his monologue style of speech; by Hamilton and Jeffrey, the former of whom deferred to him in regard to the methodology of science, while the latter admired the critical insight he displayed; by Chalmers and Hare for the splendour and grandeur of his Christian thoughts, and his far-reaching philosophy of religion; by Christison and Forbes, who recognized his subtle severity of scientific reasoning; by Ferrier and Combe, the one so specially Platonic in his metaphysic power, the other so essentially a disciple of the positive and experimental school of thinkers. "He had the most catholic taste as well as genius; he knew, associated with, and liked every individual and social diversity possible, and talked in his own admirable way on every subject. He was at home alike in the most fashionable and in the most unsophisticated circles, with clergymen and lawyers, with literary men and with the unbookish, with artists and with money-gatherers, with actors and mere matter-of-fact men, with idealists and materialists, mathematicians and poets, the advocates of the old and raging innovators." He numbered among his friends David Scott, the painter, and Ruskin, the philosopher of art; Robert Chambers, the humorous and sensible, and Emerson, the laughless mystic, Wilson the radiant, and George Dawson, the Birmingham cynic; Harriet Martineau and Margaret Fuller, Nichol and Dobell, Welsh and Goodsir, Simpson and Henderson, Mrs. Crowe and Catherine Sinclair, the mercurial Professor Blackie and the staid John Davy. "He had the same catholicity of tastes in reference to books and studies." He was a young British Goethe, with the shadow of death on his path, though the light of life glowed within—he was, above all things else, a self-culturer. He was an acquisitive, all-absorbing thinker. Everything that he heard, felt, read, and even dreamed, transfigured itself within him into thought. He sympathised with that he might comprehend all. He was not only a lucid mirror to receive, he was a kaleidoscope to hold, revolve, and change and beautify. He was not only receptive, but conceptive; not alone an investigator, but an expositor. He was always ready to exchange the fresh mintage of his mind for anything that was coinable hereafter into true thought.

As a lecturer, he excelled. His thoughts naturally crystallized themselves into forms of beauty—they became eloquent at the moment of their being. He was eloquent, not oratorical. He expressed thought so as to impress the hearer, he did not elaborate and adorn it into meretricious attractiveness. His was the eloquence of heart, not art. He considered the utterance of thought a duty

too sacred to admit of either artificiality or of superficiality. The writer of this paper remembers when the chances of life brought Dr. S. Brown as a lecturer within a distance of seven miles or so from the lonely sequestration in which, upon the scantiest pittance on which life was sustainable, he was struggling with the problems of philosophic thought. Over the raw and misty moor which intervened he trudged to listen to an exposition of his system of scientific thought, and with receptive enthusiasm heard the clear, pellucid accents of his flexile eloquence, sinuous as thought and winding subtly into the spirit like some occult charm. Late in the night the return journey was made, after a few brief snatches of conversation with the inspiring thinker—then also living a reflective life with little more than daily bread, yet making his humble home at once—

“Study, rest-room, place of toil
And Temple too.”

That night there was a glory on the moor, a splendour in the sky, and a magic in life, the remembrance of which, even yet, though nearly twenty years have gone, lies, like the fragrance in a long-kept because well-loved rose, in the heart still. It was a night of thought-impassioned enjoyment. And once again we heard him—then that was all: these are but glimpses of a glory gone.

To 1841-2 belongs the production of two splendid semi-mystic lay-sermons “On the Theory of Christianity;” the first entitled, “The Fidianism of St. Paul,” or, faith as it regards God, conscience, and duty; and the latter, “The Argument of Design equal to nothing,” in so far as regards the demonstration of Him who is “past finding out,” and intended to show that Christianity is not a religion of reason only, but of *reasonable faith*. They are suffused with an almost Fichtean richness, directness, force, fluency, and warmth of theoretic exposition.

In 1843 he delivered a course of four “Critical Lectures on the Atomic Theory,” an attempt to penetrate to a knowledge of “the possibilities of that realm of atomics where all as yet seems incoherence and mystery.” These lectures were delivered before an audience among whom were Sir William Hamilton, then in the full might of health, and mind, and fame, Ferrier, whose thoughts were quick as well as quickening, Goodsir, sagacious and keen, Combe, realistic, Chalmers, impetuously imaginative, Welsh, cautious and critical, and all else of intellectual of whom Edinburgh could boast. From all these he won singular applause; Hamilton averring that the lecturer had in him the power to do for chemistry what Sir Isaac Newton did for astronomy. In the same year, Dr. Hope, Professor of Chemistry, resigned his chair, and Brown, who was then at the sea-side, was urged by many to advance his claims to the successorship. There was rancour in the Church of that time, and ecclesiasticism had much power, and clung tenaciously to it. Brown’s positive achievements in chemistry were ignored, and

the hypotheses which he had thrown out in the rash candour and enthusiasm of a young discoverer, were made the objects of attack in order to defame the candidature of a man hateful to a section of the Church. Dr. Gregory, the successful candidate, had certainly, by his published writings and his known dexterity as a manipulator, a good right to the appointment; but the judgment to which Brown was exposed was unfair, inasmuch as it ignored all his positive achievements, and made reference only to his unproved or non-established hypotheses, while all Gregory's positive successes were chronicled and enlarged upon, and his unsuccessful attempts were never taken into account. It was a sect's trick, by which Brown's chances in life were cruelly sacrificed. But he did not succumb without a gallant struggle—a faith was in him which upheld his soul.

The "two processes for silicon" which he had proposed were objected to as not affording correct experimental proof of the transmutability of carbon into silicon. He referred the case to competent chemists. Dr. Gregory, of Aberdeen, accepted as one, but was incapacitated by illness from acting; Dr. (now Sir) Richard Kane kindly offered himself, and Brown went to Dublin to repeat his experiment before the referee. Dr. George Wilson carried on in Edinburgh a simultaneous trial. Though some anomalous results were obtained, not enough definitely establishing the general principles of the New Chemistry was forthcoming; and this appeal to experiment having failed, he retired, "cast down, but not in despair." In this he proved himself worthy of the advice and good wishes of Carlyle, in his note in reference to this professorship, "I know not, God only knows whether, glorious as it looks, it might be really useful to you, in the heroic and sweet sense of use; whether I ought to wish it for you or not. But I do very heartily wish you may get the thing which, whether it look well or ill, may be of use to you. . . . Goodhap to you; and good courage, with whatever hap." It says a good deal, not only for Brown, but for his friends as well, that this failure had no effect in alienating their regard, but rather strengthened their affection for him. Nor did he falter in faith, in purpose, or in labour. He gave himself unremittingly to pursue his belief to some practical elucidation and proof, and with the earnestness of his entire soul devoted himself to silent experimentation in that behalf.

Inventive thought is combinative, puts together old things into new forms; discoveries are decomposing, they proceed by analysis of that which is present and attainable into that which has been and out of which whatever exists has grown. These seek to resolve realities into the initial and unal atoms from which they take their present forms. That this was possible to man, and that thus the secrets of the upbuilding of the material fabric of the universe would be given to science, Brown believed with the persistent faith of conviction.

For years at Rosebank, a roughly-built two-storeyed house at

Portobello, of which the chief rooms were devoted to laboratory purposes,—his sister doing the little house-keeping necessities of his semi-hermitage, in which salt fish and ship-biscuit, washed down with libations of tea, formed the common fare—he laboured more assiduously than ever to effect the proof of his hypotheses; interrupting his chemical pursuits only by occasional philosophic converse and literary effort.

A few of these literary *excursus* we may note datedly. "On the Theory of Small Doses," in the *Homœopathic Journal*, 1843; "Sir Humphrey Davy," in the *North British Review*, 1844; "Nature and Man," portion of a lecture delivered in 1845; "The History of Science," in Lowe's *Edinburgh Magazine* (of which he was editor), 1846; "George Herbert," in Macphail's *Ecclesiastical Magazine*; and "Ghosts and Ghost-Seers," in *North British Review*, 1848; and in the same periodical a paper on David Scott, his artist-friend, besides an article in the *Massachusetts (U.S.) Quarterly Review*, on the "Methodology of Mesmerism," in 1849. Of *The Palladium* he undertook the management for a time, but ill health often interfered with the perfect performance of the duties of editor. To 1849, at a time of temporary exclusion from other work, belongs the production of the tragedy of "Galileo Galilei," a metaphysical rather than a dramatic poem, expository of the struggles of genius in conflict with usage and authority, in the subtle inward strife of sense, passion, and intellect, and in the religious mind the contest between belief in dogmas and faith in science. It contains splendid passages, and is a skilfully evolved, though occasionally rather obscure, story of the too frequent fate of such thinkers as—

"Love, think, speak, and live against the tide
Of kindly custom."

In 1850 he designed a sonnet-poem on "The Humanities of Science," of which he only completed "The Overture," in nine sonnets; and so much as he intended writing in regard to Astronomy. These are vivid, condensed, and polished, although unrevised. Papers on "The Finite and the Infinite," also belong to 1850. To the *North British Review* he contributed "Animal Magnetism," in 1851; and "Phlogiston and Lavoisier" in 1852. In the same year he furnished to the *Westminster Review* papers on "The Atomic Theory before Christ and Since," and "Physical Puritanism." After that he fixed upon the subject of a great work to be the sublimest efflorescence of his life. It was on "The Interrelations of God, Man, and Nature." It was never finished—though some portions of it are extant. Neither was his "New Chemistry" fully prepared for publication—though portions of this and note-books, letters, journals, &c., exist, in which the supreme faith of his scientific life, to which he gave ungrudgingly long days of labour, long nights of watching, and for which he endured pangs and agonies almost exceeding the powers of belief, is maintained and held to be possible, probable, even true and all but provable.

Still, however, it must be granted that he failed to bring his "theory of nature into effective unison with the inflexible phenomena of the world of facts," and the seal of death was laid upon him before the fountains of scientific truth after which he thirsted were unsealed to him or to others.

He had felt in the life of the affections, how much,—

"Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all."

After ten years of availsless sorrow, he married his cousin Helen Littlejohn, and his life of suffering was assuaged by the hallowing affections of domesticity. But the long monotony of pain, the condensed woe of mental vigour stirred by unquenchable aspirations struggling against a cureless bodily ailment, which made a single nights unbroken rest a unique experience in a space of seven years, became settled into a steady journey to the grave. Oh, the long martyrdom of a couch of painful unrest, with so much to do and to desire! Oh, the terrible agony of sublime ideals unrealizable by reason of bodily prostration and unmitigable suffering arising from the off-putting of the earthly house, the fleshly tabernacle of the soul! Oh, the intense woe of an unachieved renown, seen to be possible by the eye of faith, found to be impossible by the disastrous failure of the outward frame! Only that a faith of a higher order and of a purer nature sanctified the spirit and reconciled it to the unsearchable mystery of this probation, submission could neither have been attained or maintained. He dutifully struggled for life and used all means of restoration and alleviation, but the grasp of disease was relentless. Medicine, change, dietetics, artificial aids, &c., were tried, but all vainly. At last he began to long for his native Haddington, and thither, in June, 1853, he removed. For a brief month he rallied, but then relapsed, and the very breath of death seemed to have chilled him into sculpture; but the struggle was renewed and the heart-beat somewhat strengthened. He attained a little strength, and that little he used to gratify his widowed mother's wish, in writing a memoir of his father. This was accomplished before his own end came. That came after sore and unequivocal distress, during which he said, "pray for me; not for cure or alleviation, these are mean things to ask from our Father in heaven, but that his perfect will may be accomplished in me." On September 20th, 1856, the message came, and the sufferer was released. If,

"Only those are crowned and sainted,
Who with grief have been acquainted,"

we may well hope that Dr. Samuel Brown was one of God's own, "made perfect through suffering."

Such is the sad yet noble story of a toiler not yet ten years since wrenched from the hopes, efforts and life of earth by him who is,—

"Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer."

Shall we say it was a life all useless, fruitless and futile—that the

long abortive sorrows of its thirty-nine years were vain—and that the endeavours involved in it were gratuitously borne? far from it. To live for a grand conception and to die for it is true heroism—a heroism not only noble, but very needful to be shown, in this our age of selfishness and of the adoration of success. A life of faith—deep, earnest, resolute working, and suffering faith—is of high worth, as showing the divine possibilities in man. This life too is greatly valuable in our own time, in our age of science-worship, as an assertion, borne witness to with courageous persistency—that faith is not excluded by, but is expressly included in science. All science is elaborated through the agency of that faith which is “the evidence of things unseen.” Even though we doubted, which we are far from doing, the ultimate possibility of realizing the visions of Dr. Samuel Brown regarding Chemistry, we should yet consider his life of an almost unspeakable value as that of a sincere and honest thinker, inquirer, worker, by whom self-sacrifice was made noble, and “toiling upward” in faith, was seen to be heroic. For ourselves, we would rather die as Brown did, working vigorously for the unattainable than clutch and hold the attainable, whatever it were, with a sodden heart and a dead soul. The perishable won by the perishable, in whatever measure, can never requite for the up-giving of the imperishable or the placing in jeopardy the entire eternal-worth of life. The word “overcome” does not always imply visible, outward, patient, or even conscious success. There is a conquest of base desires, there is a conquest of self, nobler than the acquisition of hoarded stores and garnered treasures; for these to-day are, and to-morrow we are as strange as clouds to their wooing, their witchery, and their winsomeness. Life’s truest “toiling upward” may be accomplished within ourselves, in any sphere and in all circumstances. If the life of Samuel Brown but help us to realize the nobility of a life of faith the heroism of a death uncrowned by worldly recognition or reward, the possibility being indeed “made perfect” through suffering, neither will the story have been told nor the life lived in vain.

There is in every life a lesson deep and earnest, if we can but see it; there is with every life—however inappreciable by our human eyes it may be—a divine purpose subserved and fulfilled; there is for every power given an adequate effect, in heaven’s arrangement, demanded and gained; and, howsoever mysterious the turns and changes, the twists and seeming waywardness of fate and life, are to us, we may still live and labour in hope and faith; and

“Be sure that God
Ne’er dooms to waste the strength he deigns t’ impart.”

The Essayist.

THE NATURE OF KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT can we know about this universe wherein we find ourselves? A very grave question; peculiarly demanding consideration at the present day, when men's thoughts are drifting loose from their old moorings, and are carried about in their own despite on a sea of speculations, in which, if they have no compass by which to guide their course, they may easily make shipwreck; and, since it is one on which we believe much light may be thrown by certain considerations which we regard as new in the aspect of them presented here, we ask attention for these considerations.

We repeat, then, what can we know about this universe wherein we find ourselves? The reply will come readily to the lips of a large and increasing class, What science teaches us about the facts observable in Nature; their order, their succession; the laws, to use a common phrase, by which they are governed. This we can know, and this, they will perhaps add, is *all* that we can know. Of what does not come within this definition we may indeed make guesses, but we can *know* nothing. Let it not be supposed that we are about to contest this doctrine by asserting that there is any road to a knowledge of the universe shorter, or more certain, than the scientific road of hypotheses tested by careful observation. We thoroughly accept the proposition that all true knowledge of the universe must rest on our experience of its action on ourselves; that only by carefully examining the testimony given by our sensations can we gain any certainty as to the world wherein we live; and that if we try to step off this ground we plunge into we know not what bogs or deserts. But what *do* we experience in sensation? What *can* observation show us? It may be replied, Surely the answer to that question is clear enough. True observation shows us what is *without* ourselves.

Here we join issue. Assuming the word *ourselves* to include, as it does in common usage, our bodies as well as our minds, we assert that what we can experience and observe is entirely *within* ourselves. What, then, it may be asked, do you mean to deny the reality of an external world? By no means. On the contrary, we are firmly persuaded of its existence. But to this we would call attention, that we cannot *directly* observe this world; that we can know nothing of it except *mediately*, by its action upon ourselves. What we call our experience of Nature consists of inferences made by our intelligence from actions of which we are conscious in ourselves, to

objects whence these actions may be derived; and these objects we literally create for ourselves, by our imaginations, to account for our sensations.

To illustrate this position by an instance:—We are awakened in the morning by a bright light: we open our eyes and perceive a small, very dazzling circle in the midst of a mass of blue, pleasant to our sight, which grows white in the neighbourhood of the dazzling circle; and we say, I see the sun in the sky. If the person who opens his eyes to this spectacle is well instructed in modern science, these words mean to him something like what follows:—"At a distance from the earth, where I am, so great that it would take a railway train, travelling day and night 40 miles an hour, 250 years to reach it, there is a body so vast, that 1,000 earths placed in a straight line, touching each other, would not reach across it. Round this great body my dwelling-place is in constant motion, turning round at the same time on itself, and thus now brings me in sight of the centre, now hides it from me. From all sides of this central body there perpetually stream forth movements of a substance, called by me ether, recurring many millions of times in a second, and advancing at the rate of 186,000 miles in the same time. Of this ever-moving ether one part penetrates my body, and produces in my optic nerve corresponding movements of which I am conscious. This is what I mean by saying I see the sun; and the blue sky round it means to me a layer a few miles thick of two highly elastic, invisible bodies, oxygen and nitrogen, containing certain other substances, but especially one formed by the union of oxygen with another elastic, invisible substance, hydrogen; substances which, by arresting and taking up some of the very rapid motions produced by the sun in the ether, influence other portions of my optic nerve, so as to give rise to the motions called by me sky-blue."

This, and a good deal more like this, the words "I see the sun in a blue sky" mean to an observer who takes his stand upon the height attained by modern science. Go a little way back in the history of mankind, and what would they have meant? What did they mean to Bacon? to whom, after the invention of the telescope, with the knowledge of the Copernican system, it seemed "unwarrantable to separate the sun from the choir of planets wherewith it has so many properties in common;" and "remove the earth from that centre where the human sight and ancient inveterate opinion placed it;"* who argued that "the suspicion of any interval between real and apparent time vanished, on considering to what a distance objects that are barely white may of a sudden be seen, amounting to *sixty* miles at the least;"† and who recognized "three very remarkable kinds of regions between the globe of the earth and the utmost extent of the heavens; viz., the tract of air, which, after it begins to be purged of the earth's effluvia, and to be more rarified

* "Animated Astron.," § i., 6, 9.

† "Nov. Org.," II., § ii., 230.

by the effluvia of the celestial bodies, tries and endeavours to become flame; as in the case of the lower comets, which seem to be of a middle nature between the consistent one of the stars and a more perishable one.*

Pass back a few centuries more to the age of Dante. Under his guidance descend the narrowing circles of hell, to the centre of the earth; climb up the shaggy body of Satan, fixed at the very middle, with his head in the lowest sphere of hell, and his legs sticking out in the opposite direction; mount the sevenfold stages of the tower of purgatory on the under side of the earth, and thence pass into the celestial spheres above it; you traverse in succession those of the Moon, of Mercury, and Venus, and then come to that of Nature's great minister, who to the world—

"Imparts the virtue of the heavens,
And by his light measures out time,
Ever along the spiral lines revolving,
Which, now earlier and now later, every day
Present him."†

Here we find a system of the universe in some respects much more positive and distinct in its declarations than the system familiar to ourselves; a system whose great outlines crop out in Bacon, though already blurred by the doubts due to advancing knowledge; a system where the results of Greek astronomy are combined with the statements of the Scriptures to make a world—how utterly unlike the world imagined by us! Yet to Bacon and Dante, as to ourselves, and all the many thinkers whose ideas of the universe interest those who are curious to note the advance of discovery, the phenomena observed have been substantially the same,—sun, sky, stars, moon, planets, earth. The difference has lain not in the phenomena of sensation, but in the construction put upon them by man's imagination in different ages.

It is very true that our observations of these phenomena are much more varied, detailed, and accurate than those known to former ages, and that the impossibility of reconciling these observations with the ancient theories has been the main cause of their abandonment. But the faculty which creates theory is not simply observation. Observation, however careful, long continued, and well recorded, could but accumulate an ever-increasing mass of separate phenomena, were it not accompanied by the action of the imagination, in putting together the materials supplied by observation in a manner which permits reflection to make them intelligible. This action, so common a part of our every-day life, so masked beneath other operations resting upon it that it has almost escaped the attention even of the acutest observers, till the gradual progress of metaphysical inquiry has brought it into notice, lies at the source of all that can properly be called knowledge. The due appreciation of it is, we are satisfied, the key to the many per-

* "Animated Astron.," § i., 20, 21.

† "Paradise," x., 163.

plexities of metaphysical research, while it is also the reconciling medium between science and religion.

It is admitted on all sides that human knowledge is bound up with the existence of common or general thoughts; that is, thoughts which rise above particular objects of sensation to something including many such objects, and are expressed by common or general names, as plant, animal, man, &c. How are these common names obtained, and what knowledge do they give us? Two principal answers have been given to these questions. The first, the answer of Plato, modified in various ways by his successors in the schools of ideal philosophy, treats common names as the carriers of a natural revelation, expressive of notions belonging to our minds, which we find in them when, withdrawing our attention from the details of individual phenomena, we fix them upon the general principles of all existence, whose great outlines are discernible by our consciousness. The second answer, given by those who claim their descent from Aristotle, treats common words as formed by the action of our minds in abstracting from different sensible objects some specific character, to the exclusion of any other, and as applicable to all the objects whence the abstraction is made, because they apply to each one very imperfectly.* In either case it will be observed that the process is assumed to be one of abstraction. We are supposed to drop individual peculiarities out of sight, in order to arrive at something general, with the difference that, in the one case we are held, by withdrawing our thoughts from the phenomenal, to penetrate to a vision of the permanent realities beneath it; in the other, only to drop one distinction after another till we come to a vision of—nothing particular.

We do not purpose to examine the rival claims of these opposite theories, because we are convinced that *both* are in error, in treating as a work of abstraction that which is really a work of construction. This proposition we shall endeavour to establish by the following chain of reasons:—

I. By showing that the mind possesses a constructive power inherent in itself and independent of any sensation.

II. By showing how, by the application of this faculty, we gain the notion of an external world of sensible objects.

III. By showing that the so-called process of abstraction is only a continuation of this process of construction.

IV. By showing how the notion that general words are formed by abstraction arises.

V. By showing that the opposite opinions, entertained by the rival schools of philosophy mentioned above as to the relations between knowledge and experience, are due to their having overlooked this constructive action of the intelligence.

VI. By showing that this action agrees with the most recent discoveries in mental physiology.

1st. If we withdraw our attention from all objects of sensation, and

* See Whately's "Logic," IV., § vi., p. 5; Mansel's "Met.," 38.

think them all away, there remains the consciousness of a power to imagine motions and their combinations by the pure act of our wills. Whether such a consciousness would exist if we had never had any experience of sensation it is as unnecessary as it is impossible to determine. We can deal with our minds only as we find them, and that, as we find them, they possess this power seems to us certain. Will any one who examines his own mind carefully deny that he can imagine a point moving continuously in any direction, leaving behind it a line? that he can form figures in imagination by combining two or more such lines so that they may intersect? that he can imagine such a figure to rotate round a central point so as to generate a surface in which all the lines forming it lie? that he can again combine such surfaces into the forms of solids, and thus can construct the foundations of mathematical science without reference to any object of sensation known to him? But if so, the mind does possess an inherent constructive faculty—the power, by the exercise of the imagination, through acts of will, to determine and bring together motions so as to form objects for reflective analysis.

2nd. Now how would a mind possessing such a faculty deal with sensations? What are sensations? The physiologists agree in ascribing them to different motions produced in our nervous system, which act upon our intelligence. But we have seen that this intelligence can by its own act originate and combine motions. What should it do, then, in regard to those motions of which it is conscious that they do *not* originate in its own acts? *First*, it would inevitably refer them to some source of motion other than and external to itself, and would thus form the notion of an outer world. *Secondly*, it would seek to continue, so far as the case allowed, its own action, by combining these motions, if they admitted of being so combined, into figures, surfaces, and solids, as it did the motions originating in its own action. Now this is exactly what our minds do. For instance, suppose we see what we call an apple; what does this mean? We perceive only a set of tints blending into each other to produce a certain form. In uniting these tints into this form we follow Nature so closely that we seem to add nothing of our own. But is this all that an apple means to us? Far from it. These colours we arrange in imagination into varieties of distance, suitable to a solid of some particular shape. Nor do we stop here. With this imagination of form we combine others, derived from recollections of sensations produced on other occasions by objects possessing a similar appearance, though the sensations immediately present to our consciousness may give us no intimation of them—such as internal structure, consistency, smell, taste. And the imagination of all these sensations we bind up as an object for reflection by the word apple, which holds together the parts of our construction, and enables us to make use of it for any further purpose. But so entirely is this work an act of our own combining power, that every part, except the original movements constituting the colours of the apple, may be a mistake. The object perceived may

not have either the consistency, internal constitution, smell, or taste ascribed to it by us. Nay, its form may turn out, on closer examination, to be very different from what we had imagined. Yet this is one of the cases least favourable to the proposition, that our intelligence constructs for itself the objects of which it thinks. We have selected the sense which lets in the knowledge of the external world upon us in the greatest fulness. We have supposed it exercised in a case of the simplest kind. We have not noticed the innumerable associations capable of being made, between the object observed and other matters more or less remotely connected with it. Yet, with all these qualifications, how much greater is not the part taken by our imagination in making that of which we think than the part attributable to the direct testimony of sensation?

Take any other sense—hearing, smell, taste, touch,—it is almost startling to consider how little direct information it conveys about that which we hear, smell, taste, or touch; how entirely we are indebted for the knowledge which we do attain to the action of our imagination in combining the materials derived from these several senses with those derived from our great teacher, sight. Yet how unsatisfactory would the knowledge derived from sight be were it not supplemented by combination with those supplied through these other senses, through the act, first, of the imagination in uniting their separate intimations; secondly, of reflection in sifting and verifying the union!

3rd. The considerations adduced above establish the constructive action of the imagination by evidence accordant with, though independent of, that derived from the physiological characters of sensation. Now this constructive action furnishes the key to the origin and function of common names. The materials out of which the imagination forms its objects are in their nature transitory, and similar materials often enter into very different combinations. To distinguish one from another, and preserve them for permanent use, the imagination requires bonds to fasten together the shifting material in definite unions, and thus give them a hold on the memory. *These bonds are names.* Now names may be given to individual objects in order to discriminate one from the other. These are proper names, which serve only to tie up all the phenomena belonging to one person or place, and so separate them for thought from those belonging to any other person or place. But the names we have to do with discharge an opposite function,—instead of keeping individuals apart, they bring together an indefinite number of individuals into a group. The bond by which such objects are mentally united need not have any closer relation to the objects than the string tying up a bundle of asparagus has to the sticks of asparagus. It may be any sound arbitrarily selected; it may be a visible symbol; it may be, and in the origin of languages seems commonly to have been, some sound associated with the objects intended to be combined, as is clearly the case with such names as *corvus*, *crow*,—the creature which says *caw*; or *cuckoo*, &c. But whatever the special ground for their selection, we may

easily satisfy ourselves, by examining our own thoughts, that the common names of things are simply elastic bonds by which a number of concrete objects are tied together; and that to confine the things included in the name to the thoughts expressed by it, is an error as great as it would be to suppose that a bundle of asparagus *consists* of the string which holds the sticks together.

Take the word *rose*, for instance. Will any one say that in thinking of what this name includes he purposely leaves out any quality of any rose he ever saw or heard of? The images called up by the word before our thoughts may be few and imperfect, from the feebleness of memory, but they are not intentionally curtailed of anything belonging to any rose. We withdraw our minds from thinking of any individual rose exclusively—not that we may lose sight of its peculiarities, but that we may not be hindered from combining them, in all their concrete definiteness, with the concrete peculiarities of all the other individuals which we desire to bring together for thought, into a union admitting of our taking up any one to compare it or any part of it with any other.

4th. But, although the action of the mind in forming common or general words is thus one not of pulling to pieces, but of putting together, still it involves, as has been said, the withdrawal of our attention from any one individual to fix it on groups of many individuals. Hence we can easily account for the prevalent opinion that common names represent abstractions; an opinion naturally strengthened by the fact that, when we substitute for the common name a definition of its meaning, we are driven, by the illimitable richness of Nature in her infinite varieties, to confine ourselves to some one mark or set of marks by which the individuals intended to be tied together may be distinguished from all others. The botanist who at the present day tries to define a rose, may tell us that it is “a shrub more or less prickly, with pinnate leaves; producing flowers, with a calyx generally regular, having five petals inserted on the calyx; many, generally more than twelve, stamens also so inserted, curving inwards before the expansion of the petals; and a fruit consisting of a number of nut-like hairy seeds enclosed within the fleshy tube of the calyx, which is contracted at the top.” He tells us if you would ascertain whether a plant new to you is a rose or not, shut out of consideration all other of the many peculiarities of the plant except these, and search for them. Doubtless this is a process of abstraction. But why is it carried on? Not to tell us what constitutes *a rose*, but to let us know what constitutes the *string* by which different plants may be held together for our reflections in one group labelled *Rose*, without any danger of a wrong one getting in among them. The definition concerns the bond, not the objects included within it; but it is of these objects, not of the bond, that we think when we think of a rose; and it is to our dealings with these contents of our definition, not to the mere definition, that our attention must be directed if we would appreciate aright the action of the mind in forming its so-called abstractions. (To be continued.)

Eloquence of the Month.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON BOOKS, STUDY, LIFE, AND DUTY.

[In the closing months of 1858 we presented our readers with a paper entitled, "Thomas Carlyle: a Literary Biography, and a Criticism," and since that time we have regularly noticed and analysed his "Frederick the Great" as it appeared. Our readers, therefore, do not require any notice at our hands here of the chief events in the life of the Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh. This speech, however, has a somewhat unique attraction from its being an eloquent, wise, affectionate, and affecting address, delivered by a writer of books, who, during upwards of a quarter of a century, has abstained from public speech, who makes no pretension to the character of an orator, and who had to bear upon his memory his own many utterances of condemnation against speech not to be followed by action, as well as bear up against his own great true fame as an author. It was essentially an extempore address; the matter studied, the manner and style left to the affatus of the hour. The inspiration of genius did not fail him in his great venture. He may feel now again, as he did when he closed his orations on "Heroes and Hero Worship" in May, 1840,—“there was pleasure for me in this business, if also much pain;” but we hope the former quite overbalanced the latter—while the great good of the utterance of a large and noble heart, a cultured and disciplined spirit, lies before the world for its benefit, in its influences on the young, bright, happy souls who heard it, as well as on that wide-spread multitude who read it with reverent love. With the exception of one or two sentences—of an illustrative character—the speech will be found entire, and we are certain its appearance here will be found entirely satisfactory. The address was delivered to the students of the University of Edinburgh and the most distinguished personages in the northern metropolis, in the midst of the pomp and circumstance in which the inhabitants of Edina delight, on the 2nd of April, under the presidency of Principal Sir D. Brewster, Bart., who introduced his former collaborateur and friend as Lord Rector.]

MR. CARLYLE said—Gentlemen, I have accepted the office you have elected me to, and now return thanks for the great honour done me. Your enthusiasm towards me, I admit, is very beautiful in itself, however undesirable it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was in a position analogous to your own. I can only hope that it may endure to the end—that noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour—and come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it, for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and many things else as you go on. There are now fifty-six years gone last November since I first entered your city, a boy of not quite fourteen, to attend classes here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I knew not what, with feelings of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long, long course, this is what we have come to. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see

the third generation, as it were, of my dear old native land rising up and saying, "Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard; you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges." As the old proverb says, "He that builds by the wayside has many masters." We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland through you is really of some value to me, and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot describe my emotions to you; and perhaps they will be much more conceivable if expressed in silence. When this office was first proposed to me I was not very ambitious to accept it. I was taught to believe that there were, more or less, certain important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it; at least, in reconciling the objections felt to such things; for, if I can do anything to serve you and my dear old *alma mater*, why should I not do so? You may depend upon it that, if any duty does arise, I will do my most faithful endeavour to do whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment. In the meantime, the duty I have at present is to address some words to you on subjects cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. In fact, I meant to throw out some observations—the truths I have in me—about the business you are engaged in, the race you have started on, what kind of race it is you young gentlemen have begun, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. Advices I believe to young men, and to all men, are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing. And talk that does not end in action is better suppressed altogether. But there is one advice I must give you. It is, in fact, the summary of all advices. It is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not, *viz.*, that above all things the interest of your own life depends upon being diligent now, while it is called to-day, in this place where you have come to get education. Diligent! That includes all virtues that a student can have. I mean to include in it all qualities that lead to the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seedtime of life, in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will indeed arrive at little; while in the course of years, when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers—and among many counsellors there is wisdom—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at universities are of the highest importance in after life. When you are young the whole mind is as it were fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to order it to form itself into; but it hardens up gradually to the consistency of rock or iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man. By diligence, among other things and very chiefly, I mean honesty in all your inquiries. Pursue your studies in the way your conscience calls honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep an accurate separation of what you have really come to know in your own minds, and what is still unknown. Leave all that on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to stamp a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is stamped on your mind so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows about things when he does not know more than the outside skin of them, and he goes flourishing about with them. There is also a process called cramming in some universities,—getting up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that, as entirely unworthy of an honourable habit. Be modest, and humble, and diligent in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying

to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to value them in proportion to your fitness for them. Gradually see what kind of work you can do; for it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In fact, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrides all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real, and it would be greatly better if he were tied up from doing any such thing. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters.

I dare say you know that it is now 700 years since universities were first set up in this Europe of ours. Abelard and others had risen up, with doctrines in them the people wished to hear of, and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was no getting the thing recorded in books, as you may now. You had to hear him speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together the various people who had anything to teach, and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations—nobly anxious for their benefit—and became a university. Perhaps you have heard that all that is greatly altered by the invention of printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of universities. A man has not now to go to where a professor is actually speaking, because in most cases he can get his doctrine out of him through a book, and can read it and read it again and again, and study it. Nevertheless, universities have and will continue to have an indispensable value in society—a very high value. I consider the very highest interests of man vitally entrusted to them. In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world, What is the nature of this stupendous universe, and what its relations to all things, as known to man, and as only known to the awful Author of it. It remains, however, a curious truth, that the main use of universities of the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection of books,—a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the universities have mainly done—what I found the universities did for me—was that it taught me to read in various languages and various sciences, so that I could go into the books that treated of these things, and try anything I wanted to make myself master of gradually, as I found it suit me. Whatever you may think of all that, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on every one of you to be assiduous in your reading. And learn to be good readers, which is, perhaps, a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading—to read all kind of things that you have an interest in, and that you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of reading incumbent on you, you must be guided by the books recommended to you by your professors for assistance. And when you get out of the university, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have selected a field, a province, in which you can study and work. The most unhappy of all men is the man that cannot tell what he is going to do, that has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind—honest work, which you intend getting done.

If you are in a strait, a very good indication as to choice—perhaps the best you could get—is to take to a book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient. You must learn to distinguish between false appetite and real.

A man ought to inquire and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for—what suits his constitution; and that, doctors tell him, is the very thing he ought to have in general. And so with books. As applicable to almost all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to read history—to inquire into what has passed before you in the families of men. The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find all the knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have the most remarkable race of men in the world set before you, to say nothing of the languages, which, I believe, are admitted to be the most perfect order of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations shining in the records left by themselves as kinds of pillars to light up life in the darkness of the past ages; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, as I have found, that does not touch on the matter; but perhaps some of you will get to see a Roman face to face; you will know, in some measure, how they contrived to exist, and to perform these feats in the world. I believe, also, you will find a thing not much noted, that there was a great deal of deep religion in both nations. That is noted by the wisest of historians, and particularly by Ferguson, who is well worth reading on Roman history. His book is a very creditable book. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman people, notwithstanding the wildness and ferociousness of their nature. They believed that Jupiter Optimus, Jupiter Maximus, was Lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of men, provided they followed his commands; to brave all difficulty, and to stand up with an invincible front—to be ready to do and die; and also to have the same sacred regard to veracity, to promise, to integrity, and all the virtues that surround that noblest quality of man—Courage—to which the Romans gave the name of *virtue*, manhood, as the one thing ennobling for a man. In the literary ages of Rome, that had very much decayed away; still it had retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have a striking proof, if you look for it. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most distinct recognition of the eternal justice of heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories that that has been at the head and foundation of them all. No nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awestricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and an all-wise and all-virtuous Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much (nor did any man either), who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

In our own history, which you will take a great deal of pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find it beyond all others worthy of your study; because I believe that the British nation produced a finer set of men than you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world. I don't know in any history of Greece or Rome where you will get an Oliver Cromwell. And we have had men worthy of memory in our little corner of the island here, and our history has been connected with world history—for, if you examine well, you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution would never have taken place in England at all had it not been for that Scotchman. That is an authentic fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part. And it is very possible, if you look at the struggle that was going on in England, as I have had to do in my time, you will see that people were overawed with the immense impediments lying in the way. A small minority of God-fear-

ing men in the country were flying away, with any ship they could get, to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They dared not confront the powers with their most just complaint to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they understood to be the will of God ; and there could be no aim more legitimate. However, they could not have got their desire fulfilled at all if John Knox had not succeeded by the firmness and nobleness of his mind. For he is also of the select of the earth to me—John Knox. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among modern nations, should have been sneered at and abused by people. Knox was heard by Scotland—the people heard him with the marrow of their bones—they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. “We must have it,” they said. It was at that time the Puritan struggle arose in England, and you know well that the Scottish Earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse Hill, and sat down there ; and just in the course of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on the top of Dunse Hill—thirty thousand armed men, drilled for that occasion, each regiment around its landord, its Earl, or whatever he might be called, and eager for Christ’s Crown and Covenant. That was the signal for all England rising up into unappeasable determination to have the gospel there also, and you know it went on and came to be a contest whether the Parliament or the King should rule—whether it should be old formalities and use and wont, or something that had been of new conceived in the souls of men—namely, a divine determination to walk according to the laws of God here, as the sum of all prosperity—which of these should have the mastery ; and after a long, long agony of struggle, it was decided—the way we know.

I should say also of that Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell’s—notwithstanding the abuse it has encountered, and the denial of everybody that it was able to get on in the world, and so on—it appears to me to have been the most salutary thing in the modern history of England on the whole. If Oliver Cromwell had continued it out, I don’t know what it would have come to. It would have got corrupted perhaps in other hands, and could not have gone on ; but it was pure and true to the last fibre in his mind—there was truth in it when he ruled over it. Well Oliver Cromwell’s Protectorate, or Dictatorate if you will, lasted for about ten years, and you will find that nothing that was contrary to the laws of heaven was allowed to live by Oliver. For example, it was found by his Parliament, called “Barebones”—the most zealous of all Parliaments probably, that the Court of Chancery in England was in a state really capable of no apology—no man could get up and say that that was a right court. There were, I think, fifteen thousand, or fifteen hundred—I really don’t remember which, but we shall call it by the last—there were fifteen hundred cases lying in it undecided ; and one of them, I remember, for a large amount of money, was eighty-three years old, and it was going on still. Wigs were waving over it, and lawyers were taking their fees, and there was no end of it, upon which the Barebones people, after deliberation about it, thought it was expedient, and commanded by the Author of Man and the Fountain of Justice, and for the True and Right, to abolish the court. Really, I don’t know who could have dissented from that opinion. At the same time, it was thought by those who were wiser, and had more experience of the world, that it was a very dangerous thing, and would never suit at all. The lawyers began to make an immense noise about it. All the public, the great mass of solid and well-disposed people who had got no deep insight into such matters, were very adverse to it ; and the president of it—old Sir Francis Brouncker—who translated the Psalms—

those that we sing every Sunday in the Church yet—a very good man and a wise man—the Provost of Eton—he got the minority, or I don't know whether or no he did not persuade the majority—he, at any rate, got a great number of the Parliament to go to Oliver the Dictator, and lay down their functions altogether, and declare officially with their signature on Monday morning that the Parliament was dissolved. The thing was passed on Saturday night, and on Monday morning Rouse came and said, “We cannot carry on the affair any longer, and we remit it into the hands of your Highness.” Oliver in that way became Protector a second time. I give you this as an instance that Oliver felt that the Parliament that had been dismissed had been perfectly right with regard to Chancery, and that there was no doubt of the propriety of abolishing Chancery, or reforming it in some way. He considered it, and this is what he did. He assembled sixty of the wisest lawyers in England. Happily, there were men great in the law—men who valued the laws as much as anybody does now, I suppose. Oliver said to them—Go and examine this thing, and in the name of God inform me what is necessary to be done with regard to it; see how we may clean out the foul things in it that render it poison to everybody. Well, they sat down then, and in the course of six weeks—there was no public speaking then, no reporting of speeches, and no trouble of any kind; there was just the business in hand—they got sixty propositions fixed in their minds of the things that required to be done. And upon these sixty propositions, Chancery was reconstructed and remodelled, and so it has lasted to our time. It had become a nuisance, and could not have continued much longer. This is an instance of the manner in which things were done when a Dictatorship prevailed in the country, and that was what the Dictator did. Upon the whole, I do not think that, in general, out of common history books, you will ever get into the real history of this country, or anything particular which it would beseech you to know. You may read ingenious and clever books by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do other than express my respect for. But their position is essentially sceptical. Man is unhappily in that condition that he will make only a temporary explanation of anything, and you will not be able, if you are like the man, to understand how this island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous inaptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want, you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions. I remember getting Collins’ “Peerage” to read—a very poor peerage as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity—I was writing on Oliver Cromwell at the time. I could get no biographical dictionary, and I thought the peerage book would help me, at least tell me whether people were old or young, and about all persons concerned in the actions about which I wrote. I got a great deal of help out of poor Collins. He was a diligent and dark London bookseller of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of treasury chests, archives, books that were authentic, and all kinds of things out of which he could get the information he wanted. He was a very meritorious man. I not only found the solution of anything I wanted there, but I began gradually to perceive this immense fact, which I really advise every one of you who read history to look out for and read—if he has not found it—it was that the kings of England from the Norman conquest to the times of Charles the First had appointed, so far as they knew, those who deserved to be appointed peers. They were royal men, with minds full of justice and valour and humanity, and all kinds of qualities that are good for men who have to rule over others. Then their genealogy was remarkable—and there is a great deal more in genealogies than is generally believed at present. I never heard tell of any clever man that came out of entirely stupid people. It goes for a great deal—the hereditary principle in government as in other things;

and it must be recognised so soon as there is any fixity in things. You will remark that, if at any time the genealogy of a peerage fails—if the man that actually holds the peerage is a fool in these earnest striking times, the man gets into mischief, gets into treason—gets himself extinguished altogether, in fact. From these documents of old Collins, it seems that a peer conducts himself in a solemn, good, pious, manly kind of way when he takes leave of life, and that he has hospitable habits, and is valiant in his procedure throughout; and when in general a king, with a noble approximation to what was right, had nominated this man, saying, "Come you to me, sir; come out of the common level of the people, where you are liable to be trampled upon; come here and take a district of country, and make it into your own image more or less; be a king under me, and understand that that is your function," I say this is the most divine thing that a human being can do to other human beings, and no kind of being whatever has so much of the character of God Almighty's divine government as that thing we see that went all over England, and that is the grand soul of England's history. It is historically true that down to the time of Charles I. it was not understood that any man was made a peer without having merit in him proper for a peerage. In Charles I.'s time, it grew to be known or said that if a man was by birth a gentleman and was worth £10,000, and bestowed his gifts up and down among courtiers, he could be made a peer. Under Charles II. it went on with still more rapidity, and has been going on with ever-increasing velocity until we see the perfect breakneck pace at which they are going now. Now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in those old times. But I must turn to another branch of the subject.

One remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense—you will find that there is a division of good books and bad books; there is a good kind of a book and a bad kind of a book. I am not to assume that you are all very ill acquainted with this; but I may remind you that it is a very important consideration at present. It casts aside altogether the idea that people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I entirely call that in question. I even venture to deny it. It would be much safer and better would he have no concern with books at all than with some of them. You know these are my views. There are a number, an increasing number, of books that are to him decidedly not useful. But he will learn also that a certain number of books were written by a supreme, noble kind of people; not a very great number, but a great number adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are, like men's souls, divided into sheep and goats. Some of them are calculated to be of very great advantage in forwarding the teaching of all generations. Others are going down, down, doing more and more and wilder and wilder mischief. And for the rest, in regard to all your studies here, and whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledges, that you are going to get higher in technical perfections and all that sort of thing. A higher aim lies at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary, for speaking pursuits—the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom, namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round about you, and the habit of behaving with justice and wisdom. In short, great is wisdom; great is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated. The highest achievement of man—"Blessed is he that getteth understanding." And that, I believe, occasionally may be missed very

easily; but never more easily than now, I think. If that is a failure all is a failure. Oh, I ought to have said in regard to book reading, if it be so very important, how very useful would an excellent library be in every university. I hope that will not be neglected by those gentlemen who have charge of you, and indeed I am happy to hear that your library is very much improved since I knew it; and I hope it will go on improving more and more. You require money to do that, and you require also judgment in the selection of the books, pious insight into what is really for the advantage of human souls, and the exclusion of all kinds of clap-trap books which merely excite the astonishment of foolish people. Wise books—as much as possible, good books. There appears to be a great demand for endowments, an assiduous and praiseworthy industry for getting new funds collected for encouraging the ingenuous youth of universities, especially in this the chief university of the country. Well, I entirely participate in everybody's approval of the movement. It is very desirable. It should be responded to, and one expects most assuredly will. At least, if it is not it will be shameful to Scotland, which never was so rich in money as at the present moment, and never stood so much in need of getting noble universities to counteract many influences that are springing up alongside of money. It should not be backward in coming forward in the way of endowments, at least in rivalry to our rude old barbarous ancestors, as we have been pleased to call them. Such munificence as theirs is beyond all praise, to whom I am sorry to say we are not yet by any manner of means equal or approaching equality. There is an overabundance of money, and sometimes I cannot help thinking that probably never has there been at any other time in Scotland the hundredth part of the money that now is, or even the thousandth part, for wherever I go there is that gold-nuggeting, that prosperity. Money was never so abundant; and is nothing that is good to be done with it? No man knows, or very few men know, what benefit to get out of money. In fact, it too often is secretly a curse. Much better for him never to have had any. But I do not expect that generally to be believed. Nevertheless, I should think it a beautiful relief to many a man that has an honest purpose struggling in him, to bequeath a handsome house of refuge, so to speak, for some meritorious man who may hereafter be born into the world, to enable him a little to get on in his way. To do, in fact, as those old Norman kings whom I have described to you—to raise a man out of the mud and dirt where he is getting trampled, unworthily on his part, into some kind of position where he may acquire the power to do some good in his generation. I hope that as much as possible will be done in that way; that efforts will not be relaxed till the thing is in a satisfactory state. At the same time, in regard to the classical department of things, it is to be desired that it were properly supported; that we could allow people to go and devote more leisure possibly to the cultivation of particular departments. We might have more of this in Scotch universities than we have. I am bound to say, however, that it does not appear as if of late times endowment was the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people for endowments on the face of the earth in their universities, and it is a remarkable fact that since the time of Bentley you cannot name anybody that has gained a great name in scholarship amongst them, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way. The man that did that is a man worthy of being remembered amongst men, although he was a poor man, and not endowed with worldly wealth. One man that actually did constitute a revolution was the son of a poor weaver in Saxony, who edited his "Tibullus" in Dresden, in the room of a poor comrade, and who, while he was editing his "Tibullus," had to gather his peascod shells in the street, and boil them for his dinner. That was his endowment. But he was recognized soon to have done a great thing. His name was Heyne. I remember it was quite a revolution in my mind when I got hold of that

man's book on Virgil. I found that for the first time I understood him; that he had introduced me into an insight of Roman life, and pointed out the circumstances in which these were written; and here was interpretation, and it has gone on in all manner of development, and has spread out into other countries.

Upon the whole, there is one reason why endowments are not given now as they were in old days, when they founded abbeys, colleges, and all kinds of things of that description, with such success, as we know. All that has changed now. Why that has decayed away may in part be that people have become doubtful that colleges are now the real sources of that which I call wisdom; whether they are anything more—anything much more—than a cultivating of man in the specific arts. In fact, there has been a suspicion of that kind in the world for a long time. That is an old saying, an old proverb, "An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy." There is a suspicion that a man is, perhaps, not nearly so wise as he looks, or because he has poured out speech so copiously. The seven free arts on which the old universities were based came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for or to promote the wants of modern society; though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us. There has arisen a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, though he may be a great speaker, an eloquent orator, yet there is no real substance there—nothing that was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the "ologies" and so on, and are apparently totally ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking—above all things, not taught what is necessary to be known from the highest to the lowest—strict obedience, humility, and correct moral conduct. Oh, it is a dismal chapter, all that, if one went into it. What has been done by rushing after fine speech? I have written down some fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I would wish them to be now,—but they are deeply my conviction. There is great necessity, indeed, of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me the finest nations of the world—the English and the American—are going all away into wind and tongue. But it will appear sufficiently tragical by-and-bye, long after I am away out of it. Silence is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than any other, pertinent to his interests, without maintaining silence. "Watch the tongue" is a very old precept, and a most true one. I do not want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any one of you. I consider it a very graceful and proper thing for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes, and to know all his excellences. At the same time I must say that speech does not seem to me, on the whole, to have been turned to almost any good account. Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker, if it is not the truth that he is speaking?

These considerations, and manifold more connected with them, innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this moment, have led many people to doubt the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not mean to say it should be entirely excluded; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers, and remain worse than it was. For, if a good speaker—an eloquent speaker—is not speaking the truth, is there a more horrid kind of object in creation? Of such speech I hear all manner and kind of people say it is excellent; but I care very little about how he said it, provided I understand it, and it be true. Excellent speaker! but what if he is telling me things that are untrue, that are not the fact about it—if he has formed a wrong judgment about it—if he has no judgment in

his mind to form a right conclusion in regard to the matter? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying—"Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true, come hither." I would recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech. Well, all that being the too well-known products of our method of vocal education—the mouth merely operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way—it has made a great many thinking men entertain a very great distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure, and they have longed for some practical way of working out the business. I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of reading that you may be recommended to take and try, if you can study, is a book by Goethe—one of his last books, which he wrote when he was an old man about seventy years of age—I think one of the most beautiful he ever wrote; full of mild wisdom, and found to be very touching by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. It is one of the pieces in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*.^{*} I read it through many years ago; and, of course, I had to read into it very hard when I was translating it. And it has always dwelt in my mind as about the most remarkable bit of writing that I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said, there are ten pages of that book which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written than all the books that have appeared since I came into the world. Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there! They turn on the Christian religion, and the religious phenomena of Christian life; altogether sketched out in the most airy, graceful, delicately wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon. Among others, he introduces in an aerial, flighty-kind of way, here and there a touch which grows into a beautiful picture; a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what they have to do. Three of the wisest men that can be got are met to consider what is the function which transcends all others in importance to build up the young generation, which shall be free from all that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down, and clogging every step, and which is the only thing we can hope to go on with if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse for our having been in it, for those who are to follow. The man who is the eldest of the three says to Goethe—"You give by nature to the well-formed children you bring into the world a great many precious gifts, and very frequently these are best of all developed by nature herself, with a very slight assistance where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and forbearance very often on the part of the overlooker of the process of education; but there is one thing that no child brings into the world with it, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, says: "What is that?" "All who enter the world want it," says the eldest; "perhaps you yourself." Wilhelm says—"Well, tell me what it is?" "It is," says the eldest, "Reverence." *Ehrfurcht* "Reverence!"—"Honour done to those who are grander and better than you, without fear; distinct from fear." *Ehrfurcht*—"The soul of all religion that ever has been among men, or ever will be." He distinguishes the kinds of religion that are in the world, and he makes out three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations, to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven, and they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions; there is nothing better in man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us or about us—reverence for our equals, to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us—to recognise

^{*} See Carlyle's "Miscellanies," Vol. I., article "Goethe," pp. 233-243; also, *Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre*, x. and xi.

in pain, sorrow, and contradiction, even in those things, odious as they are to flesh and blood—to learn that there lies in these a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion—the *highest of all religions*—a height, as Goethe says—and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider—a height to which the human species was fated and enabled to attain, and from which, having once attained it, it can never retrograde. It cannot descend down below that permanently, Goethe's idea is. Often one thinks it was good to have a faith of that kind: that always, even in the most degraded, sunken, and unbelieving times, there will be found some few souls that will recognize what they meant; and that the world, having once received it, there is no fear of its retrograding. He goes on then to tell us the way in which they seek to teach boys—in the sciences particularly, for whatever the boy is fit for. Wilhelm left his own boy there, expecting they would make him a master of arts, or something of the kind; and when he comes back for him, he sees a thundering cloud of dust coming over the plain, of which he could make nothing. It turned out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads who had a turn for hunting with their grooms. His own son was among them; and he found that the breaking of colts was the thing he was most suited for. This is what Goethe calls art, which I should not make clear to you by any definition unless it is clear already. I would not attempt to define it as music, painting, poetry, and so on; it is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets, and music men, would not pass muster. He considers *that* the highest pitch to which human culture can go; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about with men who have a turn for it. Very wise and beautiful it is. It gives one an idea that something greatly better is possible for man in the world. I confess it seems to me it is a shadow of what will come, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is perfectly tragical; some kind of scheme of education like that, presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance—a training in practicality at every turn; no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among us. For rarely should men speak at all unless it is to say that thing that is to be done; and let him go and do his part in it, and say no more about it. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as that of getting a set of men gathered together—rough, rude, and ignorant people. Gather them together, promise them a shilling a-day; rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill; and by bullying and drill—for the word drill seems as if it meant the treatment that would force them to learn—they learn what is necessary, and there is the man—a piece of an animated machine; a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go and obey one man, and walk into the cannon's mouth for him, and do anything whatever that is commanded him by his general officer. And, I believe, all manner of things in this way could be done if there were anything like the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented and organized into the mute system of education that Goethe evidently adumbrates there. I believe, when people look into it, it will be found that they will not be very long in trying to make some efforts in that direction; for the saving of human labour, and the avoidance of human misery, would be uncountable if it were set about and begun even in part. Alas! it is painful to think how very far away it is—any fulfilment of such things; for I need not hide from you, young gentlemen, that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world; and I don't think you will find it improve the footing you have, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved of, and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognize as advantages.

But you will find the ways of the world more anarchical than ever, I think. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were; hotter and hotter the wind rises around everything. Curious to say, now in Oxford and other places that used to seem to lie at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humour of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are getting afloat. It is evident that whatever is not made of asbestos will have to be burned in this world. We are in an epoch of anarchy—anarchy *plus* the constable. There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up. But in every other thing he is the son, not of Cosmos, but of Chaos. He is a disobedient, and reckless, and altogether a waste kind of object—a commonplace man in these epochs; and the wiser kind of man—the select, of whom I hope you will be part—has more and a sore time to it to look forward to, and will require to move with double wisdom; and will find, in short, that the crooked things that he has to pull straight in his own life or round about, wherever he may be, are manifold, and will task all his strength wherever he may go. But why should I complain of that, either, for that is the thing a man is born to in all epochs? He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him in doing the work he finds he is fit for—to stand it out to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get—which we are perfectly sure of if we have merited it—is that we have got the work done, or, at least, that we have tried to do the work; for that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say there is not very much more reward than that going in *this* world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he have ten thousand pounds, or ten million pounds, or seventy pounds, a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find very little real difference intrinsically, if he is a wise man. I warmly second the advice of the wisest of men—"Don't be ambitious; don't be at all too desirous of success; be loyal and modest." Cut down the proud towering thoughts that you get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the planet just now. Finally, gentlemen, I have one advice to give you which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one. It is in the middle of your zeal and ardour; for such, I believe, will be in you sufficient, in spite of all counsels to moderate it that I can give. I have no doubt you will have among you people ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high; and you are to consider throughout much more than is done at present (what would have been a very great thing if I had been able to consider) that health is a thing to be attended to continually—that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What are nuggets and millions? The French financier said, "Alas! why is there no sleep to be sold?" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation. It is a curious thing that I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for "holy" in the German language—*heilig*—also means "healthy." And so *heilbrunn* means "holy-well," or "healthy-well." We have it in the Scotch hale; and, I suppose, our English word whole—with a "w"—all of one piece, without any hole in it—is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what "holy" really is than "healthy"—"completely healthy." *Mens sana in corpore sano*. A man with his intellect, a clear, plain, geometric mirror, brilliantly sensitive of all objects and impressions around it, and imagining all things in their correct proportions—not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation—healthy, clear, and free, and all seeing round about him. We never can attain that at all. In fact,

the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual work—if you are going to write a book—at least I never could—without getting decidedly made ill by it, and really you must if it is your business—and you must follow out what you are at—and it sometimes is at the expense of health. Only remember at all times to get back as fast as possible out of it into health, and regard the real equilibrium as the centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means holy, and holy means healthy. Well, that old etymology, what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, unæsthetic people, that have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house! It has indeed got all the ugly things in it that I have been alluding to; but there is an eternal sky over it, and the blessed sunshine, verdure of spring, and rich autumn, and all that in it too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy in moderation what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with old Knox. If you look into him you will find a beautiful Scotch humour in him, as well as the grimest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it—not in sorrow or contradiction to yield, but push on towards the goal; and do not suppose that people are hostile to you in the world. You will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world is obstructing you, more or less; but you will find that to be, because the world is travelling in a different way from you, and rushing on in its own path. Each man has only an extremely good will to himself, which he has a right to have, and is moving on towards his object. Keep out of literature as a general rule, I should say, also. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you, in a word that you consider to be un hospitable and cruel—as often, indeed, happens to a tender-hearted, stirring young creature—you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you, and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed to you. I will wind up with a small bit of verse from Goethe, that has often gone through my mind. To me it has the tone of a *modern psalm* in it, in some measure. It is sweet and clear—the clearest of sceptical men had not anything like so clear a mind as that man had—freer from cant and misdirected notion of any kind than any man in these ages has been. This is what the poet says. It is a kind of marching music of mankind—

“ The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow:
We press still thorow:
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us;—Onward!

“ And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal:
Goal of all mortal:
Stars silent rest o'er us—
Graves under us silent.

“ While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error;
Perplexing the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

“ But heard are the voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The works and the Ages:
‘ Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

“ ‘ Here eyes do regard you
In Eternity's stillness:
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you:
Work, and despair not.’ ”

One last word. *Wir heissen euch hoffen*—We bid you be of hope. Adieu for this time.

The Reviewer.

Jehovah's Jewels. By Rev. JOHN LEECHMAN, M.A., LL.D.
London: Elliot Stock.

THIS series of sermons is got up in grand, effective style, the publisher in this doing more than the author. We have in the book five chapters, with an introduction on jewels and their typical signification. The contents of the chapters are, 1, the origin of Jehovah's Jewels; 2, their value; 3, their beauty; 4, their use; 5, their destiny. The thought does not seem to us to flow freely in these chapters; there is a straining after a meaning; and there is a want of consistency of metaphor which partially destroys the pleasure of their perusal. Here and there jewel-sparkles are seen, but that rarely. We have not been able to see much in them above the average run of sermons; and though the matter they contain is often forcibly put, we feel so inconvenienced by the title and its implication, that we look for a succession and collections of brilliancies such as we do not find. "*Jehovah's Jewels*" errs by being over-ambitious in aim, without due attention to true splendour of polish in execution. We think they may be read with advantage; we do not feel that they can give much delight in the perusal, whatever they may have done in the delivery.

Diamond Dust. By ELIZA COOK. London: F. Pitman.

ELIZA Cook has done good service to humanity by her skill and effectiveness in "setting our English life to music." Her poetry is a living and vital thing. It moves and stirs with the pulses of an active eager interest in the every-day occurrences of modern social existence. Her first volume of poems which appeared in her twenty-third year, in 1840, was received with much delight, and she rose into great favour. In 1849 she began "*Eliza Cook's Journal*," which attained considerable popularity. From that she has published "*Jottings*;" and we opine—if memory is not serving us a scurvy trick—that a good deal of the best matter in the pages of this exquisitely got-up collection of laconic gems has met our eyes before in the columns of *The Dispatch* newspaper, and in the odd corners of the aforesaid *Journal*. They do not all seem to be, though many of them are original. Most of them are happily expressed, many of them have the briskness of wit, and more still the beauty of poetry. Taken as topics of thought, or used as furnishings for the mind in conversation, they could not fail to be useful. Altogether, in outer respect and in inner value, it is "a thing of beauty," and should be "a joy for ever."

God's Week of Work. By EVAN LEWIS, B.A. London:
F. Pitman.

THE Rev. Evan Lewis, B.A., of the Oak Street Independent Chapel, Accrington, is a gentleman of original mind, great activity of genius, and ingenuity of conception. He is both full and ready of thought, and he has a brisk adaptability of style which ensures attention. This book contains "an examination of the Mosaic six days in relation to natural and physical science; together with an exposition of Genesis i., and ii. 1—4; and a new translation." It had originally the form of a Lecture to the Sunday School Union, delivered at Blackburn, in which hundred, in Lancashire, Accrington is situated, but it has grown and developed into a thesis of great value on the Mosaic narrative of the creation; in which preceding hypotheses have been analysed and criticised, and in which a new method of reconciliation between science and revelation is proposed. The whole is well and instructively managed, and many treatises issued at half-a-guinea contain less original thought and dependable scientific learning than this shilling *brochure* presents to its readers. Whether the thoughtful reader accepts the foundation thought or not—for who can rightly unravel the secret of the Infinite in his workings!—he will find recompense in its perusal for the money spent, and, what is of more consequence, for the time employed.

We quote the following passage as a specimen, and as an enticement to our readers to acquire the book.

"I have often fancied Adam, after his expulsion [from Eden], climbing up some lofty hill with the first dawn of morning, that he might gaze once more upon those lovely scenes, from which, for ever, he had been banished. While thus alone, with his heart full of sorrow for his sin, he would wonder how that beautiful garden with all its living tenants—animals and plants—how he himself and his lovely partner, were brought into being. God, in pity, gave him by revelation what he never could have found by any process of discovery.

"Wearied with gazing on the distant paradise, as the last crimson rays of a setting sun turned its verdant lawns to purple fields, he closed his eyes and went to sleep. His waking thoughts disturbed his unconscious slumber, and he dreamed a dream. He saw a tract of land, with the atmosphere above, thick with clouds and smoke. He saw it dimly, for the night was dark. Waters flowed amidst the desolations, and the wind blew strongly. He heard a voice command—"Let there be light." The scene was lighted up. It then grew dark, and then grew light again. The light was day, the darkness was night. He heard again a voice cry forth—"Let there be a firmament!" and the vapour rose from the surface of the scene and formed thick, dark clouds above. That picture passed away amid the gloom of night, that another might appear with the cheerful dawn of morn. The land and water were now apart, and grass and corn-plants, and glorious trees, with pendent fruit, made the landscape look like the happy Eden from which he had lately been expelled. This scene, too, passed away, but passed to reappear more finished than before. The scene had now a sun, and the orb of day moved on across the picture and vanished out of sight, leaving darkness to occupy, and for a time to keep its place. But, by and by, a silver moon was seen to float along the sky, attended by clusters of glittering stars, making night more glorious than the

day. Silently they moved across the scene and vanished out of sight. The eastern hills glowed again with golden rays, and again the sun arose. A voice cried forth from the high behests of heaven, and the four rivers of Eden were filled with fish, both great and small—some made for beauty, and some for use—and the garden groves became a scene of life, and a source of melody, as the feathered tribes tuned their voices, and raised to God their early praise. The scene was darkened once again, and once again was lighted up. Cattle now were seen, and a host of smaller animals, and finally man came forth, the king and lord of all. The night again closed up the scene, and hastened on the day of rest. Adam thought he was in the garden still, and that his sin was but a dream. A thrill of joy made his heart leap within him. This awoke him from his sleep, but the dream was fixed upon his memory.

"Late at night he came to sorrowing Eve, and told her the wonders he had seen—the lessons he had learnt. He made a record of his dream in the form of poetry, to inform the world of the way in which Paradise was made, its teeming population brought to being, and man, the mightiest proof of creative skill and goodness, ushered in. Moses found the record, and placed it in his book."

Life's Everlasting Victory. By Rev. W. K. MOORE, M.A.
London: James Nisbet.

THIS book is of far more than ordinary worth. There are twenty-one chapters in it and a few poems. The chapters are not sermons, but serious contemplations; and they a good deal more resemble the essayists of the early part of the seventeenth century than the recreations of a country parson, to which they are very much superior in variety of thought, terse compactness of style, and fine fluency of imagination, with reflection. They are distinguished too by an entire absence of pretentiousness. They affect us more as a sort of compound of Addison, De Quincy and Channing. We have the purity of the first, with the rich allusiveness of the second, and the popular sympathy with freedom of thought and manliness of life of the third. Many of them we have perused with exquisite pleasure; and all of them with a feeling of loving regard for the author, of whom, however, we know nothing except through this book. The style is chaste and rich, fluent yet full, fragrant and bracing. In it the light of the sky is thrown upon the grave, and the sunlight of a golden morn in eternity is cast through the gloom of the shroud, the pall, the coffin, and the life of which these form the closing drapery and dress.

One brief extract we present, not as a specimen, but as an indication of the worth of its contents,—

"We doubled the Cape and bore away for St. Helena with a steady wind over a bright sea. It was a fine evening as we neared the rocky island, and wore the ship round the beetling cliff, till we gained the western harbour. As the sunlight died away, and the shadows deepened, we could almost see in fancy the grey shade of the imperial warrior standing with folded arms on the verge of some wall of rock that rose high and sheer out of the blue depth of ocean. . . . How marvellous is the history of this astonishing man! How few names of the great and gifted in the roll of time can be ranked with his! The grasp of his intellect, the force of his character, the strength of his determination, his knowledge of men,

and power of making them fit instruments for his will, his self-reliance under the most crushing circumstances, the terror his name inspired, the effect his life has left ; these things not only sever him from the herd of common men, but give him a place of peculiar eminence among the sons of fame. How great was his capacity for civil administration, with what skill could he draw forth the resources, and organise the machinery of government, and above all what brilliant successes did he achieve in the field against overwhelming odds, and what names of victory did he inscribe on the banners of his legions ! The sun of his success reached its zenith, and it was whispered that, with the divorce of the spouse of his young days, his fortunes would begin to wane. His finest appointed army came back from Russia a broken rout, leaving thousands of the bravest buried in her treacherous snows. Then followed Leipsic's fatal day. Meanwhile in Spain, a prudent general had been training an army to war and victory, as the young Roman patrician had done before him. Hannibal met Scipio at Zama, and the kindred genius of Napoleon found Wellington at Waterloo ; and in either case wary, stubborn courage achieved a crowning victory. What a field was that which wound up the long series of Napoleon's battles ? The splendid array of the rival armies on the opposing heights ; the terrific cannonade, and magnificent charges of earth's finest cavalry ; the whirlpool of war round the old chateau and its orchard ; the squares that yielded not to the showers of grape that mowed down their sides, nor steeds that plunged wildly at their bayonets ; the heavy columns of the last attack coming on, dark, steady, full of pride and defiance, the deadly volleys that checked their career ; the enthusiasm of the final charge ; the victory, the flight, the bitter unrelenting pursuit ;—these constitute a day of which, with its issues, the world has never seen the like. There ended Napoleon's power, the spell with which he was wont to charm had gone from him, gone for ever, and years were left him only to fret within his narrow bounds, and wear away his heart in useless chafings. Perhaps no instance in history so strikingly affects the mind in its disastrous change of fortune as this of the great French emperor. The astonishing elevation he had attained brings out in stronger contrast the depth to which he fell. But instances of similar sort, though of minor interest, are sufficiently abundant. A law of retribution operates with perpetual presence . . . Sin indeed may have its pleasures, and crime win its successes, but conscience pours a bitter into the prosperous cup which turns it into wormwood. The golden circlet of sovereignty is won, but found to be lined with ever-lacerating thorns. Over the throne hangs suspended the terrifying vision of the suspended sword. Purple robes cover the angust bosom, and down pillows are haunted by evil dreams. The furies born of crime wreak vengeance on its perpetrator. Remorse preys like a vulture on the guilty heart. Princely palaces are filled with spectral shadows. The air of life is filled with the viewless curse. A blush of blood is seen on field and sky, and the accusing voice is heard in breeze and billow. 'The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.'

Quotation is unfair to such a book ; for the variety of its contents cannot be shown, and the manner and matter are so *one*, that each new chapter possesses a fresh charm. It is a book which has been thought rather than written.

The foregoing review possesses a sad, sad interest for us ; because the young, able, and eager-souled literary friend who first called our attention to its worth, even while the notice was being written, passed away from this earth's warfare to "Life's Everlasting Victory." We followed him to his grave in his native parish, and felt

we had one friend less in *this* world. The links at once of love and life are gradually unknit that death may be less unlovely, and the future world grow dearer as well as nearer.

Kings of Society; or, Leaders of Social, Intellectual, and Religious Progress. By Rev. WM. ANDERSON. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS book, by the author of "Self-Made Men," will not increase though it should maintain the reputation that work acquired. That work appealed to all who aspire after intellectual advancement; this concerns more nearly the hearts of those who yearn to effect some moral reformation in themselves or in others, and is devoted in great part "to the formation of sound character and the maintenance of upright conduct." It consists of a series of rapid sketches of the following leaders of the great moral revolutions that have taken place during the Christian era. Luther, the hero of the Reformation; Cromwell, the champion of Puritanism; Robert Raikes, the founder of Sunday schools; William Carey, the pioneer of missions; John Pounds, the originator of ragged schools. It is preceded by a chapter on Christ and Christianity, and closed with one on the voices of the Christian centuries. Young men whose characters require forming or reforming, will find this book full of lessons of inestimable value to them; while those who have the interests of Christianity at heart, will find in it comfort to go onward and to toil upward.

The Topic.

SHOULD THE GOVERNMENT REFORM BILL BE ACCEPTED?

AFFIRMATIVE.

THE Government Reform Bill ought to be accepted: 1st. Because it is honestly and prudently got up; it is the production of a liberal, well-informed government. 2nd. Because it extends the franchise to a large number of the middle and working classes. That the franchise should be thus extended we cannot doubt, when we remember how much better informed these classes are becoming every year, and consequently more able to contribute to the well-being of the nation. They ought to be enfranchised, if even that have

to be done by little and little. 3rd. Because if the government had offered a more extensive franchise, the probability is that they might have endangered, if not ruined, the whole scheme of their present Reform Bill, and thereby have kept reform at a stand-still instead of keeping it progressing, so as to give votes to the labouring classes when they have proved themselves worthy of them. Then let us accept what we have offered.—T. W.

Half a loaf is better than no bread, and an instalment is preferable to no payment; so the little offered may be

—even ought to be—taken as a fore-taste of more.—W. R. C.

Gradual progress is likely to be safe and sound. The experiment proposed would give opportunity for testing the silly lucubrations of the tory revilers; and when it has been proved that the state is not brought to ruin by the seven-pounders, perhaps we may amend the proposed act by reading five for seven and ten for fourteen.—CHARLES R.

Defeat and defy Conservatism by all means; by accepting this bill that may be done.—S. W.

Support Gladstone and Russell, and keep out Disraeli and Stanley. The former are tried friends of the people; the latter are only offering their services to defeat the Government measure, that they may gain a lease of power for the Conservatives. To accept the bill would show moderation, and disprove the allegations of the enemies of reform against the people and the people's friends.—L. M'C.

NEGATIVE.

Reform is a necessity; but to be satisfactory it should be all of a piece. A mere extension of the franchise cannot be satisfactory without some attempt at equalizing the electoral districts and redistributing seats. Fragmentary legislation is the worst of all kinds.—D. W.

It is the first step which costs; and this first step we are asked to take in the dark, unaware of what it may lead to, or whether the legislation of the future will harmonize with that beginning now.—SECURITY.

Legislation by constraint, by threats of dissolution, and by sentimental appeals to factions, is not preferable to legislation by principle, with forethought, and for the friendly settlement of differences.—T. T. B.

To foresee is one of the prime necessities of political safety, yet the government asks the House of Commons to shut its eyes and take a leap in the dark.—S. G.

Scientific progress differs from political progress; the former can proceed from little to more, the latter must be carefully arranged and honestly executed. The Government Reform Bill is a mere makeshift, which satisfies nobody and will settle nothing.—H. J.

If government has a complete scheme ready, why does it object to disclose it? if not, why does it pretend to have any further step in progress? Let us know where we are to be led before we are asked to follow, lest, the first steps being taken, it be too late to retract.—D. M. G.

No, for this parliament is not a test one. It was avowedly elected to carry on the business of the government, not to effect reform. If the Reform Bill is not accepted, we shall have an appeal to the country, and the kind of reform wanted will then be determined by the constituencies. This is preferable to passing the present Reform Bill.—GEORGE TENNANT.

The Government Reform Bill has been brought into a House not earnestly bent on full reform. Its parties are too well matched. Let a fresh appeal be made to the country, and government will find a means not only of giving a whole but wholesome Reform Bill.—PH. GRIESE.

Neither reformers nor Conservatives should accept the government bill, not because it is a half—in fact, scarcely a half—measure, but because it is based on no principle. It is neither founded on class-legislation, right of manhood, nor government by numbers. It is a mere trivial extension of things as they are, given in the hope of continuing the Whig divine right to govern wrong; an invasion of the Conservative camp, to gain by trickery what cannot be got by fair dealing.

Seven is not a sacred number in Britain any more than ten. Let us have a household, a manhood, or an educational franchise, but not a property qualification; property has nothing to do with proper conduct.—T. G. H.

The Societies' Section.

REPORTS OF MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETIES.

EDINBURGH: *Diagnostic Society*.—The jubilee dinner of this society was held recently in the Edinburgh Hotel. Professor D. Masson occupied the chair; and the croupiers were the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, Glasgow; Mr. Watson, advocate; and Mr. J. M. Lees, senior president of the society.

The Chairman, in proposing "The Diagnostic Society," said that on such an occasion as this they were all carried back to their own recollections in connection with this society. A great while ago Aristotle gave a description of the prevailing characteristics of youth as compared with those of middle age and of old age, which to this day, he believed, would be accepted by all who had studied the three stages of life as answering very exactly and precisely to the reality. He spoke of youth as being endowed with great vehemence, great valour, and extreme readiness to execute their valour by their hands; then a large possession of the element of hope, seeing that the future, to which hope referred, was a commodity which young men had more of than older men; then the readiness to be stirred by motives of honour and victory rather than by motives of money; then a great many other characteristics, among which were these—the readiness to associate one with another, and to think well one of another, and to form societies and brotherhoods, and friendships; and he wound up by saying that youth was that state of life when everything was carried to excess, when everything was over-done, for youth was to those who possessed it what wine was to people in older life—youth was a kind of natural drunkenness. This he (Prof. Masson) thought was a very pretty picture, although there were various drawbacks in it. Two thousand years ago young

men in Greece were the same as young men in Britain now. One characteristic of youth which Aristotle fastened upon, connected itself specially with the occasion of the present meeting, the disposition and tendency of young men to form associations and friendships, to meet together, and delight in meeting together, in throwing all they had possessed into the common stock, partaking with each other, admiring with each other, benefiting from each other, and helping each other in every way. He (Prof. Masson) believed that if the history of mankind were studied, some of the most important things that had taken place in the world—perhaps some of the most important movements, intellectual and other, that were presented in the history of the world, would be found to have originated in brotherhoods and societies of young men. There was no telling the amount of force that was generated by a few young men of the same age and same notions, but yet not precisely of the same notions, meeting together and coming to a mutual understanding, swearing mutual fidelity, and, if need be, when they came to agreement, putting themselves shoulder to shoulder, and braving opposition for their common notions. The beginning, the central agency, of every important thing that had taken place, and that would take place, was the agency and machinery of the clique, the combination, the society, especially of those who were young and growing. The desire for association and brotherhood took various forms. One of these, which was a great favourite, was that of the literary and debating society, in connection with which questions were selected for debate, upon which it was possible that there should be an "ay," or a "no."

This was a most important element in all debating societies, for there was no better means of arriving at the truth on disputed points, or of enlarging one's own notions as to what might be said for or against a particular side of the question, than actually engaging in a discussion with some contemporary and coeval on the subject. But he believed that if that element stood alone, the result would be evil, or, at all events, would not be so good as it might be. Nothing seemed to him plainer than that there were many things that men were born for, that the human mind was made to do besides perpetually saying "ay," or "no," upon any set of given questions. He believed that the over-proportion of this habit of mere discussion *pro* and *con* would be to generate a habit and spirit of mere opinionativeness, than which he could conceive nothing more mean nor meagre in the way of human nature. He considered that the debating societies attached to the University, though not formally recognized as a portion of its apparatus, yet formed a most important part of it. Some of these societies were very old and very famous. He need not recall to them the fame of the Speculative Society with which Scott, Horner, Jeffrey, Thomas Brown, Sidney Smith, and he knew not how many more of the most eminent men of that period were connected. The Diagnostic was now fifty years old. He found that it dated from November, 1816, when a society was formed for the purpose of speaking polite literature, by three friends—John Bonnar, John Purves, and James Bonnar. They were long in want of a name. They called themselves the Select Juvenile Society, then the Select Literary Society, next

the Speculating Society, and following that the Gymnasium, until at last they took their present name of the Diagnostic Society. At last, the Society also provided itself with a local habitation, for he found that in November, 1833, they were provided with rooms in the College. Around their table they had a representation of the members of the society in different stages of its existence, and he put it to all whether some of those things in their lives which they recognized now as amongst the most powerful had not faded and come to seem of little significance compared with those old evenings when they met together for discussion, for mutual chaffing, humour, and criticism. In his own case, he could look back to those evenings when he was connected with the Diagnostic as evenings which brought him in contact with men than whom he had never met better nor abler; as times when he had poured into him ideas and notions, and was struck by various impulses which had not ceased to be operative yet—it might be partly because he was impulsive and perceptive, because in the time of youth, to return to what he started with, they were all under the influence of natural drunkenness. When one looked back he felt that even the very skies were of a deeper blue; the very snows and storms were whiter and more blustering; the very grass was greener; and that everything came with an energy and vehemence that was lacking at the present time; and while every meeting of friends for real intellectual enjoyment was by young men a thing to be looked forward to, every such meeting when it was passed was not to be looked back upon without liking and without inordinate zest.

The Inquirer.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

616. We have lately read that in one of the cathedrals of England there rests one on whose stone there is the

solitary word "Miserrimus,"—most miserable; this inscription being in accordance with the direction of the departed. Will some gentleman kindly say whose

is the stone referred to, and in what cathedral it is to be found?—S. S.

617. In works on phrenology there is frequent mention made of *The Phrenological Journal*; can any reader of the *British Controversialist* give me any particulars of the Journal? Who are the publishers? and is it published now?—E. C. D.

618. Are there any good books written on the beneficial effects, and any on the pernicious effects, of works of fiction?—X. W. O. F.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

575. The following are a few of the chief contributors to the *Philological Museum*, viz., Julius Charles Hare, editor, author of "The Mission of the Comforter" (1795-1855). Henry Fynes Clinton (1781-1852), Connop Thirlwall, Bishop of St. David's (b. 1797), Sir G. C. Lewis (1806-63), Walter S. Lander (1775-1864). Wm. Whewell (1795-1866), John Mitchell Kemble, John Keble (1790-1866), Henry Alford (b. 1810), T. F. Ellis author of "Outlines of General History" in the library of the U. K. S., &c. It will be seen from these names that it contains valuable matter.—R. M. A.

582. Sydney Dobell is alive; he was, we believe, wintering in Italy.—N.

584. The following extract may perhaps gratify S. S.:—"The reader has frequently heard this reverend son of the Church mentioned: probably his name may have outlived the recollection of his pious manœuvres; he was in his principles a Sixtus the Fifth. The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a Papist under the reign of Henry the Eighth, and a Protestant under Edward the Sixth; he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the gown was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat and an unconstant changeling, as Fuller expresses it, he replied, 'Not so neither! For, if I changed my religion I am sure I kept true to my principle, which is to live and die the vicar of

Bray!' This vivacious and reverend hero has given birth to a proverb peculiar to his county, 'The vicar of Bray will be the vicar of Bray still.' Fuller tells us in his facetious chronicle of his "Worthies," that this vicar had seen some martyrs burned two miles off at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. He was one of those who, though they cannot turn the wind, will turn their mills, and set them so that wheresoever it bloweth their grist shall certainly be grinded."—The foregoing paragraph is taken from Isaac Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," vol. ii. p. 232.—R. M. A.

588. We believe S. N. intends to notice soon the life thoughts and works of Herbert Spencer.—H. T.

591. C. D. Cleveland, in 1853, issued an edition of Milton's works in New York, which contained valuable dissertations, notes, &c., index of subjects, verbal index, &c. It is singularly well-suited for study, and it has recently been reissued, revised. A British edition is in the press. In 1695, Patrick Hume, a schoolmaster in London, published "Annotations on Milton's 'Paradise Lost,'" which are remarkable as being the earliest attempts at comparative criticism in our country. A Scotch lawyer, John Cullender (d. 1789), bequeathed to the Scottish Antiquaries' Society, nine MSS. folio volumes of "Annotations of Milton's Paradise Lost," of which we believe those on Book I. were published. A good many of the matters contained in this book coincide with those in Hume's work. "Poeticus" might read the "Adamus Exul" of Grotius, in the translation of F. Barham, the "Alist" as being cognate with if not the immediate suggester of Milton's epic; also the literal translation of "Caedmon," the Anglo-Saxon cowherd's poem, issued in 1832, by B. Thorpe, for the "London Society of Antiquaries," or T. Wright's analysis of the poem in his "Biography of British Literature," which shows that there is a remarkable resemblance between some of "Caedmon's" and Milton's conceptions.—S. N.

596. Messrs. W. and R. Chambers have published a work on German Literature, which is pretty fairly compiled, but perhaps the best popular synopsis is Metcalf's "History of German Literature, based on the German work of Wilmar," London, Longmans.—R. M. A.

603. We would direct the attention of "Inquirer" to a paper entitled, "Geology; its Progress and Limits as a Science," contained in the "British and Foreign Evangelical Review" for April, 1866. It is from the pen of a gentleman who has been diligently and successfully engaged in toiling upwards in the scientific walks of life. We can scarcely be said to be violating any confidence in saying that its author, William Carruthers, Esq., F.L.S., one of the Curators of the British Museum, is a gentleman whose claims to a hearing on scientific questions will be generally

admitted. He has been engaged as one of the contributors to "Maunder's Botanical Treasury;" he is, we believe, editor of one of the popular scientific journals of the day; and is an extensive general as well as scientific contributor to Chambers's "Encyclopædia." His contributions to periodicals are numerous. He was a favourite and successful extra-university lecturer on botany, geology, &c., in Edinburgh, where he won the esteem of many. We know him to be inquiring, thoughtful, and diligent in the acquirement of information. He is an able lecturer, and writes in a pleasant style. After reading this paper "Inquirer" may know the place in geology his query holds, and may decide whether that question can be best settled by science, history, or inspiration.—S. N.

Literary Notes.

THERE is a strong probability of the passing of an international copyright law with Great Britain by the U. S. Congress.

Mr. P. Irving, the nephew-biographer of Washington Irving, will soon publish two vols. of hitherto uncollected writings of that author, entitled "Spanish Papers."

Mr. R. Harrison, of the London Library, is preparing a biography of Mr. John Black, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. It will be a singular account of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, self-help, and toiling upward.

Mr. Halket, keeper of the advocates' library, Edinburgh, is understood to be engaged upon a key to the anonymous writings of English literature.

A complete edition of the "Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson" is in preparation for the English market.

The paper which recently appeared in the *Westminster Review*, on Lord Palmerston has been republished separately. It is from the pen of an old contributor to that journal—Robert Harrison, of the London Library.

Omar Pacha is about to rival Napoleon III., whose "Life of Cæsar" he will oppose by a "Life of Alexander the Great."

F. T. Palgrave is to edit (the *Globe*) Sir Walter Scott's "Poems."

E. H. Plumptre, translator of "Sophocles," as Boyle lecturer, has undertaken to discourse on "The Life of Christ."

Dr. B. G. Babington, F.R.S., author of "The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology," &c., died 8th April.

"The History of Julius Cæsar" is now definitely announced for May.

"The Journal of a Playgoer," by Professor H. Morley, is announced.

Victor Hugo has in hand a drama founded on the

"Days when Ferdinand
And Isabella ruled the Spanish land,
And TORQUEMADA, with his subtle
brain,
Ruled them, as grand inquisitor of
Spain."

C. H. Cooper, author of "Annals" and "Memorials" of Cambridge, died March 20th.

A Shakspeare, illustrated by Gustave Doré, is in project. £16,000 has been offered to the artist, who demands £20,000.

"A Life of Martin Luther" by Thomas Carlyle, would be worth having, and it is said, we may get it.

Aristotle's *De Coelo*, with an introduction of 116 pp. has been issued, translated into French by M. J. B. St. Hilaire.

"Men I have Known," re-published from the *Leisure Hour*, from the pen of Wm. Jerdan, formerly of the *Literary Gazette*, is in the press.

G. A. De Beaumont de la Bonniere (b. 1802), the friend of De Tocqueville, author of several works on slavery, died April 5th.

It has just been proposed to institute a College of Science in Ireland.

Dr. Jared Sparks, American historian and biographer, editor of the "Library of American Biography," 30 vols, died March 20th, aged 72.

Mr. Robert Buchanan, author of "Idylls and Legends," "Undertones," &c., is about to tell "The Story of David Gray," the poet of Merkland. [See *British Controversialist*, 1865, II. pp. 231, 310.]

A. M. Berenger de la Drome (b. 1785), author of "The Connection of Religion and Eloquence," "Criminal Justice," "The Penitentiary System," &c., is dead.

Cesare Cantu (b. 1805), the Italian historian, and author also of the novel "Margherita Pasterta," 1835, is engaged on a work entitled "The Heretics of Italy."

Rev. John Keble, rector of Hursley, author of "The Christian Year," died March 31st, aged 77.

Robert Buchanan, father of the young poet whose "London Poems" have now so much reputation, who was himself a poet, author of "Past, Present, and Future," a work largely inspired by Robert Owen's New Moral World System, of which he was an advocate, is dead. He was self-raised from a craftsman's seat to an editorial desk. A monody on his death appears in *The Argosy* from his son's pen.

The paper on Grote's "Plato," in the *Edinburgh Review*, is said to be from the pen of J. S. Mill.

Longfellow is, by report, engaged on an Epic on the War of the Western Republic.

R. Morris, Esq., is about to supply "a felt want,"—"Specimens of early English Literature," being a series of extracts from writers, 1250—1400, with a grammatical introduction, notes and glossary.

Dr. W. R. Sullivan, is editing the late Professor O'Curry's "Lectures on the Social Life, Manners and Civilization of the people of Ancient Ireland."

The American papers announce the death of the Rev. Alex. Campbell, founder of the sect of Campbellite Baptists. His "Debate with R. D. Owen, on Socialism and Christianity," has been published in London, and is perhaps one of the best discussions on the subject.

F. W. Fairholt, artist, book-illustrator, and author of "A History of Old Civic Pageantry," "A History of Costume in England," &c., died April 3rd, aged 48.

Wm. Stokes, Professor of Physic in Dublin University, is engaged on a biography of Geo. Petrie, LL.D., antiquarian, whose "Literary Remains" are being prepared for the press.

Sir Alexander Morison, author of "The Physiognomy of Mental Diseases," died 16th March, aged 86.

Professor Jowett's edition of Plato's "Works" is nearly ready.

Self-Discipline.

"Choose always the best course of life, and custom will soon make it the most pleasant."—*Pythagoras*.

"Wisdom consisteth not in knowing many things, nor even in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and in following what conduces the most certainly to our lasting happiness and true glory."—*W. S. Landor*.

LIFE is a gift as well as a possession. It involves not possibilities only, but duties. Existence is specific being. Human existence is one of purpose and responsibility—of aims and claims—of powers implying use, efforts, and results. Life is progressive assimilateness, achievement and conquest, specialization, or rather individualization. It is not a phenomenon only, but a function; not merely an economy, but a dynamic unity—a forth-putting forcefulness exists in it, and manifests itself from it. All life is organic, is an aggregation of instrumentalities, and holds within it a self-conserving force-centre, or shows itself to thought as a unit of energies incorporate, active, and changeable. Life is not a faith, but a fact; and, to us, the most important fact in the entire range of acquirable knowledge. Human life is the richest and noblest outgrowth of earthly possibilities—so far as man's intelligence can yield him information,—the supreme endowment communicated to any known or knowable object on the earth in its present state, and under the present conditions of man's faculties and the ordinary operations of the laws of that nature of which he forms an integrated unit. Humanity is conscious selfhood. Man is an autocratic developable energy; a centre of immanent growth, sensibility, thought, and self-realization. In him there exists an abiding, if hidden, principle or power of appropriation, absorption, and vivifying appetency; a possibility of and a necessity for development; a capacity of producing results, and of predetermining the aim which shall govern every attempt at producing these results. And this is the essence of manhood—this self-determining property, this *egoistic* faculty. *Self* segregates and separates mankind into units; it is the very heart's core of individual life; it unites and gives oneness to all the capacities that lie wrapped up in the human germ, and is the genetic source of all idiosyncrasies and personal characteristics. *Self* includes not only what a man is, but all that he *can be*—the entire possibilities of his nature, that intransferable, incommunicable something which marks off each man from his neighbour, and makes the difference, amidst all our sameness, between one and another. There is

adwelling in every man a conscious abiding essence in the midst of that flux of evanescence in which his life lot is cast. This is transmutable and intransmissible personality, which retains its individual being amid and despite of all the attachments and detachments to which sensitive existence is subject, is denominated *self*. It is not a part of things, it is apart from things. It is that which possesses and is characterized by life, feeling, intelligence, and volition; which vivifies the animal frame and interprets the visible and palpable universe. Self is the existing energizing, permanent unal element in man which constitutes each an entity where with sensations and impressions coalesce, wherein memory originates and obliviscence is possible, whereto perceptions bring knowledge and whereby activity is exerted: it is the fixed unit of singleness of being and power, it *scientifies*, works, and forms into science all experience and consciousness. In it knowingness inheres; to it experience adheres. It is the effective germ of thought. Experience comes to it as nutriment, but in it the formative energy is; from it issues the effective subduing dynamic potency of intent and plan, purpose and aim. It is necessary to emphasize this actuality of individual substantive vitality, personal life, and veritable selfhood, that we may gain a distinct central ground on which to base our intended exposition of the duty, means, and requisites of self-discipline.

Though it is not necessary for our present purpose, yet it may be advisable, as showing the possibility of such a scheme of speculative thought, as well as for the sake of being suggestive to other minds, to present to the reader the following

OUTLINE OF A PHILOSOPHY OF SELFHOOD.

1. *Introduction.* Life, reproductivity, hereditary transmission of qualities, physiology and psychology of race, family, and personality.
2. *Preconscious being.* Elementary organization. Fœtal life, nerve-tissues, brain matter, muscles and bones, preparation for separate existence, &c.
3. *Unconscious existence.* Birth; instincts; primitive development of sensation, the senses, and the perceptions; educability, objective sympathy.
4. *Conscious existence.* The phenomena of consciousness; its elements, simple and complex; organization of perceptions; excitement of volition; modes of exerting it.
5. *Subconscious existence.* Personality, intuition, latent thought, memory, obliviscence, expectancy, relativity, &c.
6. *Preternatural consciousness.* Reverie, duality of thought, dreams, somnambulism, catalepsy, hallucinations, insanity, spiritualism.
7. *Con-consciousness.* Fellowship, social reciprocities, morals, economics, politics, association, and co-operation.
8. *Supernatural consciousness.* Deity, religiousness, immortality, duty.
9. *Volitional consciousness.* Passive and active power, experiment, discovery, invention, science, philosophy, manhood.
10. *Selfhood.* Personal and relative, character, influence, and rights.

It would certainly ill beseem us to discourse, as we intend to do, on the duty of moulding our human character so as to fit it for the

fulfilment of the grand primary purposes of being; on the methods best adapted, as it appears to us, for training and restraining the mind; and on the matters demanding attention from those who aim at becoming, as far as possible, what they ought to be, unless we were prepared to maintain as a fundamental verity the necessary and distinct selfhood of those whom we call upon to culture themselves. "Whatever possesses [a power of] spontaneous action within itself is a person." "A person" is a thinking, intelligent being, that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, the same thinking thing, in different times and places; which it does only by that consciousness which is inseparable from thinking; and as it seems to me essential to it; it being impossible for any one to perceive without perceiving that he does perceive. "The Self is that conscious thinking thing, whatever substance made up of (whether spiritual or material, simple or compounded; it matters not); which is sensible or conscious of pleasure and pain, capable of happiness or misery, and so is concerned for itself as far as that consciousness extends."

If man is not in and of himself an originating agent, possessed of inherent energies and capable of deliberate acts of choice; if he is only a portion of the great on whirl of nature; if he is not able to be an *axioma* (a starting-point of activity aiming at an end), our attempts to enforce self-discipline would be vain. Abstract the genuine and real faith in selfhood from humanity, and all the nobility of his nature is forfeited. "Man's body is a study in anatomy; man's intellect a mill for grinding logic; man's heart passive before impulse as a leaf before the wind; man's soul an empty mirror, lying helpless, to be defiled by every impression of the senses."† The heroic is impossible, the holy a figment of the fancy; there is no affirmative force in life—no personality in man. We believe it is far otherwise. We are convinced that there is a central self in man eager for power, vivified for effort, and capable of "adjusting efforts to obstacles;" and that thus each individual is potentially a positive factor in the universe, with a sum of life within him to work out to its issues, the issues being determinable by the nature and amount of the appetent or acquirable vitality existent in or possible to each. Self is appetent, and therefore an activity. It may concentrate or it may diffuse its force, but it is a force, an essential force, in which is integrated in reality all that a man is, does, or may become. It is an individualizing energy, and it exerts a plastic influence, an ordinating and organizing power alike upon matter, events, and thoughts. This self is developable and educable; and it has much placed under its sway and control which it can employ, exert, act through, and act upon. In the strict philosophical sense, selfhood is the inner moral personality; but in the loose and general signification of human

* Sewell's "Christian Morals," p. 152.

† Locke's "Human Understanding," Book II, chap. xxvii, pars. 10 and 17.

† Sewell's "Christian Morals," p. 154.

individuality to which we give the name *Self* we include not only this internal sense and power, but also all the instruments which co-operatively surround that, and form, unitedly, the whole compound being—man.

Man is a compound being, characterized by certain determinate constants constituting his personality, in combination with some more or less determinate variables entering into and forming part of his existing frame, and then passing away to give opportunity for the bringing together of other aggregates. The former are in general comprehended under the designation *Soul* or *Mind*; and the latter are usually denominated *Body*. Each is capable of growth, and therefore may be the subject of culture, *i. e.*, of reflective training towards a given end, and of thoughtful restraint so as more effectually to facilitate the attainment of that end, whatever it may be, that has been determined upon as desirable, by the individual, or those who exercise control over him.

Discipline is determinate culture; not regulated growth only, but growth regulated by forethought and plan, with prevision and purpose. "We have the ability not only of training our powers, but of guiding and impelling them; not only of watching our passions, but of controlling them; not only of seeing our faculties grow, but of applying to them means and influences to aid their growth."* To do this with personal foresight and endeavour, having a fixed purpose to achieve, a definite plan held before us, and a specific accomplishable aim steadily and earnestly in view, is to engage in self-discipline—is to make ourselves the schoolmaster of the future of our being, and the guardians of our after life. Discipline is resolute, coercive, and constraining, as well as favouring and formative. It is not self-culture for the good and pleasure of it merely, but for the duty and righteousness of it. It is a well-planned and unrelaxing series of efforts to excite the spirit to nobility and worth, and to—

"Make the strong divinity of soul
That conquers chance and fate."

Discipline implies consistency of aim and effort, persistency of endeavour and formative will, and resistency to all that would impede progress, or hinder the accomplishment of the object upon the working out of which the heart is set. "He who chooses his plan for himself employs all his faculties. He must use observation to see, reason and judgment to foresee, activity to gather materials for decision; discrimination to decide, and when he has decided, firmness and self-control to hold to his deliberate decision."†

The aim of the present paper is to advise and to insist upon self-discipline; to point out a few of the chief principles on which its

* Channing's "Address on Self-Culture," par. 6.

† J. S. Mill, "On Liberty," chap. lit, par. 4.

successful on carrying depends; and to lead the minds of its readers to determine upon the pursuit of it with noble desires and for the accomplishment of noble, because proper objects.

The more immediate intent of self-discipline should be the development of our nature so as to attain such results as that leads to, and which may be for brevity's sake summarized thus, viz.:—

Body.	{ Health.	Soul.	{ Conscientiousness = goodness.
	{ Activity.		{ Intellectuality = truth.
	{ Skill.		{ Imaginativeness = beauty.

In gaining a development of ourselves resulting in these acquisitions, we should truly become possessed of the grand desideratum of all time, *mens sana in corpore sano*; or at least should, in proportion to our striving, acquire an approximate nearness to that state. True development is growth regulated by the laws of being, proceeding in due and constant measure from less to greater, from a mere energy to a definite result. The results of man's life should be thoughts, actions, influences, and examples. If the development be proper these shall be right, useful, good, holy, permanent in effect, and reproductive in the future of the race.

Education, as signifying the outleading of the human faculties by the efforts of others; and culture, as implying a controlled and regulated growth, not necessarily pushed on by ourselves or managed according to our own aim, do not exactly reach the field we wish to get under tillage. Our desire is to get into the very central self of man, to suggest motives and apply inducements for absolute discipline of one's own nature on a fixed and well-arranged plan, to energize selfhood. Hence it follows that we write for those in whom the sense of self is felt, who recognize a power within, which stirs and yearns towards activity and progress; who already, in some measure, exert their selfhood, but who have not attained to, and perhaps, have not even entertained the notion of the possibility of a conscious determination of the aim of their life. Self-discipline becomes, in this sense, the means of transforming being into well-being, and mere existence into true life.

"It is the soul's prerogative, its fate,
To shape the outward to its own estate:
If right itself, then all around is well;
If wrong, it makes of all without a hell.
So multiplies the soul its joy or pain,
Gives out itself, itself takes back again."

In attempting a course of self-discipline we require to exert our faculties of search, to learn what we are, that we may know what we can do. The first element therefore in self-discipline is—*self-criticism*.

Self-criticism should be employed to observe, note, and fix firmly in our own minds what our actual personal qualities are. We

should seek down to the root-principles and the radical though secret constitutional elements of our being, the firstlings in which our appetences dwell, out of which our impulses issue. We ought to gauge the passive endurance that sleeps within us, as well as the active force that flings its efforts forth in desire, in aspiration, or in act. We should test the capacities of protecting ourselves, of perceiving the uses and value of that which lies without us, of conjoining into fresh forms the sensations and ideas which external objects excite in us, and of effecting change in other minds or things. Nor should we forget to compare the relative strength or weakness of our passions, affections, or faculties, while we endeavour to learn whitherward they tend and how they operate. Self-criticism is essential if we would know ourselves. We must let the sun into our treasuries if we would learn the kind and value of the contents of them; if we calculate in the dark we shall in all probability find ourselves deceived in the hour of need and effort. The elements in ourselves which we should subject to strict impartial and unflattering self-criticism might afford scope for an entire series of papers. On these, however, we cannot dwell. We shall arrange and indicate a few, that we may gain for them the concentrated attention of thinkers; because that will better suit our aim than lengthy disquisition. It has been no save thought to us, though we hope it may be to those of our readers who really desire to profit from the perusal of this article. Self-criticism ought to be employed by us in making a survey as fully and fairly as we can of the whole estate of our being—corporeal, æsthetic, mental, and moral—in regard to the following items of being and well-being:—

Corporeal.	Muscular activity.	Mental.	Nature.
	Nervous strength.		Endowments.
	Sensational capacity.		Susceptibilities.
	Vigour.		Capacities.
	Physical appetites.		Tastes.
	Instincts.		Energies.
	Health.		Ambitions.
	Hereditary qualities.		Opinions.
	Vital functions.		Customs.
Æsthetic.	Pastimes.	Moral.	Errors.
	Cleanliness.		Tendencies.
	Appearance.		Impulses.
	Apparel.		Preferences.
	Manners.		Feelings.
	Address.		Desires.
	Habits.		Emotions.
	Peculiarities.		Pleasures.
	Enjoyments.		Passions.
	Accomplishments.		Conduct.

If we make survey and registration of these properties, original or acquired, with which, as it were, we are about to commence in

earnest the "Business of Life," and duly determine their worth or worthlessness, their likelihood to serve or injure us, their fitness or unfitness to aid us in carrying out our scheme of being, we shall find it useful to us, not only in enabling us to acquire that self-knowledge which is so essential to the true man, and to estimate what we are, but also in indicating what we may be. It is the privilege and glory of man to be entrusted with the conscious development of his own nature; and it is the serious responsibility imparted to him of rightly or wrongly determining upon the aim of life, which at once gives dignity to his existence and difficulty to his decision. Individuality is essential to manhood, self-discipline is requisite to the production of a defined selfhood, and self-knowledge can alone enable us to discern that for which we are or may be fit.

But we know ourselves least; mere outward shows
 Our minds so store,
 That our souls no more than our eyes disclose
 But form and colour: only he who knows
 Himself knows more.

Self-criticism, as the means of acquiring self-knowledge, seems to be essential to the proper development of man, because it shows the inward forces and tendencies of a man's life, those given factors of character which implicitly contain a revelation of the possibilities which dwell within him.

Self-criticism should be followed by self-determination. In our endowments of body and of mind there lies a latent prophecy of the possibilities of our existence. Of these possibilities, however, the choice is left with us, if we determine on making it. To this end it is that moral perception and preference are amongst our powers, that judgment and discrimination are entrusted to us. If with deliberate choice we fix upon the aim of our life, we have a course before us to steer along; some guidance for our acts and intentions; and some constantly effective influence to counterwork all that seeks to deteriorate our characters. The possession of an aim in life, a something to labour for and to look forward to, a something to work at and upon, is a great safeguard against frivolity, even against sin. A resolved life is usually a noble one. It is your drifting, indeterminate, go-with-the-tide men that are most usually found, sinking in the social scale and in moral worth. To have an ideal, however unattainable, steadies a man, and makes him keep on the look-out against decoyments and errors.

Self-determination is not only a result of soul-strength; it imparts it too. The pith of life is never so much wanting in anybody as in one who has not formed some theory of what he would be and attain. The Micawbers and Skimpoles of humanity are greatly so because they have never attempted the duty of preparing for the future by forecasting what they would like to effect in it. Forethought is wisdom, resolution is strength. Burns, who wanted it

so much and suffered so much because of his want of it, characterizes it truly when, imitating Young's capital image "Resolve, that column of true majesty in man," he says,—

"Firm Resolve, thou Carle-stalk* of hemp in man!"

It is not only because self-determination gives strength that it is useful; it affords guidance also. The main design of life having been fixed, if it is done intelligently and honourably, there is always a check on the spirit to keep it from going astray, and a force in it urging to maintain the forthright way of life's intents. It is desirable on all points, therefore, to decide on the plan of our existence, to place before us an ideal and theory of what we would wish to become, that we may have a marked path in which to travel along the devious ways of our present world-life.

Self-determination is the right issue of self-criticism. What we are, being known, what we may become is inferrible. If we find in ourselves powers impelling us in distinct directions, tastes, or predilections, indicating a definite bent of mind, and the possession of capacities leading to the gratification of these, there is great probability that we may, in the walks of life to which these inclinations point, acquire success and find our vocation. If we find in ourselves strong leanings towards given studies or activities, and yet discover that leading requirements for attaining a high place among those who prosecute them are wanting, we must balance and estimate the energies dwelling in us, against the obstacles lying before us, and produce through additional industry a second nature by culture to hold the place of those deficient qualities; or we must sum up the various faculties for the activity of which in us we have the testimony of consciousness, and endeavour to place their efforts so as to satisfy and gratify our sentiments; or else we must review our prepossessions, and discover in what our error lies; for men's real ambitions rarely induce aspirations for whose full satisfaction the soul does not contain fit means and agencies. Self-deception it is highly desirable to avoid, and for this purpose we here advise a strict, rigorous, and impartial self-disciplinary criticism. If this has been wisely done, we can scarcely mistake the weak faculties in us for the strong, or the good for the evil; we can hardly fail to mark the relative and comparative powers of the different elements in our nature; and hence we can with almost entire certainty settle the forms of activity—bodily, mental, æsthetic, and moral,—from which we may derive delight, to which we may devote ourselves, or by which we may best work out the plan of life. On self-determination the value and kind of this life's aim will depend. Let it be the highest, not the lowest, of which we are capable! Let it be that of the noble and holy, the far-reaching and the sympathetic, rather than the mediocre and the earth-bound, the selfish

* Carle-stalk, the seed-bearing, and therefore the strong and productive portion of the hemp.

and the indolent! Temptations there are around us to which the responsions of our souls may be ready; to these let us oppose ourselves, from these let us turn, and let us rather harmonize our spirits with the Creator's law, and have our souls settled in accordance with His divine plan; so shall the purpose of our life be right, and the aim of it be trustworthy. Burns has well said,—

“ A correspondence fixed with Heaven
Is sure a noble anchor! ”

There are in us, of course, many ties which bind us to the earth, and earth has many gratifications which it can bestow. These we are not forbidden to use—to use them is our duty; but we are not to rest in them and seek no good beyond them. The lower rounds of the ladder are no less useful than those that lead atop, but we shall never rise high if we content ourselves with those that are easily ascended, and fear or fail to aim at getting aloft. So is it with our propensities and passions; they may have their uses and bring us enjoyment, but their true place is to lead us up to higher things. To the mere corporeal instincts, the simple earth-satisfied feelings, let none ever wholly yield:—

“ Break from thy body's grasp, thy spirit's trance!
Give thy soul air—thy faculties expanse:—
Love, joy, e'en sorrow,—yield thyself to all!
They make thy freedom, man! and not thy thrall.
Knock off the shackles which thy spirit bind
To dust and sense; and set at large thy mind!
Then move in sympathy with God's great whole,
And be—what man was meant—a living soul! ”

To self-determination there should succeed self-development—the persistent improvement of all that is good in us; the resistent down-crushing of all that is evil or of evil tendency; and the consistent and progressive outgrowing of all the useful, pleasant, thoughtful, and holy elements of our nature. Self-development will imply not only culture, but management and control. Culture will secure growth; management will harmonize that growth with the primary aim of our life, and control overmaster all alien elements within us, and restrain not only the unhealthy, but even the healthy activities of our being from rash and hurried, useless or injurious forth-pushing and manifestation. Self-development will encourage and promote all living energy that tends to well-being, will restrain all formative aspirations which may give rise to habits or occasion to acts which will injure the oneness and healthiness of our whole nature. It will constantly direct its watchfulness to the chief end of being—the production of the fruit of life—noble efforts, earnest sympathy, pure thought, good works, holy example, and personal improvement.

Self-development will necessitate careful physical culture and sedulous attention to the health of the corporeal system. Neither a

suffering nor an ill-conditioned frame can adequately work out the purposes of life. The whole body and all its energies are given to us that we may be qualified for labour. To neglect or misuse the mechanism by which the functions of life are to be fulfilled, to impair by inconsiderateness, to destroy by folly, or waste, through wilfulness, the exquisite structure of our body, are not only errors, but crimes and sins. Any act or habit that diminishes the amount and quality of the effects of which our original endowments rendered us capable is a violation of divine law as written in the volume of our own being; and any passing pleasure which can be attained by such acts or habits is dearly purchased, because its cost is not only the disability which that individual lesion of vitality entails, but it is the instrumental cause of much other mischief in the overwork it brings on other bodily processes, and in the tendency it encourages to seek present delights without due care for the possession and preservation of power for the performance of future duties; still more by suggesting excuses for the neglect of the requirements of life, society, and moral responsibility; for the unhealthy are very apt to cast off from themselves all but the strictly enforced necessities of their station. Besides, inattention to the development of our physical frame embitters, shortens, and darkens the days of our allotted existence by making us liable to become more easily and frequently the prey of those maladies which sap the usefulness of manhood. We must therefore develop our physical structure by suitable but temperately taken food, by proper exercise and pure air, by duly apportioned rest and recreation, by sanatory habits, and the employment of all the aids and appliances through which vigour, activity, skill, and health are acquired. The body is the soul's dwelling, and ought to be commodious and comfortable to its divine inhabitant. It is the garment of selfhood, and should fit neatly and well the robed thinker around whom it is draped. Health is at once bodily wholeness and holiness.

Self-development requires the management and training of all the æsthetic capacities of life. Grace of address, modesty of demeanour, politeness of manners, geniality and affability in social converse, a due regard for the proprieties in appearance and conduct, and the employment and application of all the talents and accomplishments tending to the adornment and innocent delight of human intercourse, are all required at our hands if we would truly mould and fashion our lives to their highest pattern, and impart as well as gain the "finer joy" of "the small sweet courtesies of life."

Intellectual development is a branch of self-discipline on which we shall be unable here to enlarge in proportion to its claims. This is, however, the less to be regretted, as we have already with reiterated frequency insisted on its necessity and advantage, and have treated at great length formerly on the ways and means of effecting it. A few brief hints, therefore, must now suffice.

The first aim of those who engage in intellectual development is to strengthen the mind. This may be best done by always endeavouring to bring the united forces of will, affection, and intelligence to the acquisition of knowledge or the performance of duty; by systematic and regular application to predetermined studies; and by insisting on the mastery of the undertaken tasks howsoever the mind revolts from them, and inclination urges to try something more pleasant; always provided that a wise forethought has been used in fixing upon what was to be done. Firmness of will, concentration of power, the sense of mastery, the knowledge that what is undertaken wisely will be done well, give a man self-reliance, prepare him for vigorous activity, and make great achievements possible; fit the spirit for struggles, arm it against difficulties, impart calmness in the midst of life's surprises.

We must inform as well as strengthen the mind. The sinew and muscle of a strong spirit must have something to work with, on, and at. Strength is to be gained that knowledge may be acquired and used. It will not only digest, but transmute knowledge into thought. Reading is not knowledge unless it is assimilated, arranged, and made manageable. This is only done by the man of cultured strength of mind. This fact has been finely stated by Milton:—

“Who reads incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
Uncertain and unsettled, still remains
Deep read in books, but shallow in himself.”

Books ought not to think for us; we should think in company with, and often too, about them; and they should be valued not more for the thoughts they supply than the thoughts they compel or enable us to entertain or originate. Books are, however, only mirrors of other men's thoughts and records of their observations. We must learn to read those wonderful “manuscripts of God”—the universe, the human mind, society, history, and Scripture—for ourselves, and form in our own mind some conception of their contents and meaning—endeavouring always clearly to separate in our thoughts, our opinions of them and the verities they assuredly teach. In the formation of opinions we must weigh evidence and balance discriminatingly arguments of various kinds; and in searching for verities we ought warily to observe, faithfully to reflect, honestly to consider, and carefully to reason. Without idolizing knowledge we must endeavour to acquire it, not for its practical uses alone, and the worldly advantages to be derived from its possession and employment, but because it is essential to our true development, by giving exercise to our faculties, and nurture to our intellect; by imparting value to our being, and exciting within us a higher sense of our destiny, and the endeavours it calls for from us that we may accomplish it well.

But we must apply and employ knowledge as well as acquire it.

Use is the condition of all God's gifts ; used they improve, neglected they decay. Knowledge ought always to bear a double fruit—of delight to him who gains it, and of usefulness to the social circle of which its possessor is a portion.

All truth is reproductive,—in the mind of him who receives it to bring forth other truths ; and in society to induce invention, application, and use. The great storehouses of nature and mind, out of which we absorb the ideas of the Almighty Framers, contain the treasures of humanity, and are meant to enrich and ennoble life. Hence the mere greed of knowledge, the miser's gloating acquisitiveness, is seldom blessed. Knowledge when used gets tested, and when applied not only corrects but enhances itself. Moreover it becomes suggestive, and gains power. True knowledge harmonizes with use ; false ideas fail before the rigorous test of application ; they cannot be effectively worked with.

Self-development, to be wise and fruitful, must include self-control, mastery, restraint, and coercion. Man is naturally impatient of the long processes of inquiry and the disappointing delays of investigation, whether dialectical or experimental. The tendency, "to jump to conclusions" is constantly with us ; rashness in speech, thought, and act, are too common among us. A judicious culture will oppose all hurried and irreflective words and acts, all hasty inferences and decisions ; and "a cautious, prudent self-control" will prove itself to be, as the poet calls it, "wisdom's root." But this remark leads us to our next topic of admonition.

The "bright consummate flower" of life is thoughtfulness ; its grand and glorious fruit is Character. The character of which we speak now is not synonymous with reputation, does not involve *seems*, but *is*. It is the selfhood, the entire qualities and activities of the person, that which marks him as an individual, and constitutes the manhood of each. Character is that in us which grows out of the inner principles of our life, attracts or repels, induces censure or produces respect, provokes or pleases, renders us worthy or unworthy of our being. Character is the whole perfected issue of life ; it includes in a high good sense enlightenment, patience, steadiness, self-soundness, bravery, disinterestedness, lovable-ness, and service-able-ness. It is the index of influence, and is the prime and paramount requisite to happiness, usefulness, and hopefulness. Character is, in fact, courage, determination, and endeavour to be all that we can become ; it shows an outward reflex of our inner nature ; but it is indeed our inner nature livingly exerted. It is not genius, peculiarity, chief and observable power ; it is the whole self, energized and quick with a constant and efficacious vitality. Character is *in* a man, and grows up and outward so as to show itself forth from him as an effluence and a repute, as an example or a warning ; a broad corruptive plague, or a "plant of celestial seed," fruitful in worth, goodness, and delight.

The culture of character depends mainly on ourselves. Others may exhort, warn, guide, restrain, and even punish ; but it is only

when we, really and willingly, adopt specific principles of life that character-formation as a portion of self-discipline begins. The voluntary determination and acceptance of a conscious paramount tendency, the willing encouragement of that tendency, and the concurrent endeavour to subordinate all other tendencies to that, is the essence of self-formation. To fix and enthrone a dominant aim in life is essential to self-discipline. This is true manliness, to have in the inmost soul, in the very sanctuary of being,—

“An honest aim, which sanctified by Heaven,
And springing into act, new life imparts,
Till beats thy frame as with a thousand hearts.”

The character resulting from self-discipline differs from that passive, society-moulded, and circumstance-involved likeness to others which is so common in our day—a rounded, unroughened pebble in the eddying stream of life, ground into smoothness by action and interaction used upon it without any agency of self. Such character is impotence, fashionable imbecility, conventional and associative personlessness. The character we desire to see cultured and cared for, is power, individuality, ingrained nobility and worth, not negative but positive life, greatness and goodness of soul. Character not as a mere reservoir, receptive of impressions, but as an issue of force, well-directed, and working to the production of the ends of manhood, we deem to be noble and esteem as good.

“He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same;
What a fair seat hath he!”

Character is the inborn power of man developed. It is the whole of the forces of his nature globed up into oneness. It is central and self-sufficing, but neither uncivil nor proud—life passing into thought and act, into usefulness and moral worth. Character is the victory of life over circumstance; vital force exerted so as to assert its own standplace in existence and society. In character will becomes realized and selfhood is manifested. The moral law is the vital order of the universe, and every energy exercised in accordance with it is marked as an ultimate success. Self-development is only successful when it has given actuality to character, and so individualized the life of the person in whom it has been exercised. Character is, as we have said, mastery of our nature; and this shows us how selfhood harmonizes with the truths of a higher kind than those in which Philosophy employs her speculations. Self-denial is only possible through self-mastery; self-

sacrifice is humility ; and humility is the abasement, not the debasement, of our personality ; and self-sacrifice, which is the highest reach of the Christian life, is only self-denial exerted to its noblest purpose. Selfishness is not selfhood ; the former values self for its enjoyments, the latter values self for its being. Character is self-reliance, but it is self-reliance grounded on humility, a knowledge that all that we are is given to us, not that we may glory, but that we may glorify. When self-discipline brings us to this it makes us truly men. So to discipline our nature we must employ all influences—natural, mental, and spiritual—which offer themselves to us ; and when selfhood has become most strong and conscious within us, then shall we most clearly see that no man liveth to or for himself, but that there is a purpose of God to be fulfilled in him as in everything under the sun. It is unwise to attempt to hide from our eyes the inevitable conditions of life. And we live that we may be dutiful, true, and good, and may be disciplined into holiness, and for “glory, honour, and immortality, eternal life.” S. M.

RETENTION OF MENTAL VIGOUR IN OLD AGE.—Lord Eldon died at the age of eighty-six. He remained in full enjoyment of his wonderful intellect until shortly before his death. Lord Keneyon lived to the age of seventy. His power of mind continued up to the last moment unimpaired. Lord Hardwicke died at seventy-three, in the full possession of his great understanding. Lord Stowell lived to the age of ninety. His mind was vigorous to the last. Lord Mansfield died at the advanced age of eighty-nine, in full and unclouded vigour of intellect. A few days before this illustrious judge passed into eternity, he heard his niece asking a gentleman who was present as to the meaning of the word “psephismata,” which occurred in Burke’s celebrated work on the French Revolution. The answer was that it was a misprint for “sophismata.” “No!” exclaimed Lord Mansfield, “‘psephismata’ is right.” He then, without the slightest difficulty, quoted from memory a passage from Demosthenes in illustration of the fact. Dr. Johnson died at seventy-five. His last work, the “Lives of the English Poets,” was written only three years before his death. Chaucer lived to the age of seventy-two, with an intellect in full and brilliant activity. Sir El. Coke died at eighty-two. The last few days of his life were spent in revising his numerous works preparatory to their publication. Sir Isaac Newton published the third edition of his “Principia,” with a new preface, at the age of eighty-three. The great Locke died at seventy-three, showing no decay of intellect. He was actively engaged in literary composition up to a few days of his death. Cherubini continued brilliant in conversation at the age of eighty. Gosse composed a “Te Deum” at seventy-eight. Corneille at the age of seventy exhibited no failure of intellect. Waller composed when he was past eighty a beautiful poem, entitled “A Presage of the Ruin of the Turkish Empire.” Titian continued to exercise his marvellous genius as an artist up to the age of ninety-six, when suddenly he died of the plague at Venice. Benjamin West painted his celebrated “Death on the Pale Horse,” said to have been his best work, at the age of seventy-nine. At the age of eighty-three Cumberland, the Bishop of Peterborough, studied and mastered critically Dr. Wilkins’s “Coptic Testament.” Handel made his last public appearance at the advanced age of seventy-five. Ben Jonson died at the age of sixty-three. On his death-bed he composed that exquisite pastoral fragment, “The Sad Shepherd.”—DR. FORBES WINSLOW.

Social Economy.

DOES THE DRAMA ELEVATE OR DEGRADE?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—VI.

WE do confess to a great liking for the drama, not only for quiet perusal in the evening hours, but when witnessed on the stage,—

“With seasoned wit and goodly pleasure grated,
By which man's life in his likeliest image
Is kindred forth.”

Spenser regards the drama as intended to be representative; its purpose is, to quote himself, “truth to imitate.” Shakspeare, who ought to know, says, “The purpose of playing, both at the first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to show Virtue her own features, Scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure.”

The very question which we are now debating was discussed with great warmth towards the close of the reign of James, and in the early years of the reign of Charles; and one of the best of the tragedians of that time, Massinger, maintained the affirmative in good earnest, asserting that—

“If, to influence the noble youth with an ambitious heat,
To endure the poents of danger, may, of death;
To be thought worthy the triumphal wreath
By glorious undertakings, may deserve
Reward or favour from the Commonwealth,
Actors may put in for as large a share
As all the sects of the philosophers.
They with cold precepts, perhaps seldom read,
Deliver what an honourable thing
The active virtue is; but does that fire
The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
To be both good and great, equal to that
Which is presented in our theatres?
Let a good actor in a lofty scene
Show great Alcides honoured in the sweat
Of his twelve labours; or a bold Camilla
Forbidding Rome to be redeemed with gold
From the insulting Gauls; or Scipio
After his victories imposing tribute
On conquered Carthage: if done to the life,
As if they saw their dangers and their glories,
And did partake with them in their rewards,
All that have any spark of Roman in them—
The slothful arts laid by—contend to be
Like those they see presented.”

"The Roman Actor" contains many eloquent passages of a similar tenor; and all who have seen the great and noble dramas of the British theatres performed as they should, must have felt the truthfulness of these conceptions of the stage, and give their adhesion to the opinion that the drama does not of itself degrade, but elevate.

The main arguments which may be employed to support the assertion that the drama elevates are, we think, those which follow, viz.:—

1. Imitation, done or seen, is one of the chief sources of human delight. It originates the drama, sculpture, painting, &c.

2. The drama has employed all the greatest productive minds of intellectual ages; stands at the head of all literature; and has occasioned the finest and noblest collections of criticism in all languages.

3. It is the highest type of imaginative literature.

4. It is a compound of almost all the other sources of delight arising from imaginative imitation.

5. Almost all other amusements are non-intellectual, but it is highly intellectual, and therefore peculiarly fitted to elevate men.

6. Human life cannot dispense with the drama, as may be seen in the effectiveness of dramatic personation in the pulpit, on the platform, and even in the social circle during conversation.

7. Accidental degradation forms no argument against essential tendencies; and it can be shown that other matters too are liable to abuse. Therefore,—

"I pray you have the players well bestowed."

TALMA.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—VI.

THIS question may be expressed thus,—Does what is usually witnessed at a playhouse elevate or degrade men? The *private* reading of plays is not at all the question.

We take it that men are elevated when their intellect, affections, morals, and pecuniary or material condition are improved. Has the habit of attending the playhouse this effect? We believe it has not. We think it good evidence on this point that it neither is nor has been anywhere thought to be necessary to a course of education. The main object of education is to improve the intellect, but no one thinks the playhouse a necessary and proper agent in the process. We allow that a degree of improvement may be obtained, but it is quite neutralized by certain of the concomitant effects of plays; *e.g.*, the sensual and often lecherous thoughts and feelings too generally excited, and the over-exerting of the imaginative faculty.

Again, does the habit of going to the playhouse and witnessing its sights improve the affections and passions? Are men chaster in thought, feeling, and action, for going? Are their hearts better kept or governed? Do not facts cry No? Are the characters of our playgoers more dignified and pure than others as to their affec-

tions? Do not the debased in this respect find agreeable aliment at the playhouse? How little inclination have the pure in head, heart, and life, for such places!

Again, are our playgoers usually beyond or even up to the mark in morals? Are plays productive of conscientiousness and good morals? Are our youth made purer, more sober, more honest, more truthful and benevolent, by witnessing plays in general?

Then as to material or pecuniary improvement, do playgoers get elevated in purse or social rank by such a habit? Is it any recommendation of character to be a playgoer? Who would choose to put a playgoer in a situation of trust? It is no little evidence against the playhouse that it was most patronized when people were the most profligate and degraded. The playhouse goes down pretty much in proportion as the people rise in morals and true piety.

But plays are superfluous with respect to the little good that belongs to them. The same kind of thing, but of much better quality, may be had from good histories, biographies, and many other sources.

The only relevant argument in favour of the affirmative is, that man needs amusement and relaxation, and that plays meet this want. But in answer, we need only reply that men may select purer, less costly, and less dubious modes of amusement and relaxation.

In conclusion, allow us to say that it is quite absurd to expect that "playing" at crying, or "playing" at laughing, or "playing" at anything else, will elevate men. It were wise only to expect it would degrade them.

ROBERT P. JARROW,

AFFIRMATIVE REPLY.

"Life's but a walking shadow,—a poor player."—*Macbeth*.

BEFORE entering further into this discussion, permit me to quarrel for a moment, and in the best humour in the world, with one of my own supporters. It is perhaps wrong to do so,—there is a trite maxim, "A split in the Liberal cabinet, and in pops a Tory," but my friend "Elpisticos," in his otherwise clever article, made one sad mistake; he said (p. 280) that "in discussing the character of the actor, and in endeavouring to refute the common opinion that they are vicious and worthless people, he [meaning me] has entirely omitted to consider the effects of the drama on the audience." This is slightly too bad, and, as some one says in a favourite opera, "I do object." If "Elpisticos" will refer again to my article, he will find that pages 14, 15, and 16* are devoted to an argument in favour of the elevating tendency of dramatic literature as a study, and that the greater part of pages 17 and 18, printed in

* *British Controversialist*, January 1866.

the smallest possible type, are, I believe, slightly argumentative in favour of "the drama" as represented on the stage, and particularly with respect to its effect on the audience. Possibly the writer "skipped" the quotations; perhaps the small but particularly clear type of Messrs. Rider was too much for him! But as I have endeavoured to bring forward almost every argument that has been considered worthy of remark in favour of the elevating tendency of the drama, I think it rather hard to find an Adullamite in my ranks, who, like Mr. Robert Lowe, M.P., wilfully perverts the remarks of his own colleagues. In every other respect I thank "Elpisticos" for his very able support.

Be my arguments good, bad, or indifferent, let us for a moment consider whether the opposition has answered them satisfactorily, and if unsatisfactorily we will consider whether they are answerable or not; because I believe that in summing up a debate, we should enter upon *both* sides of the question, in order that our true ideas and thoughts upon the subject may have full and healthy play. In my previous article on the subject I have spoken of the drama as a production of the literary mind, and also of the drama as a stage representation. I made this distinction because I knew full well that a play may be immortal in a literary sense long after it is dead to the stage. My opponents must not for one moment believe that in speaking of the theatre they are speaking of the drama in its every sense. Yet while condemning the theatre, they have done little to show that this branch of literature, *as literature*, has not an elevating tendency. Horace Barrington says, "Had this question been framed in a past instead of a present tense, I would unhesitatingly have taken the opposite argument." Yet he admits "the glowing, heart-stirring genius of 'the man Shakspeare'!" "Hamlet, Romeo, Cæsar, and Othello," he says, "were oracles whose jewelled speech stirred up the sluggish minds of the audience, and made them conscious of a purer world than the atmosphere of their dull lives." May I ask the indulgent reader when "Hamlet, Romeo, Cæsar, or Othello," lost their witching power?—when their bright examples of everything that is good first fell to rust?—when their exposure of man's natural temperament of good and evil first lost its moral force?

"But the drama," says "Horace" (named like, but ah, how different from, the bard of old!), "has deserted its lofty purpose. It no more awakens the sentimental vein in minds dulled with monotonous toil; it now merely panders to the depraved taste of a purely frivolous class." Now how can I reconcile this statement with the acknowledgment just quoted, of a fervent admiration and regard for Shakspeare's works? True, "Horace" says, "It seems to be hard to convince some people that defending Shakspeare is not defending the stage," (surely, though, it is defending the drama!); "Shakspeare as little comprehends the stage as the stage comprehends Shakspeare." This last sentence is a pretty one, but let us fully understand it. It sounds very much like the pretty saying that so much puzzled our

thick-witted friend "Benedict,"—"I took as much pains for your thanks as you took pains to thank me." There is a double meaning in it,—“Shakspeare as little comprehends the stage as the stage comprehends Shakspeare.” Did not Shakspeare comprehend the stage? Are not his plays models for all succeeding generations? True, he ignored the “unities of the stage;” he ignored all the maxims of the Grecian playwright. He did not think it mattered much if the imagination in its flight of fancy rested over Denmark one instant, and over England the next. He did not think it very seditious if two or three years were allowed to pass in as many minutes. Shakspeare did not understand the stage as constituted when he wrote, because he understood a better one. If you tell me that it is impossible for years to pass, for cities to fall, for monarchs to reign, in the time occupied by a wave of the leader’s wand, I grant you that Shakspeare did not understand the stage. Yet Shakspeare wrote for the stage, and for the stage alone; he even played in his own pieces. I like to study a play of his attentively at home, but how much better can I see his great genius when Kean, Kemble, or Macready, or even when some of the actors of the present day, Swinburne, Bennett, or poor Tom King, play their favourite parts! I like the drama, either at home or at the theatre. You like your favourite dish better if it is sometimes cooked differently; sometimes you like a little seasoning, and sometimes there is a great outcry for cayenne. So with the imagination; if I am melancholy I go to the theatre, if languid I read Shakspeare until Shakspeare arouses me. I have even in these moods fancied myself an actor, and have read from my book one of my favourite perorations. A stage representation arouses the *soul* to action, a study of the play can only arouse the *mind*. How often at the theatre have you felt an impulse to denounce a traitor before the time comes for him to be denounced! How often have you inclined yourself to warn poor Duncan of his coming doom! In a perusal you know that the work is a fiction, but at a theatre your virtuous feeling arouses your imagination almost to a belief.

It is true that no writer of the present day can write as Shakspeare wrote.

“We want his strength,—agreed; but we alone
For that and more by *sweetness* all our own.”

If you have read or have seen acted, I care not which, “Money,” by Bulwer Lytton; “Extremes,” by Edmund Falconer; “Stephen Diggs,” by an author whose name I have forgotten; “It’s never too late to Mend,” by Charles Reade; “Still waters run Deep,” by Tom Taylor, or any sterling piece of the modern school of comedy, you will agree with me. The cloak of Shakspeare has fallen upon no one, but there are pieces which are often read and played, which teach the truest lessons of the stage; which teach the honourable man or woman the worth of honour; which give to the modest more modesty, to the careful more care, to the dutiful more duty; which warn those

who have erred, until their conscience recalls them to the path of their former righteousness. Truly the sinful may gain, in sin, the wicked in wickedness, if they steel their hearts against the prompting of their better natures, but that the drama or the stage can of themselves degrade I must strenuously deny.

The next debater upon the opposition is "Samuel," and he is shocked because I called "Paradise Lost" and "Pilgrim's Progress" "dramas." He asks, "What playgoer could tolerate 'Paradise Lost' upon the stage?" "Samuel" is confounding the term "drama" with the term "stage play." The Catholic rites are some of them dramas, but they are not stage plays. When Byron wrote "Manfred," he said he would write a play which could never be acted, but it could be imagined, therefore it was a drama; but not a stage play. "Paradise Lost" is as much a drama as "Manfred" is; it is "stagey" in its formation; you have the scenery and the characters in your mind's eye, and the same illusions rise before you while studying that sublime book as while studying Addison's "Cato." It has incident, it has dialogue, it has scenery, it is a drama, but it is *not* a stage play.

Is "Samuel" serious when he says, "The stage does not supply the mind with recreation"? He perfectly agrees with me that it is the chief of all amusements; and I perfectly agree with him that "amusement is worthless if it does not act as a recreation, if it does not recreate the mental strength and activity destroyed by the wear and tear of labour." But as the drama is the "chief of all amusements," and as its object is not only to amuse but to instruct the mind, I think it must recreate the mental strength. How am I to harmonize this and the contradictory statement of "G. M. Sutherland," that "no amusement whatever can be realized from attendance at the theatre," and yet that there is too much excitement to be found within its walls? Surely there is strange disunion in the opposite camp when one debater argues, firstly, against the drama as being too enticing; and secondly, that it has no amusing quality, no recreative action.

I will no longer endeavour to answer arguments so frivolous as these, but will at once endeavour to support my own belief. I argue that to amuse the mind is to strengthen it. Unsavoury dishes require a savoury sauce; an unsavoury life, a life of care and weariness and anxiety, can be made pleasant and happy if care, weariness, and anxiety are forgotten for brief periods at occasional times. Men's minds have butterfly wings, and will readily take flight according to their fancy; business cares are easily forgotten under excitement, and as easily resumed when the excitement is over. One perpetual little demon used to haunt me in nightmare and always sat upon one knee: how delightful the change would have been had he sometimes chosen the other! A lawyer has one regular formula of words, "Together with all rights, privileges, easements, ways, waters, watercourses, property, right, and demand to the said premises belonging:" don't you think that a little poetry would some-

times be a glorious boon to him? A chemist, full all day of dog-Latin, must sometimes crave for a little Queen's English in the evening. Dogs don't always like to smell the same corners; mill-horses sometimes die from grief—their monotonous *round* of life barely agrees with them. The man who cares nothing for recreation has a hard heart. I wonder if he was ever boy enough at school to be thrashed for playing at marbles in truant hours? I nearly was caned in my youth for watching, when I should have been at school, a dramatic representation on the outside of a travelling booth. Well, I relished my Greek studies the better after I had witnessed the Greek play. Don't tell me that there is no little hole or corner in your heart susceptible enough to desire amusement. What poor things you would make children if you burnt all their pleasure-books! What poor things men's minds would be if they had no equivalent for the pleasure-book of youth!

So much for amusement; now for the instruction of the drama. Have I not already proved that the drama is instructive? Are you fond of pictures? Do you think there is any instruction in them? Are you fond of poetry? Do you think there is any instruction in it? You answer Yes to all four queries. Then put the pictures and the poetry together, and show me where the instruction of either is lost. You will give a child Scripture pictures and Scripture poetry to instruct him religiously. Then give to a man the poetry and picture of life, and make him more manly. You are fond of lectures? You fancy that you remember something, and treasure it up, and that your mind feeds upon the remembrance in after years. Yet lectures are very superficial things; the lecturer generally puts a great deal into a few words. Hamlet's soliloquy is a good lecture, so is Othello's, so is Macbeth's; you will find something worth remembering if you read either of them. You will remember them better if you see them acted. Let me persuade you to do so forthwith; long before the curtain rises you will find something to "elevate" your mind. Happiness begets happiness, and if you turn your eyes upon the gallery or the pit you will surely find happiness there. Perhaps you object to happiness, perhaps you think it has a "degrading" influence: if this is so, I have done with you; "I will not fight."

Putting for a moment aside the present argument, I will give you an instance (one in a thousand) of what the drama has done to elevate mankind. I once knew a man who became a confirmed drunkard, who spent most of his weekly earnings in a way that lessened his power of gaining them; whose wife, from a clean respectable woman, became a picture of misery in rags. He never went to the theatre; he thought it, instead of being "too exciting," far too slow. He preferred low songs at "free and easys" (entertainments where language is far too free, and pockets are drained too easily). In some way or other he was once induced to go to the theatre with a friend. He saw "The Bottle" played. He told me afterwards that he only called in for one glass of ale on the way home, and then he felt as

if he was acting guiltily! He went to the theatre often after this, and sometimes *he took his wife with him*, and I well know that the drama elevated him, and made him a respectable member of society. Who shall say that the drama has no moral influence when we have facts so palpable as this?

All that has yet been argued against the drama is that it is "too exciting," that the mind is led away from the common cares of life to "baser uses." Well, it may be so; sweetmeats are good, but a man may take too many of them. It is possible, I will admit, to attend the theatre too frequently; but the rule that a "man should eat to live, not live to eat," applies to amusement as well as to modes of life. Does it not also apply to study and to money-getting? He who attends the theatre nightly is a drunkard—not possibly in point of fact, but in point of principle. As life and the world are composed of many atoms, I believe the "drama" to form one or more of them. Until this is disproved by abler argument, I must still retain my own opinion, as dictated by my own conscience of right and well belief.

F. S. MILLS.

NEGATIVE REPLY.

"PHILOMATHES" in his instructive and able article tells us that "the beautiful is being banished from human life."* On the other hand, I consider the love of beauty to be inherent in man; and while he remains an intelligent and educable being, that love of beauty will never die. Beauty is a general term for whatever excites in us pleasing sensations, or causes our admiration. Or it may be defined to be an assemblage of graces or properties which please the eye and interest the mind. It is the sense of the beautiful which at once calls the fine arts into existence, and accounts for the satisfaction which arises from the contemplation of them; and it also points out the relation which subsists between this and all other sentient and cognizant faculties of man. In this age the fine arts are patronized and appreciated more generally, and in a manner not before known in this country; there are artists possessed of a true genius, and a genuine love for and interest in their noble calling. Literature is cultivated in every branch, and it can boast of names not inferior to those of other ages—the drama, perhaps, excepted. Science has its earnest, laborious students, culling the truths which the glorious book of nature reveals to those who diligently seek them. The study of poetry is more incorporated into the education of the day than it has been in any previous age. And what refines and elevates the taste, and gives a juster appreciation of beauty than it? Then, again, take the love of the beautiful and picturesque which pervades every branch of our community; which the dullest soul is not absolutely with-

* An able and interesting debate on "The Nature of Beauty" will be found in *British Controversialist*, vol. i., 1850.

out, which scatters travelling Englishmen of all ranks over every quarter of the globe, which leads them to spend their money, their strength, their energies, in laborious toil, simply to satisfy their appetite for wild, new, or magnificent forms. What is this but homage to beauty,—the effect of the teachings of the beautiful? I trust that the beautiful has not been wholly banished from among us, although the histrionic art has sunk into insignificance, which has been admitted by "Thespis."

"F. S. Mills" says, "To realize poesy to its full extent; to truly enjoy the precious revelations of this faculty of imagination, which was surely implanted within our natures for some great and good purpose, we must have studied the drama and dramatic art." "The drama is the fountain-head of all true poesy, the very form and style of its composition." "Philomathes" says, "It is a fact that all nations have a drama; that this form of instruction is as widespread as the human race." In reply to this, I shall endeavour to prove that a knowledge of dramatic art is not necessary to a due appreciation of poetry, and to show that the drama is not universal. "Poetry in its highest excellence is incompatible with an advanced state of civilization, while the drama is the creation of the highest civilization of that nation which carried art and all the æsthetical studies to wondrous perfection, whose very worship was a distilled essence of all that Egyptian love could contribute to human understanding—Greece. If we contrast with this the Hebrew nation, we find that at the time of the Exodus they were acquainted with "alphabetic writing, and even composing their histories in prose. Medicine, botany, and astronomy were advanced sciences, as the process of embalment and other equally significant facts testify. Agriculture, architecture, and the art of working in gold and jewels, were all more or less known to this people when they left Egypt. And yet what occurred in a few generations? Wonderful to say, the temple and the palaces of Solomon were built by foreign artists, and the design itself is recorded as a revelation." Yet this and the succeeding ages were those in which the finest poetry the world has ever known was written, by which the faculties that unite man to God are swayed as absolutely as those which attract him to the beautiful in this world by the genius of the Hellenes. The Hebrews had no national drama notwithstanding the poetic excellence of their literature; and other nations with literatures rich in poesy have not possessed a drama. Schlegel, in his "Lectures on Dramatic Literature," pp. 33, 34, 35, says,—

"In the very minute description of ancient Egypt given by Herodotus and other writers, I do not recollect observing the smallest trace of it [the drama]. The Arabians and Persians, though possessed of a rich poetical literature, are unacquainted with the drama. It was the same with Europe in the Middle Ages. On the introduction of Christianity, the plays handed down from the Greeks and Romans were set aside, partly because they had reference to heathen deities, and partly because they had degenerated into the most shameless immorality; nor were they again revived till after the lapse of nearly a thousand

years. . . . Generally, indeed, we know of no Mahommedan nation that has accomplished anything in dramatic poetry, or even had any notion of it. The great difference in dramatic talent which subsists between nations equally distinguished for intellect is something remarkable ; so that theatrical talent would seem to be a peculiar quality, essentially distinct from the poetical gift in general. We do not wonder at the contrast in this respect between the Greeks and the Romans, for the Greeks were altogether a nation of artists, and the Romans a practical people; but even among the Greeks dramatic talent was far from universal. The theatre was invented in Athens, and in Athens alone was it brought to perfection. Equally remarkable is the difference in this respect between the Spaniards and their neighbours the Portuguese, though related to them both by descent and by language. The Spaniards possess a dramatic literature of inexhaustible wealth. The Portuguese, on the other hand, while in the other branches of poetry they rival the Spaniards, have in this department accomplished hardly anything, and have never even possessed a national theatre. . . . Of the many talents for art and literature displayed by the Italians, the dramatic is by no means pre-eminent."

I conceive, therefore, the assertions of the universality of the drama, and a knowledge of dramatic art, as being essential to the realization and enjoyment of poetry to be erroneous, and the deductions therefrom unsound.

"Philomathes" has included the book of Job and other portions of the Scriptures in dramatic literature. This may be admissible, but these works are not generally considered as dramatic literature, although they certainly are dramatic; so is all history and all fiction, for drama in its more extended sense simply means action. I therefore think that in a discussion like the present it should be confined to that which is most generally known and accepted as the drama; for no great weight can be attached to the form of a dramatic composition, there being very little resemblance between the structure of the ancient tragedies and the modern dramas.

"Philomathes" has argued that the dramatic poet is bound by certain laws to truthful representation, and that therefore this representation must be elevating. This it seems to me is arrogating to the dramatic poet an infallibility which he does not possess; it is supposing him to be free from all errors of judgment, with no passions, with no temptations to praise and flatter, and pander to the vices of any particular age or country. But does the history of the drama show that its object has always been truth?—that the poet has had no purposes of his own to serve, no theories of his own to advance?—that he has been uninfluenced by the vices of the age in which he lived?—that the morality of his works is unquestioned? And this leads us to consider whether it is the language only of the drama that is coarse and unrefined, as advanced by "Elpisticos." I shall cull a few examples from the literature of the drama to show that its greatest masters have not been free from the above considerations, and that in too many cases the result has been anything but elevating. Shakspeare is a name above my praise or blame; it is, however, a fact that he never prepared an edition of his plays for the press, or took any means to secure them from

oblivion. I beg to quote the following from an able article in *Bentley's Quarterly Review*, No. 3:—

"Even with full consciousness that his 'Julius Caesar' as far surpassed the learned Jonson's 'Sejanus' as 'Sejanus' surpassed the feeble old play of 'Appian and Virginia'; that his 'Rosalind,' 'Beatrice,' and 'Viola,' were copies of nature's women, and that 'Vittoria,' 'Currombona,' 'Evadne,' and 'Lady Peregrine Would-be' were either stage furies or fools, Shakspeare may have turned from his own creations with a feeling of dissatisfaction. When he remembered how often, in order to win the public ear, or to comply with the demands of the scene and its servants, he had curbed his better, and given rein to his worst fancies, and then contrasted what he had written with the archetype in his own brain, and with his conception of the duties of his art, he may have looked back upon his 'Henries' and 'Richards,' on the 'Noble Moor and his Gentle Lady,' on the 'Mad King and his Daughters,' on 'Ophelia' and 'Hamlet,' in an humbled spirit, and with feelings akin to those which he has expressed in one of the saddest of his lyrical self-communings:—

'Oh! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me, then, and wish I were renewed.'

Euripides was the corrupter of the Grecian tragedy, and Schlegel says,—

"We have a particular reason for censuring without reserve the errors of this poet; the fact, namely, that our own age is infected with the same faults with those which procured for Euripides so much favour, if not esteem, among his contemporaries. In our times we have been doomed to witness a number of plays which, though in matter and form they are far inferior to those of Euripides, bear yet in so far a resemblance to them, that while they seduce the feelings and corrupt the judgment by means of weakly and sometimes tender emotions, their general tendency is to produce a downright moral licentiousness" (p. 113). "Even the plea that the represented villany is requited by the final retribution of poetical justice is not available in defence of all his tragedies. In some the wicked escape altogether untouched. Lying and other infamous practices are openly protected, especially when he can manage to palm them upon a supposed noble motive. He has also perfectly at command the seductive sophistry of the passions, which can lend a plausible appearance to everything. . . . Euripides was frequently condemned even by the ancients for his seductive invitations to sensual love" (p. 117).

Of Corneille he says,—

"Such is his partiality for exciting our wonder and admiration, that, not content with exacting it for the heroism of virtue, he claims it also for the heroism of vice, by the boldness, strength of soul, presence of mind, and elevation above all human weakness, with which he endows his criminals of both sexes" (p. 277).

Of Voltaire he says,—

"The want of singleness, which more or less characterized all his views was irreconcilable with a complete freedom of prejudice; even as an artist in his career. As he saw the public longing for information, which was rather tolerated by the favour of the great than authorized and formally approved of, and dispensed by appropriate public institutions, he did not fail to meet their want, and to deliver in beautiful verses on the stage what no man durst yet preach from the pulpit or professor's chair. He made use of poetry as a means to accomplish ends foreign and extrinsic to it; and this has often polluted the artistic purity of his compositions. Thus the end of his 'Mahomet' was to portray the dangers of fanaticism, or rather laying aside all circumlocution, of a belief in revelation. For this purpose he has most unjustifiably disfigured a great historical character, revoltingly loaded him with the most crying enormities, with which he racks and tortures our feelings" (p. 281).

Schlegel thus sums up the characteristics of English and French comedy of the 17th century:—

"We are disgusted with the unveiled sensuality of the love intrigues of the Greek comedy; but the Greeks would have found much more disgusting the love intrigues of the French comedy, entered into with married women, merely from giddy vanity. Limits have been fixed by Nature herself to sensual excess; but when vanity assumes the part of a sensuality already deadened and enervated, it gives birth to the most hollow corruption. And even if, in the constant ridicule of marriage by the *petit-maîtres*, and in their moral scepticism, especially with regard to female virtue, it was the intention of the poets to ridicule a prevailing depravity, the picture on that account is not the less immoral" (p. 323). "I may sum up the whole in one word by saying, that after all we know of the licentiousness of manner under Charles II., we are still lost in astonishment at the audacious ribaldry of Wycherley and Congreve. Deceit is not merely violated in the grossest manners in single speeches, and frequently in the whole plot; but in the character of the rake, the fashionable debauchee, a moral scepticism is directly preached up, and marriage is the constant subject of ridicule" (p. 483).

Macaulay has so thoroughly confuted the line of argument adopted by "Elpistios," that I beg to quote the passage:—

"The crime charged is not mere coarseness of expression. The terms which are delicate in one age become gross in the next. The diction of the English version of the Pentateuch is sometimes such as Addison would not have ventured to imitate; and Addison, the standard of moral purity in his own age, used many phrases which are now proscribed. Whether a thing shall be designated by a plain noun substantive, or by a circumlocution, is mere matter of fashion. Morality is not at all interested in the question. But morality is deeply interested in this, that what is immoral shall not be presented to the imagination of the young, and susceptible in constant connection with what is attractive. For every person who has observed the operation of the law of association in his own mind and in the minds of others knows that whatever is constantly presented to the imagination in connection with what is attractive will itself become attractive. There is undoubtedly a great deal of indelicate writing in Fletcher and Massinger, and more than might be wished even in Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, who are comparatively pure. But it is impossible to trace in their plays any systematic attempt to associate vice with those things which men value most and desire most, and virtue with everything ridiculous and degrading. And such a systematic attempt we find in the whole dramatic literature of the generation which followed the return of Charles II."—(Essays, vol. ii., p. 151).

"Thespia" lays stress on the accompaniments of the drama having a beneficial tendency. This we may admit if rendering the spectators less difficult to please in the main thing, namely, the excellence of the dramatic composition, can be called beneficial. He shows the drama to have lost its hold over the best educated portion of the community, claims for it a political power which it does not possess, and concludes with a sneer at the pulpit.

"Elpisticos" opens his article with a reply to "F. S. Mills," on the moral character of the actors, claims for new plays a tendency on the side of religion, an assertion that is not borne out by the patronage the theatre receives from the religious portion of the community; has a long paragraph on licentious words and phrases to be found in dramas, to which I have replied above; has a reply to an objection which has not been made in this debate to the drama; and concludes with a brief statement of arguments in favour of the drama, which I shall as briefly notice. I would remind "Elpisticos" that "all knowledge is not wisdom," and assuredly circumspection is required in the attainment of knowledge as well as in other duties; else we may grasp the shadow and lose the substance. The study of character is doubtless beneficial; but what if the characterization of the drama be untruthful? what if it displays the deformity of virtue and enhances the loveliness of vice by its theatrical effect? And who will say that the drama has never been enlisted in the cause of evil?

In conclusion, I consider the basis of this argument to be morality—ennobling or degrading influences. To deny that the drama is an amusement is simply absurd; to deny it an educative tendency is unsound (intellectual culture, however, without spiritual life is never an unmixed good, and is often a terrible evil); but I think we may deny it a moral, a Christianizing tendency, and I think I have shown that its morality is not identical with that of Christianity. If, then, it be the highest test and proof of genius that a writer can render his subject interesting to his readers, not merely in a general way, but in the very same manner in which it interests himself; if, then, such works do really impart their own spirit to the mind of an admiring reader, and if this spirit be totally hostile to that of Christianity; and if Christianity ought really and in good faith to be the supreme agent of moral feeling; it is evident that all works which combine the same tendency with great poetical excellence are among the most mischievous things on earth.

Aberavon.

Nemo.

Education.

ARE PUBLIC LECTURES PROFITABLE FOR INSTRUCTION?

AFFIRMATIVE ARTICLE.—V.

DISCUSSION is useless unless it be close—unless there is testing of phrase, and point, and argument, and sifting of terms as well as reply to assertions. In fact, proper discussion consists greatly in compelling men to affix proper words to their ideas, and employ them correctly when giving expression to what they think—or imagine they think. True Socratic debate was mainly of this sort; and scarcely any other form of controversy is so important as that which compels the attention of men first to what they think, and then to what is the best form in which they can shape it so as to enter into the minds of others in the same form as it exists in his. We do not care for the often repeated charge of logomachy or mere word-fighting which may be brought against us for our critical reflections. If language is the agent by which thought is made known, the correct use of language is imperative on every one who desires to take a share in the transmission of thought from mind to mind. Accurate thinking and inaccurate language are scarcely possible conjunctions, and hence whensoever we find language incorrectly employed, we may safely infer that thought has not been mastered as it ought. A general charge may be made against men that they differ most upon those things which offer the least definite terms. Who debates on mathematics? whose terms are all well-defined, and whose language is the pattern of exactitude.¹ In our reply we shall be obliged to charge this same inaccuracy of speech against our opponents, whose style of writing is both vague and verbose.

The analysis of terms and the definition of words is indeed a preliminary to correct debate, but to explain the plain by the inexplicable, as "Randolph" does, is very annoying. Is he in earnest in believing that his definitions and his analysis of so-called subjects of lectures have any real bearing upon the subject under discussion? We can scarcely believe that he is; but we shall shortly proceed to inquire more minutely into that.

In the meantime our readers will do well to remember that lectures have always in some form or other been employed in instruction. Before the invention of printing they were almost universally the recognized agent for imparting new views, or re-affirming old ones. The peculiarity of a lecture is that it is an

expression of living thought by a living man, whose sympathies not only excite, but are excited. Books cannot supply this energy of life that the lecturer imparts: his looks, his tones, his emphasis, and his scorn, are all elements in the exposition of his ideas; and their full meaning is interpretable by no language, incapable of being indicated in any form of speech; so that there is something in a lecture which books cannot yield.

"Randolph" commences his article with a definition of instruction; much of which is useless, or beyond our power of comprehension. There is a verbosity which apparently must necessarily elucidate the term, but which, on the contrary, surrounds it with a thicker mist than rightly belongs to it. Let our readers take any sentence and honestly try to grasp its meaning, and the truth of our criticism will then be patent. What can be understood from the following sentence?—"True knowledge implies a precise statement of the connection subsisting among facts." The next is clothed in a similar garb. Then follows this amusing paragraph:—"Instruction involves in its signification a notion of the superiority in age, station, information, or talent of the person imparting it;" which is ridiculous in itself, but rendered more so by the question appended, "Are public lectures profitable for this purpose?" May we inquire what purpose? This purpose! Does the sentence immediately before it or any preceding it supply the answer? Let "Randolph" look and see, for it must be manifest to his readers that he has supplied no such answer. We make this passing remark to remind this writer and others that such carelessness has a tendency to lessen the force of his or their arguments. Our opponent then inquires whether lectures as a general rule instruct, inform, and teach. Now to each of these questions we can give an affirmative reply, and show at the same time the truth of the answer. But as "to instruct" is a phrase of some difficulty—at least, it has become so after "Randolph's" elaborate definition—we scarcely dare venture to reply to this term of his question. We consider that to instruct has the same signification in metaphysics that to construct a building has in architecture; at least, there is some truth in this analogy, and enough for the present reply. As a house is built by placing brick upon brick; so the mind is instructed by adding to it, fact upon fact, idea upon idea. That lectures accomplish this is evident, for how can any of the subjects mentioned by "Randolph" be discussed without effecting this end? How can a lecturer discourse on "the Marvels of the Sea-shore" without supplying his audience with fact upon fact, and idea upon idea? Now that lectures inform and teach is likewise evident. These terms are synonymous or nearly so; the little shade of different meaning they may possess is insufficient to necessitate a distinct consideration. We are informed and taught much in the same way that we are instructed. In fact, the first is but an easy stage of the latter. Information consists in the acquisition of anything unknown. We are informed of the motives of a man's

actions; we are taught the date of his birth, and the result of his labours on his age. Do not lectures effect this? Yes, and that too in a wider sense. Can we listen to a lecture on Shakspeare, another of the many subjects "Randolph" has given us, without being informed of his character, and the influence his works have had on people and nations ever since "he sang as never other man sang"?

Why, what "Randolph" denies lectures is the very essence of them. Do they not instruct? do they not add to the mental fabric brick after brick, in facts, in history, in new ideas? Do they not inform and teach? Every date, nay, also every sentence the lecturer utters must accomplish this in a higher or lower degree. Does the schoolmaster inform and teach his pupils when he tells them of battles, of places at home and abroad? Surely, and as surely, too, does the lecturer effect the same. The lecturer is a public schoolmaster, whatever our opponent may say against this view of his function.

But, again, "Randolph" finds an argument in his favour that lecturers have "hobbies," that with them—

"Everything is great and nought is small."

Why, this is a trait of commendation, especially in that profession, if we may so term the practice of lecturing, in these days of multifarious pursuits and indefatigable competition. Must each turn to become an Admirable Crichton? One cannot excel in many studies; he must devote his "days and nights" to one pursuit if he desires to rise above the general level. And it is to this that our opponent applies the opprobrious name of hobby. Strange is it that men should take so erroneous a view of matters. If a man has a hobby, it is a guarantee that he has given considerable time and attention to the study. It is almost a proof that he knows everything of something, and not, as our opponent would think more desirable, something of everything. It is this kind of exhausted acquaintance with these subjects that tends to increase and deepen the knowledge of the world, and to raise the general standard of learning among men. If men lecture because they have "hobbies," do not men also write because they have favourite studies or topics? Shall we not read because men write on their favourite subjects? and shall we affirm that books are unprofitable for instruction on that account?

G. H. S. evidently thinks his armour cannot be "riddled," but R. P. has done so cleverly,—and satisfactorily, we should suppose, to every looker on, though much to the discomfiture of G. H. S. Add to the arguments advanced by R. P. the distinct induction from facts brought forward by L. W. R., and we think it cannot be doubted that the proof armour of G. H. S. has had enough. We in mercy spare him.

G. M. S. produces no arguments against us. All that he says about knowledge speaks really in favour of lectures—which are

agencies for imparting knowledge. He has been unfortunate in his townsfolk surely; for "they prefer the light and flippant lectures to those of a deep and meditative character." Do they prefer George Dawson to the favourite clergyman of G. M. S.? or Cowden Clarke on Shakspeare to Dr. Fairbairn on "The Types"? or the fun of Grossmith to the finance and figures of Laing? Perhaps they have even refused to listen to the lectures of "a deep and meditative character" which G. M. S. himself had prepared for their instruction! We dare not, however, re-think such a thought, and pass off from the enigmatic question as soon as it suggests itself.

We cannot but affirm that the wisdom of ages has in this case proved itself to be invulnerable to modern attacks. We think no candid mind can review the "lame and impotent" endeavours of our antagonists to mark out a new path and find fault with the old ones, and not see that they have signally failed to make out their case. We, on the other hand, have by fact and argument given undoubted proof that public lectures are profitable for instruction, and are certain of carrying with us into the lobby a tremendous majority of "Ayes"!

ELPISTICOS.

NEGATIVE ARTICLE.—V.

THE gist of this question we presume is, are public lectures profitable for *public* or *general* instruction? That lectures are profitable for the instruction of a few none will deny; for were they found unprofitable altogether they could not go on in their deceptive course. There are some minds whose ideas are in the inquiring or interested state, and these are ready to accept of and to improve by suggestive thought. These go prepared to the lecture-hall, and are properly receptive. These men catch at the facts, truths, or ideas announced or shadowed out, and find them stimulant to themselves. These men are, in general, those from whom the general public take their cue, and the public pronounce that good which good judges, as they think, approve of. But we know for a fact that the number of those who throng our lecture-rooms are people who are not prepared by forethought to profit from the lessons given. Nor do they often by afterthought try to make up their deficiencies. They go for the amusement of the hour, for the passing of the time, and for the attainment of the trick of talk, that by ringing the changes, through retranslation, on the statements of the lecturer, they may be able to converse about it in that disjointed style which passes at dinner and tea-table parties for conversation. That we do not overstate the fact may be held as proved from the following considerations:—1. Those lecturers are most popular who make the least demand on active thought—and especially those who are known to be *amusing*. 2. Lectures which rise above the level of the common standard—get a great deal of silent and astonished listening to, but little applause—the common run of people

not knowing in these cases when to applaud or what to applaud, and being afraid, each of the other, to commit the solecism of applauding in the wrong place. This may be politely attributed in newspaper reports to the lecturer's capacity of "riveting the attention of the audience," but it is really nothing else than the "solemn silence" of felt imbecility, of inability to pick out the steps upward from thought to thought which the lecturer pursues. Hence the *malapropos* applause often heard at such meetings, where a mid-thought, not a top-round is applauded, and the pith is taken out of the lecturer's climax. How discomfiting is this "fond foolish look of praise" to the man who is pursuing the upward path of a great subject, and is about to swoop down upon a great truth! "It calls to him, No higher no higher, for Heaven's sake; the weak sight of your fellows cannot aspire to such lofty heights!" 3. Readings, when the reader is a man whose name, or a woman whose fame, is in everybody's mouth, are more popular than lectures. This shows that to see and to be seen are powerful agents in filling halls, and that pastime and amusement are sought rather than instruction by the public at lectures. These facts culled from the audience department are upheld by facts drawn from the lecturer's desk. Lecturers who have great thought, to propound are anxious to have their lectures reported, that they may find readers, because readers, are more likely to become proselytes to their opinions than hearers—so low is the estimate they form of the crowds who come to the halls; or they get them speedily issued in book form, that they may be brought under the notice of the reflective thinker. They thus show their unwillingness to trust their fame and usefulness to their hearers; their want of dependence on their power of instruction by lectures. On the other hand, the lecturer whose monologue seeks to tickle into laughter, and show off his own cleverness, asks the reporter's mercy not to take the cream off his scanty supply of milk—often already skimmed,—and goes about with little descriptive puffs written out by his own hand, cut and ready for insertion. This is a well-known fact, and proves that the instruction of the public is not the object of their efforts at all. Were we to take the freedom of canvassing the merits as compared with the popularity of certain lecturers we should arrive at the same conclusion, that the general public does not look upon lectures as a medium of instruction, but attends them for quite other reasons.

A. E. L.

AFFIRMATIVE REPLY.

I could have wished that the reply to the discussion on this interesting and important question had issued from the same pen which so clearly and forcibly set forth the claims of public lectures as a profitable means of instruction. Independently of the general disadvantage arising from following the lead of another, I feel that in the present instance this is greatly augmented, as the lead has been taken by one who, though our opinions are generally opposed,

I always feel to be a foeman more than worthy of my steel. In the present case I most cordially agree with him, and have great pleasure in doing my best to supply his place in summarizing and replying to the articles adduced for the negative of this question.

"Randolph" is first on the list; and he seems to think that because people are amused or pleased with a lecture, there can be no good in it. Instruction combined with amusement appears to him an impossibility. But we know that it is not so. There is, it seems to me, no royal road to knowledge; but this is no reason why we should throw obstructions in the way of those who wish to tread the path; or rather, why all who have conquered should not use every endeavour to remove all unnecessary impediments, and give what aid they can to those who are striving to reach the same vantage-ground with others. Even the list of subjects for lectures, satirically furnished by "Randolph," would, if well treated, furnish abundance of instruction to those who know very little of such subjects, and inspire both them and those who are fairly acquainted with the subjects with the desire to know more. I can say but little more to "Randolph's" satirical article: I have heard many lectures on various subjects, and certainly never heard an introduction anything similar to the one he gives. As it is marked as a quotation, he would, I think, confer some benefit on the readers of this Magazine were he to inform them when and where it was uttered. "Randolph's" concluding remarks completely nullify his second objection. In the one we are told that the great fault of lectures is their want of adaptation to the audience, and in the other that the great fault is that the lecturer considers his audience rather than his subject. I have no fault to find with the definition G. H. S. gives of the terms "public lectures" and "profitable for instruction;" but would remind him that the lectures are generally chosen by the committee of some literary or mechanics' institute, with special reference to the requirements and capabilities of their members; if the general public come once and again to such it is quite as fair to assume that they think it worth while, in other words, that they feel that there is something to be learnt, as that they come out of mere fashion or curiosity. The arguments, too, of "Randolph" and G. H. S. completely clash with one another. The one objects that there is no attempt on the part of the lecturer to suit his subject to his audience; the other that he studies them so much as to lose sight of his real province as a lecturer, and therefore an instructor; he is circumscribed both in his subject and in the manner of its delivery, though I can hardly allow that to be a real circumscription which compels a lecturer to translate as far as possible his own thoughts into language readily comprehended by the common people. This is, in fact, the touchstone of real knowledge of a subject, and according to the success in communicating to others may we estimate the real worth of the knowledge possessed. But what is to be said of the assertion which has involved its upholders

in such glaring contradictions? G. H. S. cannot certainly prove that public lectures fail in the majority of cases in the three points which he adduces as essential to success; and it is curious to observe how the proof is attempted. We are told that a public lecturer "can only pass in review the general features of the topic he discusses," and that therefore an ignorant man will never be sent away by these means to study. Now I think the reverse is the case; for plainly, if the lecturer went closely and minutely into every part of the subject, the man would be no longer ignorant, nor have need of further study of the subject; whereas by treating the subject in a general manner the curiosity is awakened, and the man is then in the best state possible for acquiring further knowledge. Public lectures were never intended to supply all the information possible on any subject; if they did so they would fail of their chief aim, and those who attended them would soon become stuffed encyclopedias rather than thinking men. So that we see that the public lecture amply fulfils its design in regard to the first point. For the second, I need only observe that every society, sect, or fraternity seeks to propagate its views by continual appeals to the public, and in this way prepares the public mind for the reception of opinions which at one time it would have scouted. The Corn Laws would never have been repealed had not public opinion been wrought up to the point by continued addresses, setting forth the principles of free trade; and what were these but lectures? Is it required in the present day to educate the public mind for the reception of any measure, national or local, what is done? Meetings are held, and the speakers at these are to all intents and purposes lecturers, who discourse on the appointed topic, placing it before their audience in every possible light, and endeavouring to instil their own views into the minds of the hearers.

No remark is needed on the third point. A real student will not attend a lecture unless he hopes to profit by it; and when there is the desire the reality will not be wanting. Many instances might be cited of the stimulus given to latent genius by public lectures. Faraday, a bookbinder's apprentice, attended the lectures of Sir Humphry Davy, was so roused by them, and made such great advances in the subject treated of in them, that, on the professor's death, he was thoroughly qualified to wear the mantle of his old teacher—to be the Elisha of that Elijah.

It cannot surely be urged as an argument against lectures, as is done by G. M. S., that lecturers confine themselves to one subject, in which they deem themselves most proficient. What more would he have? Is a lecturer to speak upon subjects with which he is only partially acquainted, or of which he is in blissful ignorance? This would certainly be very profitable to the audience! I have certainly known one who boasted that he could with one hour's notice lecture on any subject imaginable; but I need hardly say that he was considered by the many as the would-be wise.

I have only the article of P. H. to deal with, and I certainly

cannot agree with his assertions as to the substance of lectures, or the way in which he deduces from this their unprofitableness for public instruction. Books do not give the stimulus to study; they provide the matter; the studious disposition must be formed by other means, and therefore lectures, which show what instruction and pleasure may be derived from the perusal of books, do give the required stimulus; and they are further profitable for instruction in that they bring into a focus observations on any subject which, gathered from many books it would be impossible for the private student to procure, are presented complete and at one view to the hearer.

The illustrations and, to them, strong instances adduced by the writers on the negative side of this question have been so fairly met, and, as I conceive, triumphantly refuted by the affirmative writers, that I have thought it needless to enter into an examination of them anew, especially as I have not taken any part in the debate, thinking that it must of necessity prove quite a one-sided discussion. To my astonishment it has not done so; but I trust that those who have undertaken to champion the cause of the opposition will perceive that their armour has been thoroughly riddled during the combat, and so be forced to the conclusion that public lectures are and must be profitable for instruction.

R. S.

NEGATIVE REPLY.

LECTURES have long been a rage in England. Talking is so much cheaper than publishing, and present applause is so much more pleasant than posthumous fame. If a man has gone to Paris, he must enlighten the world with his "Impressions of the City of Pleasure;" if he has dug up a stone inscribed by some pedlar in an idle mood long ago with the magic letters "Re. A. dy. C. A. s. H.," he must expound it into magnificent Latin as an old Roman inscription, as being the remains of some classic milestone, or some sepulchral head mark; if he has formed a new theory of lunar eclipses, or discovered a method of squaring the circle, or found out the secret meaning of *Open Sesame* in the tale of "Aladdin and his Wonderful Lamp," he must favour the universe with a lecture on it. The talk and platform mania is taking a special intensity of type, inasmuch as it is scarcely satisfied with lecturing unless it is reported. To waste one's dulness in the lecture hall is a ridiculous excess of modesty; unless one can also manage to see his words unrolled down a column of the "ample page" of the world's daily history book, the ardent zeal of a lecturer is not satisfied. To lecture is used merely as a means of attaining the honours of publication cheaply, and to see one's name in print.

The idea of "Elpistieos," that the lecturer is a teacher, argues against himself, for the lecturer is self-appointed and self-adjudged; now almost all schoolmasters, and other teachers, require to undergo some examination, or give some proof of their fitness to teach; but we have not heard of a board of examiners, and of competitive

trial for the right of addressing the public in lectures. L. W. R. most unwarrantably accuses our party of having adroitly foisted in the word *instruction* instead of education in the statement of this debate. He ought to know that the writers on either side require to take the question as given. Education has a strictly defined meaning and usage, and no one pretends that public lectures are profitable for education, who has any sense of its meaning, because they know that lectures cannot educate, train, and supply with the instruments of knowledge. His appeal to facts (p. 268) proves absolutely nothing. In the first series of lectureships quoted the lectures are addressed to prepared minds, not to the public. In the second, other purposes are combined with the lecture—which only proves that the lectures are not attractive in and for themselves. His succeeding paragraph is exceedingly fallacious: "Is all oratory lecturing, or is all lecturing oratory?" If not, the quotation of the uses and effects of eloquence are valueless. Eloquence is used to persuade men to action; it is not intended to instruct, but to move, although it may instruct that it may succeed in moving. Lectures do not often prove oratorical in the sense of persuading to action; they very often are filled with flashy, tawdry lines, intended to pass for and very often mistaken for rhetoric; but they are rarely full of the spirit of earnest conviction, and of carefully gained information. If any one looks over a series of syllabuses of public lectures, he will find that the subjects in general are chosen, because they command any amount of talk about them; two-thirds of them being on poetry or poets, confessedly the most difficult of all subjects on which to speak truth and sense. The other favourite subjects are those to which accidental attractions can be given,—as Chemistry, which admits of experiments; Mechanics, which allows of the exhibition of objects; Architecture, Travel, Anthropology, &c., which require pictures, &c. There can we maintain, be no true instruction given by any one who is not conversant with the state of mind in which those to be instructed are. Lecturers cannot know this; and therefore, they cannot make their lectures profitable for public instruction. Public lectures have other qualities than their instructiveness; to recommend them, but it would be sheer waste of the reader's time to extend this paper farther; for the arguments on this side of the question have been full, fair, and convincing to every inquirer, that lectures are not profitable for instruction. RAMPOLPH

Literature

DOES POETRY DECLINE WITH THE ADVANCEMENT OF CIVILIZATION?

AFFIRMATIVE REPLY.

THE more elements which compose civilization have always been against the progress of poetry. In civilized communities knowledge becomes too paramount for its advancement. The perplexities of knowledge tend to confuse the mental faculties, while clear conception is highly necessary to poetic effect. Before any one can expect to become a poet of the heart and feelings he must be shorn of many of his attainments. He must dispense with his stores of information. The more simple and intuitional the ideas of the poet's mind, the greater will his influence be over the public. The possession of natural abilities is requisite without those great attainments which are produced by much thought and great perseverance. Knowledge engrosses the mind in too many studies. These are concentrated by patient attention; but that scientific concentration entirely chokes and destroys the natural abilities. Learning induces the mind to reason, and to become what is called *matter of fact*. This logical consistency is completely against the advancement of poetry, which is the production of the imagination. In fact, the imagination, which is the great organ of poetry, becomes, by the increase of knowledge, but a mere fractional element of the judgment. When, therefore, the imagination is tamed down, and brought within very narrow limits by civilization, poetry must necessarily decline. It is mostly the reverse in a savage state. The imagination in such a state can extend over all the realms of fancy, and nothing limits or impedes it in its progress. The passions may outrun discretion, but there is no moral hindrance to obstruct their course. The ignorance which prevails is highly conducive to its influence; hence poetry flourishes in such an age. Now we are all aware that a poem in a civilized age never surprises us to any extent; it never, as it were, steals away our minds, excites our passions, or alters our conduct from its accustomed line of action. We have acquired too much knowledge to be swayed by poetic influences. We read it merely for reading's sake, and then lay it aside. It produces no illusions on our minds; it does not increase our enthusiastic praise, or stimulate us by its power over the feelings. In savage communities, where intelligence must be low, a short song, even badly metred throughout three or four verses,

has far more influence over their rude minds than whole volumes have in civilized ages. In an ignorant age poetry addresses the feelings and passions of parties, and arouses and stimulates their minds accordingly. Their poems or songs are only addressed to those having an interest in them; ours, in a civilized age, to those who have no curiosity on the subject at all; consequently poetry must advance or decline according to the interest which parties may attach thereto. In an enlightened age a poem is treated as fiction, because the minds of intelligent beings are capable of discerning and comprehending its merits and demerits, and its tenor must therefore be generally understood; we therefore look upon it in a stoical manner, because we are placed in such a position by knowledge that we can distinguish truth from error. In a savage state it would be exactly the opposite. The verity of what they had their minds fixed on for a few years was taken for granted—so their whole belief, untinged by doubt, would join their passions,—hence the influence of poetry would be correspondingly great. Further, the minds of ignorant people are more susceptible of impressions, and consequently more likely to be deceived by superstitions. Superstition on the part of the people is certainly a great element in the power of poetry. Again, civilization causes superstition to wane, and consequently destroys one of the great influences of poetry. Now superstition being as prevalent in an unenlightened age would add greatly to the power of ideas when expressed in poetry. Besides, the language being more simple would be more applicable for the transmission of ideas. These reasons, therefore, clearly show that poetry flourishes more in a savage age than in an enlightened one, and that as civilization advances the influence of poetry declines.

The present discussion on poetry does not depend on the goodness or badness of poetry. We can take it in its most comprehensive signification, and argue upon it accordingly. We have nothing to do with its moral qualities, be they good or bad; but with its effect, whether does it flourish more in the one state than the other, whether as the one state declines does poetry also decline, or whether does it advance with the advancement of the other? We know quite well that poems such as Milton's "Paradise Lost" never influence the mass of the people; but that short songs or poems, which may have never had the honour of being printed, will have far more influence over their minds than the loftiest and most sublime poem in the world. What influence have the works of Shakspeare, Milton, or Spenser over the great mass of mankind, in comparison with short and pungent *ditties* that may exist in localities? And in this relation does the poetry of a civilized age stand to the savage. The real poetry of a country, its songs as they exist in separate communities, are very seldom published. The knowledge of any one poet can never suit the whims and tastes of hundreds of sections of the kingdom,—some of Burns's poems, for example, and also Ramsay's and Hogg's. It is quite obvious

that their knowledge was extremely limited. They were brought up in seeming ignorance, and received from Nature herself the gems which she generally assigns to poets; yet we most distinctly maintain that they were not civilized poets. They received the little rudiments of the education which they possessed amongst the lowest and most ignorant in a social aspect, which condition has the nearest resemblance to savagism, just amounting to semi-civilization, although they were ruled, regulated, and protected by wise laws. The rudest savage in existence can be under the wisest legislation; and we are under the impression that if the poets to whom we have referred had received an excellent education, such as civilization alone can give, they would never have arrived at the lofty eminences to which they subsequently attained. Their mere ignorance and the illiteracy which surrounded them were the means of their success. Being ignorant of those embellishments which add lustre to civilized life, they were more enthusiastic and soul-stirring in their productions. The mere rules of shallow etiquette did not dissuade them from impressing their ideas in the manner of true poets. The flimsy drapery which decorates civilized life was unknown to them, and they therefore revelled unconsciously in the great stores of nature—a boundless field, which is always simple, and more admired when least known.

R. S. states (p. 181) that "the primary office of poetry is to influence the feelings rather than the judgment." What does the substance of this statement amount to? Simply this, that civilization develops the judgment and spurns the feelings; and also limits and contracts the special functions of the feelings. This limitation of the feelings by intelligence and knowledge extends the scope of the judgment. It must then be obvious, by this process, on R. S.'s argument, that as the feelings to which poetry is chiefly directed become more or less than secondary agencies in a civilized age, that poetry must necessarily decline. "The primary office of poetry is to influence the feelings." The feelings are the soul of poetry. Civilization in the power of judgment reduces and contracts the force of the feelings; therefore it destroys the soul of poetry. Since R. S. has admitted that the "primary office of poetry is to influence the feelings," it must follow, as a matter of course, that anything which tends to curb them must be therefore prejudicial to the influence of poetry; and civilization discharges this duty most effectually.

Again, R. S. states that "poetry is a necessary element of civilization." The proper use of the judgment is a great element of civilization, in opposition to the influence of the feelings. In civilized life people are taught to reason, and not to cry like children, to give expression to their feelings. They are instructed in the paths of wisdom. If poetry be addressed to the feelings, that hold such a minor office in civilization, how then can poetry be a necessary element in civilization, when the feelings to which it is addressed are shorn of their power by civilization? We are

certainly at a loss to discover how these undoubted discrepancies can be reconciled. So far as they have gone they certainly have proved nothing for the negative, but the diametrically opposite.

Great stress is laid upon the song of Moses, and how a delivered people resounded it on an iron-bound coast with great joy. But then we are informed that although they were delivered from slavery, they returned to their former ways. This statement is meant, we have no doubt, to convey that the effect of this great poem on their minds was very trivial, just as if the great poems of modern times had such an effect upon the mind of the people that they would carry it to their very grave. Well, we would ask, what effect have poems at the present day? Will that effect continue for years? Grecian, Roman, and Italian poetry is referred to, as if these poems were read by the masses of their respective nations. What influence have poets such as Southey or Coleridge exercised on the minds of the masses in comparison to several songs existing in various places? Because poems are now published and circulated throughout the entire world, it does not follow that there were no poems in lands where there was no printing or an artificial medium of transmitting it from one to another. A few laboured poets may be adduced, with their long, lugubrious poems, but these tedious productions have no influence on the people in proportion to the magic spell which short songs have had, such as would have been in a savage age.

R. S. asserts that uncivilized and semi-civilized countries have never produced good poetry, and goes on to show that the Scandinavians had songs in abundance, but that their nature and tendencies were vicious. It seems to us quite plain that we have nothing to do with a poem on the ground of its viciousness. We have to do with songs, of whatever character or description, in their influence upon people, *i. e.*, whether poetry advances or declines with civilization. We have only now to corroborate R. S.'s statement, which amounts to a candid confession that they had poetry in abundance, although it might have been vicious, which amply justifies us in stating that it had a great influence over these Scandinavians, and we want nothing more. The Scandinavians might have been the most merciless tigers in creation, but their ferocity cannot waive the influence which their poetry had over their fierce nature.

In civilized countries sciences are formed upon various subjects; facts are collected for their due demonstration; realities must be found to form their bases, as mere fiction will not suit this end. The imagination holds no sacred office in scientific pursuits. Civilization produces science. The conclusion is therefore plain that the imagination loses its paramount sway in enlightened ages, and hence poetry declines.

We are unable to conceive how peace and freedom, being necessary elements of civilization, are the constant companions of real and good poetry. Whereas the fact rests thus,—that the best poems in our language are founded upon wars of one kind or

another, revenge, the horrors of slavery, the passions, &c., so that instead of peace and freedom being the companions of good poetry, they are its very destruction; and no sooner than to war, revenge, & abuse, than does poetry lose the chief incidents upon which it is composed. It is, therefore, plain that the various savage conditions and actions are the principal elements of which poetry, having any influence over the minds of people, is composed. Peace and freedom are against the spirit of poetry; and as they exist in a civilized age, and are therefore prejudicial to poetry, the latter must consequently decline with the advancement of civilization.

Poetry is closely allied to music; in fact, poetry is the foundation of music. We have always found that poetry and music flourished greatly in unenlightened ages. At the present day it exists among the savages, though in a very undeveloped state to the ear of the modern musical sense. Poetry roused their savage breasts, and music added fuel to the flame. In the highlands of Scotland, where it may be said that the inhabitants are only half civilized, poetry and music exercise a most incalculable influence upon their minds. On the performance of a favourite air all their frames seem to be set on fire; they are roused by its accents as from a state of lethargy, from the extreme of dormancy to that of the gayest pleasure. Besides, these songs are far more numerous than can be got in civilized life. A great number of these people are quite able to compose poems in their own language with very little trouble. They have no other study to divert their mental attentions; they are untroubled with learning; and hence, in their ignorance and pristine simplicity, with a tincturing knowledge of nature around them, they are able to compose poems or songs which will have a great influence over their fellow-associates. This state, therefore, is the best adapted for poetry; and as it wanes, poetry must correspondingly decline.

But informs us that poetry is so intellectual and profound that it is itself not then pleasing to the many. How can it be profound when it is principally directed to the feelings and not to the judgments on R. S.'s favourite argument? How then can poetry influence the inner man? What effect has it then over the masses of mankind? How can it advance with civilization, when the thoughts are so profound that people do not comprehend them? When they are not understood by "the many," they must lose their interest; and when interest is lost in them by "the many," can they advance with civilization?

We have, therefore, no hesitation in stating that poetry declines with the advancement of civilization. History has already proved this statement, and a little attention to savagism at the present day will corroborate it. Besides, a consideration of a semi-civilized state will throw additional light on the subject.

NEGATIVE REPLY.

It is with considerable diffidence that I undertake the difficult task of replying to the various well-written articles which have been contributed in support of the affirmative of this interesting and far-reaching question. It was with some surprise that I found myself placed in the van of the debate; arising entirely, I feel assured, from my article being first in time rather than in merit. But I proceed to discharge, as well I can, the duty imposed upon me. G. M. S. fully believes himself in the right, and he who does so cannot, if the poet's dictum be received, be wrong. I trust, however, to prove for this once at least that the dictum will not hold. On his broad definition of poetry as "the expression of one's thoughts through the medium of fancy," G. M. S. must surely be aware that the verdict can only be given against him, for certainly fiction of every kind is more abundant in quantity and better in quality as civilization advances than in a reverse order of things. I am quite willing to take the more general but more restricted definition, coincident with my own, as: *rhythmical thought, displaying harmony, cadence, in the combination of sounds*. It is not disputed by any that poetry has existed among savage tribes, though it may be fairly questioned whether such *quasi-savage* nations were not advanced several degrees in the scale of civilization; in fact, the definition of a savage would be found rather a troublesome affair; but taking such a general idea as may include the various particular ones formed by each, and allowing poetry of some sort to have existed among such nations, it does not follow, as G. M. S. more than once assumes, that because poetry flourished among these it must of necessity decline as soon as the social condition of the people is changed, that is, as soon as they become civilized. This is in reality begging the question. The main defect of the argument employed appears to be the ignoring of the different species of poetry, and of the different ways in which it may influence the mind. Poetry in its first existence, as far as we can judge of it, is taken, its qualities and influences noted; and because in later times these special qualities and influences are found wanting, it is asserted that poetry is wanting too; that it has, in fact, declined. Because the poets of the present age do not roam our highways, and with awful voice and threatening gesture call upon all who feel themselves wronged to play the man, take up arms, and avenge the oppressor,—upon the father who has been wronged by a neighbour to transmit to his family as a sacred command the task of avenging that wrong upon his neighbour's posterity to the latest generations,—they are forsooth unworthy of their name, and of their high calling which has so miserably declined in their hands! The poet's mission is now one of peace and good-will toward men; and instead of encouraging the human passions of revenge, &c., he has to appeal to feelings of a totally different order, and to show man the prime duty of in all things

conquering self. As regards its nature and influence I fearlessly maintain that the poetry of a civilized age is far in advance of a barbarous one, and that consequently it cannot be said to decline with civilization, merely because its staple, so to speak, and the direction of its influence are changed. And this will be rendered much clearer by the consideration of an instance or two: In the late civil war in America, poetasters were not wanting on either side, who encouraged their party to the conflict by all the appeals to the passions of which they were capable. Yet can such miserable effusions be called poetry? Or to come nearer home: all remember the poet-laureate's "Maud," struck off in the heat of the Crimean war fever, and all agreed in lamenting that so poor a work should have issued from so great a mind. True, the snivelling counter-jumper was exhorted to leave his wares, rush to the war, and strike if it were but with his cheating yard-wand home; and the adulterators of our food were warned to forsake their evil ways, and embark in some more glorious enterprise. What was the effect? Did crowds flock to our barracks awed by the poet's denunciations, or moved by his fire? We know they did not, and that those who entered the service were actuated by very different motives. And even were the foreigner to invade our sea-girt isle, it is very doubtful, supposing the love of country to be so degenerate, that Englishmen would not at once rally and fight to the last for hearth and home, whether any utterances of any poet, however vigorous and stirring in themselves, would ever make them do so. Yet who will say that poetry has no influence in the present day? From the cradle to the grave we meet it at every turn, and at every step yield more or less to its influence. We form, in great measure, our notions of right and wrong, and imbibe our principles of truthfulness, honesty, justice, charity, and integrity, from the early teaching of our nursery rhymes. Civilization does tend to subdue passions of the baser sort, and consequently poetry loses its hold over these; but the higher and nobler passions know no subjection, but are rather intensified and invigorated; and it is on these that poetry must and does exert its influence. A number of jingling sounds may excite a savage just as empty declamation does the rabble, but the intellectual man looks as much for something more than this in poetry as he does in the outpourings of any one claiming the name of orator. But as a friend has well observed to me, if starting with savagedom, we find poetry in its best state, and if for every step forward in civilization, poetry takes one backward, we should long ere this find poetry extinct. Yet compare the poems of Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Browning, with what remains to us of early Celtic or Saxon poetry. Do the lyrics of Hood, Buchanan, Clough, Mackay, yield the palm to the songs of the old English gleemen and minstrels, or the French trouvères and troubadours? I give "Philomathes" full credit for his ingenious account of the origin of poetry, though I must dissent from it; and, in fact, it is quite at variance with the statement of his coadjutor J. M. S. Poetry, he

says, "is the natural outburst of thought, and is independent of the scaffolding of metrical feet;" though he too has forgotten to tell us how it comes to pass that all poetry is marked by rhythm, that is, the recurrence of accents and pauses at regular intervals. But "Philomathes" asserts that all these forms were invented by the would-be poets. If "Philomathes" will only review his list of poets who composed amid the din of war, and carefully tabulate the dates of the various works, he will find that in the main my statement that freedom and peace are essentially necessary to the production of good poetry is correct. Chaucer was only eighteen at the date of the battle of Cressy, and but twenty-eight when Poitiers was won; while his best work, the "Canterbury Tales," was written at Woodstock, in the retirement of country life thirty-five years after the latter of these battles. "The Faerie Queene" was written in Ireland, and the first part not published till two years after the destruction of the Armada. Milton composed or published no poetical works from 1638—1671, the interval being filled with his controversial prose works; and I could, did space permit, easily show that the other authors cited, though passing part of their lives in troublous times, did really write their chief works in times of peace. Besides, it is not the mere fact that there was a war raging in some part of the earth, but how far this affected Englishmen individually; and when this is considered the supposed inconsistency vanishes. We have had wars in New Zealand, Bhootan, troubles in Jamaica and Ireland, yet how far do they affect us individually? We, with few exceptions, act in our daily concerns as if "*l'empire c'est la paix*" were true of every part of our dominions.

I must bestow what little space remains to me to a consideration of the article of "Dalziel." I can hardly understand how the similes with which his article opens apply to the question under discussion. An abundance of any article may cause it to be held cheap, or thought little of, but the qualities of the article remain the same. Corn is just as useful and nourishing now, when wheat is at 40s. the quarter, as it was when 80s. was a common price. We cannot say that the nutritive properties of a loaf of bread have declined in consequence of free trade in corn, though it may be quite true that we do not prize it so highly as before. And so with poetry. The poet might be thought more of in former ages, though I very much doubt whether it were so, but this does not make his poetry any the better. The case of the *soi-disant* poet Close should hardly have been cited by "Dalziel," as it is well known that he has been disowned as such by all intelligent men. Nor does it follow because our poets no longer sing of the wrath of heroes or of gods, or the fall of cities and crash of empires, that therefore poetry has declined. The death of a village our might give rise to true poetry. Our taste is now for simple and every-day subjects. Is "The Excursion" worthy the name of a poem? or "The Deserted Village," "Traveller," or "Task"? And yet see how simple is the subject in each of these which gives rise to such graphic description

and beautiful imagery. The "In Memoriam," too, is but a tribute to a dear departed friend. Yet is it not poetry of the highest stamp, intensely moving and pathetic?

Lastly, it does not follow, as "Dalziel" seems to think, or at least asserts, that because our prose has considerably advanced during the last few years, our poetry must of necessity have declined; as if it were impossible for the two to exist together. It is true that in early times the poetry was superior to the prose, the latter having, in fact, little or no existence till many years after poetry had reached its *acme*; and though in the present day our prose may be better than our poetry, it does not thence follow that our poetry has declined. We are not comparing poetry with prose, but with poetry; and the poetry of Tennyson is as much superior to the poetry of Chaucer as is the prose of Macaulay to the prose of Mandeville. It must also be borne in mind by those who desire to form a sound judgment on this question, that we know nothing of the mediocrities of antiquity, we have only the stars; and because in looking on them our attention is not distracted by the presence of the lesser lights which then as now surrounded the greater ones, while in looking over the poets of our own age we meet with every degree of brilliancy, we are apt to consider the elder votaries of the Muse greater than they really are. A few centuries hence our mediocrities will be unknown, and only the great lights survive, and posterity will assuredly prefer our present age for poetry to the then existing one; though the character of the real poetry must have advanced. I have done, and while regretting my own inability to deal with so large a subject, and that the close of a volume has precluded the insertion of any more papers on the question, must leave the decision of it to the careful and impartial consideration of the readers of this Magazine.

R. S.

NOTES FOR HOME EDUCATION.—The following are worthy of being placed in an conspicuous position in every household:—1. From your children's early infancy inculcate the necessity of instant obedience. 2. Unite firmness with gentleness. Let your children always understand that you mean exactly what you say. 3. Never promise them anything, unless you are sure that you can give them what you promise. 4. If you tell a child to do anything, show him how to do it, and see that it is done. 5. Always punish your children for wilfully disobeying you, but never punish when you are angry. 6. Never let them perceive that they can vex you or make you lose your self-command. 7. Never smile at any of their actions of which you do not approve, even though they are somewhat amusing. 8. If they give way to petulance and temper, wait till they are calm, and then gently reason with them on the impropriety of their conduct. 9. Remember that a little present punishment, when the occasion arises, is much more effectual than the threatening of a greater punishment should the fault be renewed. 10. Never give your children anything because they cry for it. 11. On no account allow them to do at one time what you have forbidden, under the same circumstances, at another. 12. Teach them that the only sure and easy way to appear good is to be good. 13. Accustom them to make their little recitals the perfect truth. 14. Never allow of talebearing. 15. Teach them that self-denial, not self-indulgence, is the appointed and sure method of securing happiness.—*Albany Country Gentleman.*

The Essayist.

THE NATURE OF KNOWLEDGE.

(Concluded from page 376.)

5th. In the last number we have traced the constructive action of our intelligence up to the formation of general words. We proceed to show that the conception of this act as one of construction removes from the notion of common words, as formed by the Aristotelian school, a grave difficulty, which constitutes a strong argument in favour of the idealist theory about them. If common words are formed by dropping out of sight all that is peculiar to any individual, we must in using them lose sight of every individual, and thus arrive in every case at the same result of—Nothingness. Take the word "mountain," which is Dr. Whately's illustration; remove in imagination every sensation produced by any mountain, and therefore peculiar to its action; you arrive at absolute vacancy. So with the common words expressing qualities, Strength, Justice, Goodness, &c. They have no contents except in reference to some individuals by whom the particular qualities are manifested, and vanish when all these carriers of their universality are withdrawn. Yet it is certain that to our consciousness common words are not seats of vacancy, but are full of concrete reality, because, as Locke saw, they are the means by which countless concrete individuals are brought together by the imagination under different relations, "as it were in bundles, for the easier and readier improvement of our knowledge, which would otherwise advance but slowly, were men's words confined to particulars;"* though unfortunately he did not see all that is implied in this bundle-forming faculty.

For in the conception of mental action as essentially constructive lies the means of satisfactorily solving the problem so long and so hotly discussed between the great rival schools of philosophy, whether man does or does not possess some knowledge absolutely certain, not affected by any contingency of experience. The disciples of the Idealist schools are used, and in our judgment with full right, to appeal to mathematical science as a conclusive proof that the human intelligence has such possessions. That two straight lines cannot enclose a space; that if one + one are two, and one + one + one + one are four, two + two are also four, these and a multitude of similar propositions depend for their proof on no accumulation of observations. If they are understood at all, they are understood as completely certain, so that no amount of

* Essay III., § ii. See *British Controversialist*, 1866, p. 51.

experiment could make us more sure of them, no apparent contradiction between observation and theory can make us feel less sure. Attempts have been made by men of great ability to resolve this feeling of certainty into an invariable association of experience. But they break down on two points:—First, that the imagination has never any difficulty in associating or separating any sensible phenomena whatever, however opposed this association or separation may be to experience; while in mathematical science we feel that what is separated can never be associated, and what is associated can never be separated. Second, that it is impossible to imagine any association of sensible phenomena which could cast a doubt on the certainties of mathematics. Mr. J. S. Mill has recently exerted all his ingenuity to draw fine lines of distinction between the association of day with night, or of a stone with sinking in water, and that of two straight lines with the not enclosing a space. But he does not notice the important distinction between the cases; that while we have not the *least difficulty* in disconnecting in imagination day from night, or a stone from the property of sinking, the difficulty of imagining two straight lines to enclose a space amounts to an impossibility. Milton's war in heaven and angelic visitations to Adam and Eve may claim a place in poetry (*poiesis*), however improbable we may judge them as history; but if Milton had told us that in paradise Adam and Eve slept in a bower formed of two straight lines of shrubs by which they were enclosed on all sides, we should have judged our poet a proper inmate for Bedlam. Again, an able writer in the *Saturday Review* has maintained, with the approval of Mr. Mill,* that if we lived in a world where, whenever two pair of things were contemplated together, a fifth thing was immediately created and brought within the contemplation of the mind engaged in putting two and two together, the result would be that the mind contemplating two and two would count five; and that if we lived in a world where there were no straight lines but the lines of a railway which appeared to meet, and were prevented from ascertaining that in fact they did not meet, we should suppose two straight lines to enclose a space. But both suppositions are clearly fallacies. A mind capable of contemplating things in pairs—that is, of putting two and two together—must be conscious of the difference between two such groups, and the groups of two and three supposed to be presented to it, *i. e.*, of the difference between four and five. So, that the two lines of a railway may appear to enclose a space the observer must turn his head while observing them, and then would contemplate not *two* straight lines, but *four*, apparently diverging from two opposite points towards each other; as to which it is as certain that, if they really so diverged, they must enclose a space if produced far enough, as that two such lines alone cannot do this. The puzzles created by the ingenuity of the

* "Examination of Sir W. Hamilton," p. 67.

Saturday Reviewer would give rise, therefore, not to the questions supposed by him, but to such questions as these,—Why in nature four things could never be perceived together without the sudden appearance of a fifth? or whether two straight lines could exist as natural objects without meeting two other similar lines diverging from an opposite point?

It appears, then, that no reasonable account of mathematical certainties can be given which does not attribute them to some source in our minds distinct from the conclusions resting on the experience of sensation. But if, taking our stand upon this ground, we claim for our intelligence an access to necessary and universal truths, we are met by the difficulty that the claim must include a variety of conceptions, such as Space, Time, Quality, Quantity, Relation, Substance, Cause, &c., &c.; while yet no one is able accurately to determine the number of these truths, nor can we by means of them dispense with the contingent and partial details of sensational knowledge if we would come to any trustworthy conclusions as to the universe to which they relate. Here is a great perplexity. Mathematical science proves that there are necessary and universal truths attainable by our intelligence, yet though there seem to be other truths besides those of mathematics, like them necessary and universal, we cannot use them, as we can the truths of mathematics, to build up sciences independent of sensational experience.

But this perplexity disappears when we regard thought as a process of reflection upon combinations presented for analysis by the constructive action of the imagination. The will, by its spontaneous activity, originates motion; motions of every kind it can combine in imagination, and in these combinations supplies to our intelligence materials whence, by reflection, we can attain a knowledge absolutely certain, since it is the knowledge of that which our minds, by their own power, have constructed for themselves. For instance, as has been said, we can think of the line left behind by a point imagined to be in motion and to preserve always the same direction; we can bring together in imagination two such lines, and suppose them to cross: if we now reflect upon the figure thus produced, we shall perceive that these lines, having different, unalterable directions, can never meet again, however far they may be produced, but must continually diverge, and so could never enclose a space. So we can take any such line of any assumed length as unity, and repeating the operation as often as we please, can perceive that each of these units is equal to every other, and therefore that one and one + one and one are equal to one + one + one + one, or that two and two are four. And thus we can proceed to build up sciences of propositions absolutely true. Doubtless in forming these conceptions we usually assist our intelligence by outward acts. We throw our imaginations of lines or surfaces and their combinations into visible figures, in order to examine them more conveniently. But what the hand thus executes the mind

must first combine. Thus Sensation may aid us to understand the problem; but we never appeal to her to help us in the proof, which acquires certainty and universality as soon as it is perceived at all: *Certainty*, because it rests on the pure constructions of our own imagination; *Universality*, because, in mathematical inquiries, we deal only with the *qualities* of the motions thus brought together; *e.g.* with the relations subsisting between the lines or surfaces combined according to the directions or rates of movement assigned to them, and do not concern ourselves with the *quantities* by which, in any particular case, the motions thus qualified are individualized, except as a test of the correctness of our work.

To the conclusions constituting mathematical science the conceptions resting on sensational experience are opposed in these important points:—First, that the groups into which we bind them up, in order to deal with them readily, admit of an absolutely indefinite enlargement or contraction: Second, that we can combine the words by which these groups are held together at pleasure, with no hindrance whatever but our own notions of congruity or discordance. We may combine the objects indicated by a certain set of sensations under the name of stone, and assign to our bond, among other qualities, that of sinking in water. A million times this assumption may correspond to experience; but if in the million and first trial it does not, if some object possessing the other qualities belonging to the objects bound together by this name does not sink, what is to prevent us from either modifying our bond to suit the phenomena, and dividing stones into those that will sink in water, and those that will not? or, if we prefer to keep the bond unchanged, from declaring that the object is not a stone, because it will not sink in water, though in other respects it may be like one?

Again, if we have united certain sensations by the name "earth," and certain others by the words "split in pieces," what is to hinder our combining these words, and imagining the earth to be split in pieces? In all such acts we are dealing not with the *results* of our combinations, as in mathematical science, where we are bound by our own acts, but with the formation of the groups of sensational movements with which we choose to deal, an act where our imagination is completely free; as in mathematics it is free to construct any group of spontaneously determined movements on which to reflect. To apply the same treatment to these opposite acts of construction and reflection must inevitably produce great confusion of thought.

There are, however, a class of conceptions partaking of both characters. These constitute the province of metaphysics proper. That these should have occasioned much perplexity is, therefore, not surprising.

In mathematical science we deal with combinations of motions, of which each is marked off from any other by some distinct relations assumed to exist between its parts. Our knowledge is certain, be-

cause it is only the evolution of the consequences involved in our original constructions, however long and difficult the task of tracing these out may prove.

In sensational science we deal with groups of phenomena which we may enlarge, contract, and combine at pleasure, subject only to the restrictions of experience, if we wish to bring our groups into correspondence with any particular class of natural objects.

But there are relations belonging not to any particular groups of motions, but to motion and its combinations in general, which come to light more or less distinctly in every mental construction, but appear to vanish unless the mind has before it some definite combination to which they can attach themselves. Such are the notions of space and time—*i. e.*, of that in which motion is conceivable, either as co-existent or as successive; of quality—*i. e.*, of the direction of any motion, or the surface in which it may lie; of quantity—*i. e.*, of the limitation in extent of any motion or surface, &c.

From this class of conceptions the categories of Kant and his successors are derived. They meet us not only in the pure creations of our own imaginations, but in all the objects disclosed to us by sensation. For all these objects, as they present themselves to our reflection, have, as we have seen, been constructed by our imagination out of materials supplied by our sensations; and necessarily involve the general relations belonging to this constructive action, modified by the materials to which they are applied: so that the notion of quality ceases to be restricted to the direction of motion, and includes all those varieties of colour, sound, taste, touch, &c., of which sensation makes us aware; that of quantity comes to include the relative intensity of the particular sensations experienced, as well as the extent of motion, and so on. Hence the study of these notions has been involved in great confusion. Because so much of that which they serve to bind together may be thought away, that which cannot be thought away, unless the action of thought be suspended altogether, has been lost sight of. It has not been observed that these categories are inseparable from the mental action on which thought depends, and therefore must appear in all that we think about; while yet, as those urge who maintain that our knowledge is derived solely from sensation, we cannot use them to give us any direct information about the universe; because they are directly known to us only as attending our mental activity—accompaniments of the forms which it constructs; and are available as sources of information about the universe, only in so far as the conceptions generated by our imaginations truly represent the nature of that which gives rise to our sensations.

To illustrate these propositions by an example. If Space and Time are, as has been said, only names for the notion of that in which motion can be thought of as co-existent or successive, and if all thought is a reflection on combinations formed by our imagination, we can see why these notions should be, as they are, inseparably mixed up with all our thoughts, while yet it is impossible to think of

them as distinct existences; why we cannot set bounds to them, either in extension or subdivision, while yet it is impossible to think of them as without beginning or end. We cannot exclude space or time from any thought, except that of creative will, because every such thought rests on the analysis of some combination involving acts of motion, and therefore the notions of space and time. Yet without motion there would be neither space nor time; so that neither can be thought of as possessing an existence independent of that to which motion gives rise. Again, we can set no limits to space or time, because we cannot limit either the constructive power of imagination or the analyzing power of reflection. Add together any amount you please of measurable space or time; the total expresses an amount of possible motion which we may multiply at pleasure. Divide any given space or time as often as you please; the result will be a quantity which we may suppose to be subdivided till we reach the absolute limit of that which has no parts. And yet if we try to convert either space or time into objects for reflection, distinct from the thoughts of the motion which they accompany, we are driven to set limits to both, while we are conscious that both are limitless. For every object of thought is a combination of movements limited in some manner by the imagination; otherwise it could not be distinguished from other objects. Therefore in treating space or time as objects, we inevitably limit them. We think, in fact, of *a* space or *a* time, however vast we may imagine their boundaries; while yet these boundaries, being pure creations of our imagination, which can shift them at pleasure, perpetually melt away into the boundlessness of that imaginable power of motion which lies beyond them.

From these considerations, which obviously apply to the notion of the universe as existing in space and time, we pass to another instance of the same class of conceptions—the notion of Cause. Why should this notion be so necessary and universal, that, according to a familiar saying, no event can happen without a cause, while yet we can make no use of it to account for any phenomenon without verifying our explanations by an appeal to experience? This is the problem to be solved. For its solution we must first make clear to ourselves what we mean by cause. That we do not mean merely a constant antecedent has been recently admitted by the ablest modern opponent of ideal philosophy, Mr. J. S. Mill, who has remarked that no one calls day the cause of night, or night of day, though they are observed invariably to succeed each other. Nevertheless, the thought of succession does appear to form an essential part of our notion of cause. By the cause of any phenomena we apprehend that men usually mean a conception from which they can make intelligible to themselves, and so account for, the successive differences observed by them in the character of these phenomena. The mere consciousness of phenomena, without the consciousness of any change in them, does not seem sufficient to produce the notion of cause. It is true that, having acquired

the notion, we may apply it to co-existing phenomena, and ask why our senses should be affected, as they are affected, at any one time, no less than why this affection should change. But in this case we deal, in fact, with the notion of Reality, which underlies that of cause, rather than with the notion of cause. Suppose, for instance, that we are observing a tree. We may note that its boughs, its leaves, its bark, &c., stand in certain relations to each other, and ask what these relations really are? how the parts of the tree are held together? what is their action on each other? Here we put together in our imagination various notions resting on different sensations, thought of as simultaneous, to form the conception of a particular kind of reality or body occupying space, and ask how they are connected? But if we observe that the boughs of this tree, which in summer were clothed with leaves, in winter are bare, and ask why, we superinduce upon the thought of a real body comprising different parts occupying space, that of changes in these parts occurring in time. In each case we ask why the phenomena observed are what they are. But in the first case we think of them as co-existing; in the second case as successive, and seek for the conception of some agency by which to make the observed differences of outward relations intelligible to our thoughts. Now such an agency must be different from any of the phenomena to be accounted for, since it is to serve as the common source whence all can be derived. It must, therefore, be thought of as a power acting within the body, whose phenomena are to be explained by its means,—something whose nature cannot be directly observed, but only inferred from that which is capable of observation.

From this sketch, which we believe to give a faithful picture of the notion of cause as we find it in our minds, we can readily trace its origin to the mental operations previously examined by us. We have seen that man possesses two distinct kinds of knowledge, each dependent upon combinations formed by his imagination; but the one absolutely certain, because the combinations on which it depends consist of movements originating in the spontaneous action of the imagination; the other consisting of movements affecting our consciousness, in consequence of some action external to it, and accompanied by all the uncertainty attending our ignorance of the sources whence they arise. The human intelligence constantly busies itself in the effort to transform the second kind of knowledge into the first, by substituting for mere groupings of the sensations made known by experience, the imagination of relations subsisting among these sensations whereby they may be accounted for. To this effort to bring the sensational within the domain of the intelligible, the notion of cause, and the search after causes, is due.* That the notion should be especially connected

* That is, so far as applies to the phenomena of sensation. In mathematical reasoning we have the reverse of this action, the effort to deduce effects capable

with the observation of a succession in phenomena arises from the necessity of the phenomena on which we reflect being grouped together by the action of our imagination, before we can reflect upon them. The first thought connected with the consciousness of any group of sensations must, therefore, be *that* they are, not *why* they are what they appear to be. Not until we become aware of a variation in phenomena, which nevertheless we connect with each other by some internal relation, can the question *why* such a difference should exist in connection with such an agreement naturally occur. That the notion connected with it should essentially concern a something internal, incapable of being directly observed, follows from this account of its origin.

It is true that when we deal with the action of one distinct body on another, we often seem to apply the notion of cause to something external. The bat strikes the ball, and we say that the blow is the cause of the course taken by it. The wind blows a leaf from a tree, and we call the gust the cause of its fall. But in none of these cases is the notion of cause exhausted. We go on to ask *why* the bat is able to drive away the ball? how the wind is able to move the leaf? and we are never satisfied until we can refer the observed phenomena to some internal agency, which we cannot conceive to be derived from any other action than such as is implied in its own being—a feeling embodied in the maxim as to events and causes cited above.*

Now the instinct of mankind has generally sought this ultimate cause in the principle of Will; which alone satisfies the imagination because it is the ultimate principle of our own being, known to us indeed by thought, that is, by reflection on its own acts, but inseparable from the thought through which it reflects. To think of will we first will to think. Yet in proportion to the degree in which we succeed in resolving natural phenomena into intelligible relations, underlying and capable of accounting for them, this principle must seem to recede, and its freedom appear to yield to a sense of necessity. We understand our conceptions by reflecting upon them. Now reflection is unavoidably bound by the character of that on which it reflects. It deduces the consequences of the constructions formed by the imagination, which are unalterable while their basis remains unaltered. Hence to the speculative Aryan races of the East, nature seemed to express not the free will, but the necessary thought of God, whose personality thus merged in His action. And a similar tendency has appeared in the West, under the influence of the long-continued and profound

of being observed from known causes. We do not ask for the cause of the properties of a triangle; we know that this cause is the peculiar combination of lines formed by our imagination; but we busy ourselves to find out what they are,—that is, what effects this cause will give rise to.

* The assertion, "There can be no event without a cause," is really only a way of saying that there can be nothing merely external not derived from some internal power.

study of natural phenomena during the last four centuries; till Mons. A. Comte could imagine that the progress of thought consisted in a gradual passage from a theological stage, where all phenomena were referred to the Divine will, through a metaphysical stage, where this notion was gradually replaced by the interposition of second causes, to the positive stage, which is satisfied to accept the statement of laws, *i. e.*, of fixed relations subsisting among observed phenomena as the goal of human research, and declares that man can never attain to a conception of their cause. But in this conclusion Mons. Comte and his followers have overlooked the fact that these laws have been discovered by man through the exercise of his own imagination, by acts of free will, and therefore cannot form an argument against the existence of a principle of will in which they originate. Indeed, the force of Mons. Comte's reasonings rests upon the assumption that, beneath that of which man can conceive the action in nature, we come always to a something utterly inconceivable,—to matter and force, attractive or repulsive, knowable only in its effects. But already the progress of science is belying this philosophy of despair by tracing sensible phenomena into modes of that power of which we are immediately conscious, the power of will.

We are conscious that our will can produce motion, motion affecting that which acts upon our senses, and occupies the space wherein we live and move. That this action of our will must itself occupy space seems implied in the fact of its affecting that which does occupy it. And this supposition is confirmed by a circumstance noticeable in regard to the operations of that faculty where the freedom of our will is most clearly seen, namely, the imagination. We cannot imagine that which does not occupy space, *i. e.*, a point, because it has no parts, it cannot be constructed. We can only think of it, as the ultimate result of analyzing the motions to which the imagination gives rise. On the other hand, the fact that we can carry our analysis up to this limit shows that there is no unknowable substratum beneath the will, on which it acts to produce motion; but that the motions produced by it are manifestations of its own being. Thus we have in will a principle by which the phenomena of sensible existence may be accounted for, if only these can be deduced from movements originating in the actions and reactions on each other of groups of motions emanating in various modes from different centres. Now the progress of science appears to be steadily bringing us to the conclusion that all sensible phenomena are simply manifestations of modes and groups of motions. Sound has long since given up its mysteries to this explanation. Light has followed the same course. An enormous stride in the intelligible interpretation of natural phenomena has been made within the last five years, by reducing Heat to a similar action. Already the researches of Professor Challis seem to have proved that the attraction of Gravitation may be explained by the accumulated pressure of the waves formed by the move-

ments of that ether whose presence in all sensible beings light and heat attest. How much longer will it be before Chemistry yields up her secrets to the same charm, and brings the positive philosopher, by the course of his own investigation in deducing natural phenomena from intelligible laws, face to face, in all the fulness of knowledge, with that principle of will in which the instincts of his theological precursor sought his active explanations of similar facts?—that deepest principle of being, in which all that is firmest, all that is tenderest, all that is loftiest, all that is best—justice, truthfulness, purity, joy, love, have their roots; which sways worlds by the necessities of motion, and wipes the tear from the mourner's cheek by the magic of sympathy.*

6th. We have dealt hitherto with that which is either directly attested by our own consciousness, or is the accepted doctrine or clear tendency of modern science.

Before we sum up the results of our inquiry, we would shortly notice the correspondence between the action attributed by it to our intelligence, and the structure and mode of operation attributed by the most recent school of mental physiologists, to the organ of that intelligence, the brain. Professor Bain has lately published, in the *Fortnightly Review*, two interesting articles on this subject.† They show that every distinct conception of which we become conscious probably corresponds to some distinct combination of currents of nerve motion in the brain, held together in this particular union by the growth or adaptation of special cells, through which they are brought into communication with the multitude of other cells and channels of movement around them. Now these cells and their communicating currents are the precise physiological representatives of the common words, with their unlimited inclusive power, on which we have dilated. Thus the machine and the work turned out complement each other. The physiologist who traces the structure of a machine which he can inspect only when it can work no longer, arrives at a conclusion agreeing with that which the mental observer, who has no consciousness of the working of the machine, comes to from the work produced.

The accordance attained by these independent methods of inquiry adds confidence to the answer, which, from the point of view reached by us, must be given to the question, What can we know? The answer is, *What we know in nature is the manifestation of our own nature*; of that principle of will of which we are immediately conscious, the root of our spiritual being. That which *moves in our nerves*, and that which *acts on our nerves* through our senses, are modes of that which *spontaneously sets our nerves in motion*. There

* No doubt the principle of will is also connected with all that is fierce, ignoble, or merely animal in our nature. But this must be the case if it be the source of all existence. The important point is, that it should be connected also with that which is strictly *supernatural*, and claims to control natural impulse.

† Jan. 15 and Feb. 1, 1866, pp. 575 and 786.

is no unknowable substratum of existence, recognizable only by an inconceivable action on ourselves. That which presents itself to our senses as the object of knowledge, and that which in us receives this presentation, are only different manifestations of the same kind of power. The action of that power in nature may be too vast, too varied, to be otherwise than very imperfectly reproduced by our imaginations; and our conclusions concerning it may in consequence have to undergo many changes before the picture of the universe formed by them attains any close resemblance to the original which it seeks to copy. But we need not therefore despair. The object of our researches is in very deed the expression of that eternal power of Will which we consciously exercise. The knowledge of the principles whereon this expression depends, is a knowledge of that which cannot pass away, a knowledge which sanctions the aspirations of faith to a corresponding duration for the beings to whom has been given the faculty of attaining to it.

E. V. N.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.—Why should any sane man or woman, in this prosperous country, be unable to read or write? We have cheap pens, cheap paper, cheap ink, cheap school-books, wonderfully cheap bibles, wonderfully cheap books on all common subjects, secular, but not profane. If the present generation of youth (that soon, very soon, will be the generation of middle life and sere, old age) were only able all to read and write, they have in the world around them facilities and stimulants for self-cultivation, not even dreamed of in the last century. Letters pass for a penny from one end of this empire to the other. Who would not like to be able to write his or her own letters, be they on love, business, friendship or war? A penny pays for a daily newspaper, where the current news of the day is recorded; where politics, parliamentary debates, churches and religion, cotton and all commerce, all valuable substances (on the earth, and in the earth, and under the earth), the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, the wonders of all invention, and the miracles of all money making and losing, education, literature and art—indeed, every thing and thought—are discussed, generally by able men, often by the master minds of their time. Who would like to be unable to read the newspaper? . . . This country is full of men who, with neither fortune nor family to back them, have achieved fortune, name, and position, and have used all three much for the benefit of the class from which they themselves sprang. All good ends would be served by a more uniformly good education to the people. All classes have every bad thing to fear from the brute ignorance of the masses, and every good thing to hope from their being well brought up at school. All the good interests of private life and public prosperity—all the good ends of law, religion and government, would be served and promoted by the national provision of good schooling, that should reach down to the very lowest strata of the mighty masses that form the bone and muscle of the nation.—D. Middleton, M.A., one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools.

The Eloquence of the Month.

"MAY is a month of reviving in nature. Our finest poetic painter describes her as—

"Fair May, the fairest mayd on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around."

It has come of late years to be prolific, too, of "the flowres of rhetorike," for our May meetings are now an institution. The Christian eloquence of the land is then poured forth with a profusion only matchable by the blossoms and the music of the month. We have in May the anniversary meetings of the chief associations in our country for the promotion of benevolent and Christian objects; the yearly "unions" of the principal Nonconformist churches, and conferences, congresses, leagues, alliances, &c., for undertaking, by corporate effort, the removal of evil or the furtherance of good in the land and age in which we live, as well as in far-off countries and in the on-hasting eternity. In the northern portion of the kingdom, too, there are the synods and assemblies of the main branches of the Christian church. In these circumstances it is easy to perceive that he would be a bold man who would attempt to single out any one speech as that which duly and truly represented the May eloquence of the Christian world. An *embarras des richesses* makes choice a difficulty, while the condition of impartiality, presupposed in the very constitution of this Magazine, amid such an outflow of the oratory of sects, complicates almost to impossibility the selection from the May meetings of one representative specimen of the eloquence of the month.

In this dilemma, the wise suggestive head out of which the germ-conception of this serial sprang gave grateful help by proposing that we should present a "series of extracts from the speeches of the leading men of the different denominations," and so make up a bouquet of the May flowers of Christian eloquence. Of this suggestion we are sure our readers will approve, and we commend to their careful perusal the following passages culled from the oratory of the May meetings.

The Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Lord Bishop of Oxford, on "Christian Literature:—

[The Lord Bishop of Oxford, third son of the late William Wilberforce, M.P., was born in 1805. He graduated at Oriel College, Oxford, taking a double-first in 1826. He was appointed Bampton Lecturer for 1841, but, owing to a domestic calamity, was unable to deliver his course. He was successively Rector of Brighton

and of Alvestoke, and was consecrated Bishop of Oxford, 1845. He has written several works of some merit—"Agathos," "Eucharistia," "The Rocky Island," "Sermons before the Queen," &c. He is a powerful debater and a popular and graceful orator. The following excerpt is distinguished, however, more by good sense than eloquence as it is usually understood. It was delivered at a meeting of the Christian Knowledge Society (instituted 1698), which held its first public meeting in this the 168th year of its existence. The Society's aims are threefold—to spread Christianity by education, literature, and missions; and the Bishop spoke thus on Christian literature:—]

The Society had been the father—or if not the father, the uncle—of all the great Church societies. But an aged society, like an aged man, was in some danger of being passed over by the supporters of the young brood of later societies; nevertheless the old Society was a power: it was not asleep, it was not lying down, it was not carved in stone; it was, to use an expression of the day, "flesh and blood;" it was not a piece of antiquated senility. It was very good that in connection with the Church of England there should be such a society,—one that is not only devoted to a certain definite purpose, like the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but that there should be one which, not being tied down to any particular line or plan, was able like some slumbering giant to do any work which the present wants of the Church required. It was exactly what all who were acquainted with agricultural matters were well aware of; instead of having many different instrumentalities there must be a steam-engine on the premises which should be able to plough, to thresh, to winnow, to harrow in, to reap, or to do any of the great works which it needed combined strength to accomplish. This was really the character of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. At home it assisted schools, and in a multitude of subways endeavoured to introduce the spirit of Christianity into the teeming literature of the day. In our colonies also it had work, but its main work was with literature. This was not an easy part of its work,—the supplying of religious books, and tracts, and useful publications for the masses of this country, so that the Society might undersell the cheap—he *might* add the remainder of the phrase—publications that were so largely circulating. A large capital was needed to command the men who could write suitably, for one of the dangers that a book or tract had to encounter was being put under a table or thrown into the fire. It was far more difficult to get a book read than written; therefore men were needed able so to write that others would read. The one unpardonable offence was dulness, and ditch-water dulness was worse than all. The Society needed the power of commanding good writers, of being able to offer them the fair honorarium for their labour in order to avoid dull books. Good books must be paid for. Interesting books were needed; the criticism upon them was very free: some were apt to object to the cost of the cost of younger men, and others talked about "old square-toes." Books should be written up to the mark. The Society should be prepared to open up new paths, to walk with lively footsteps in company with the young and agile. The way to secure dulness was to try to write a book with which everybody would be pleased, with which nobody could find any fault. There were some who would like the world to be all of one colour—drab; and all the publications of the Society would be entirely dull if, as in the case of the colours, one colour after another was struck out, and only universal drabness left. By the acceptance of what is best, and not by the excision of everything that is interesting, would the work of the Society be furthered. Literature was never more properly powerful than at this moment; let men say what they will, the press daily led the multitude, and it was therefore of the highest importance that a pure literature should become more and more popular.

Lord Shaftesbury on "Christian Perseverance:"—

[Anthony Astley Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, was born 28th April, 1801, and was educated at Harrow. He graduated at Christchurch, Oxford, first class in classics, 1822. As Lord Ashley, he represented Woodstock, 1826; Dorchester, 1830; Dorsetshire, 1831-46; Bath, 1847-52. He then succeeded to the peerage. He is known favourably for his efforts for the Ten Hours' Bill, and for his interest in all philanthropic and religious schemes—especially ragged schools, reformatories, and other forms of practical and social amelioration. This speech, from which we quote, was delivered at the seventy-second meeting of the London Missionary Society, at which he presided 10th May.]

No society, no cause whatever, has sprung instantaneously into complete success. It is a poor project that we accomplish at a leap, and the project we are aiming to accomplish is not to be secured by a leap. It is to be secured by a long, tedious, painful process of advancement and aggression, with full confidence on our part that as the waves of the sea still come forward with the advancing tide, notwithstanding occasional regress, so the waves of divine truth will advance till the whole shore is eventually covered. We are not to be cast down by disappointments. What is done with disappointments elsewhere? A short time ago a company met to witness the launch of the *Northumberland*, which refused to be launched. Did the directors call a meeting to cry? Did they say, Let us weep, for the *Northumberland* will not be launched? No; they said, "We must try again;" and they tried other means, and again they failed. They did not then despair, but, looking with a firm face on the project they were resolved to execute, they said, "She shall be launched;" and this developed other resources, and at length the ship, as if conscious that matter is no match for mind, slid from her cradle into the sea. So, too, the resolve on the part of scientific men is as strong to-day as ever that there shall be a nerve connecting England with America, and they will persevere until they succeed, unless they discover that there is something in the law of nature which renders such a scheme impossible. When we find that disappointment only serves to develop power, energy, and resolve, with regard to secular things, those having only to do with creature forces, shall we despair when the power that we have on our side is a creative force? and "greater is He that is for us than all they that are against us." The Church of Christ in her corporate action is too apt to forget the fact that we must work and walk by faith and patience that we may inherit the promises. Is it our prerogative, or our duty, to go by signs, or have we to take our stand on a command and a promise to go and execute that command, whether the sign appear or do not appear? There are only two circumstances which, in my judgment, could justify us in withdrawing the missionary plough from the furrow after we have once inserted it. We have a specific command, "Go;" and until we get another command, "Come back," we must go on at it. Another circumstance that would justify us in leaving it would be if it were true that in the lapse of ages man had become so changed that he did not need the gospel, or that the gospel could not serve him. We change in our fashions, in our costume, and I am afraid even in our nervous system. Eminent physicians tell us that that excruciating disorder to which we give the short name of "tic" is all owing to our civilization, and that we should lose it if we went back to barbarism. I confess I would rather keep the "tic" than go back to barbarism. But man has not changed in himself. When we discover a new island, sometimes we find men and women upon it, but we never find one of those men look like an angel—nor a woman either. We find man everywhere the same, and, as long as he is the same, let us thank God the gospel is the same. The gospel cannot change; and unless the truth can become false and the Spirit weak, we must take the same Bible still, and say as we take it, that the hand of the Lord is not

shortened, that it cannot save. It is imperatively required at the present time by this Society that there should be a large increase in the liberality of the people. That is a fact, and if our hearts were in the right condition we should rejoice at it. I cannot understand how it is that so late in the history of Christianity men have not yet got beyond the feeling that it is a somewhat unpleasant and irksome duty to give. Until people feel that liberality is one of the greatest privileges God has vouchsafed to them, they are in a very wrong condition. Then we must have more prayer. In the operations of husbandry there are two great branches—the one that which man has to attend to, and the other that to which God attends. God says to us,—I am not going to plough your fields. I have given you wisdom, and skill for the formation of your plough, and for all the operations you must carry on; but I will not do work twice—I will not first endow you with power, and then do the work myself. I will give you the seed, and you shall sow it. You shall plough and carry on the lower operations of husbandry. And I tell you what I will do for you,—I will give you the grand old sun, full of light and warmth; there shall come upon your land the plentiful showers of spring and autumn, and I will send winter, with his pulverizing power, and I will send you the blessed and refreshing dews; and if you do your work you shall never have to reproach Me with forgetting you—"seedtime and harvest, day and night, summer and winter, shall not cease." So, as regards spiritual husbandry, God says,—You sow the seed, scatter it broadcast over the nations. And I tell you what I will do,—I will let the Spirit come, and I will pour out a blessing, and there shall not be hearts enough to receive it.—I stood, some years ago, along with a friend, on the top of the Riffelberg, that grand mountain which springs out of the valley of the Rhine. It was early morning. The stars were still shining with a lustre that became dimmer and dimmer in the light shed from the as yet unrisen sun. There was darkness in the valley, and silence, except for the sound of waterfalls on the right and on the left. Suddenly Mont Cervin was illuminated, and then, one by one the whole amphitheatres of mountains was kindled by the king of day, and the more he ascended into the heavens the more his light was diffused, till the shadows were startled and chased away from the valley, and night had gone from the soil. Thus shall it be with the Bible, and thus shall it be with Him who is its Lord, its Giver, and its theme. He shall rise more and more, until the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord, and He shall reign for ever and ever.

Rev. Newman Hall, LL.D., on "Christian Union:"—

[Rev. Newman Hall, son of J. Vine Hall, author of "The Sinner's Friend," was born at Maidstone, 1816. He was educated at Totteridge, at Highbury College, and at the University of London. In his youth he was engaged in business, but began to entertain thoughts of other efforts. In 1842 he was called to the Albion Congregational Church, Hull, which he held till 1854, when he was transferred to Surrey Chapel, London, in succession to his friend Mr. Sherman, where he still labours with acceptance and power. In 1856 he obtained the Law Scholarship of the London University. He is the author of many highly popular religious works, e. g., "Come to Jesus," "Sacrifice," "Life of Dr. Gordon," "Land of the 'Forum and the Vatican,'" &c. He was this year Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and from his address in that capacity the following excerpt is made.]

A feature of our day is an increasing desire for Christian union. In the Evangelical Alliance individuals recognize their common brotherhood. In the proposed Catholic Church Congress, it is hoped that denominations, as such, may associate together. A certain party of the Anglican Church have lately held out the hand

to the Papal and Eastern churches; and though we regret their indisposition to unite with fellow-Protestants at home, the dislike to the isolation in which this party have placed themselves, and the desire to extend the area of visible fraternity, is a notable sign of the times. Eighteen centuries ago our Lord prayed for His disciples that they all might be one. Is that prayer still unanswered? If so, how may we expect its fulfilment? By the various churches becoming amalgamated into one organization? If so, which party is to be the nucleus? Does not each think itself nearest the true type? May not each, with equal reason, demand that every other conform to itself? With these rival claims of every church that all the rest be extinguished and absorbed, where is the hope of union? Considering the varieties of original temperament, education, circumstances, is the uniformity thus demanded possible? And if possible, is it desirable? If neither, is the fulfilment of the prayer of our Lord to be expected by this method? Should we not rather look for it in connection with diversities in the development of the same divine life which is the essence of true religion in all?

The Church is a garden laid out in many beds, which vary in shape with the nature of the ground. Some of the under-gardeners regret there is not one large bed, within one and the same border. Others would have all the beds of the same form, some advocating the square shape, others the circular, others the oval. A few of the gardeners, however, regarded by some of their fellow-labourers as lax and dangerous in their opinions, think that the existing arrangement may be best after all, the variety favouring both beauty and productiveness. Some, not satisfied with the shape of the bed they are appointed to cultivate, distinguish it from others, fence it with a thick and lofty hedge, within which they carefully shut themselves up, and by which the rest of the garden is so concealed from them that they begin to fancy their little section is the whole of it. But when God's bright sun arises, it shines on all the garden, heeding not the fences, which only serve to cast a dark shadow on the beds they shut off from the rest. And the impartial showers fall, and the refreshing dews distil, on all alike. And the same flowers bloom in all; and from mignonette and rose the bees gather the same honey, heedless of the fences. Those gardeners who, while retaining the shape of their several borders, content themselves with hedges the lowest and the thinnest, are best able to look beyond their own enclosure and to derive pleasure from viewing the fruits and flowers that flourish elsewhere. They are least likely to mistake their section of the garden for the garden itself, and to ignore or despise whatever lies beyond. Does Congregationalism tend to set up high fences? We love it because it sets up none. We prefer the shape of our flower-bed, but we do not care to hedge it off. We prefer it for ourselves, but we do not say it would be best for all our brethren, that it would equally suit every part of the ground, that nowhere else can flowers so fair and fragrant grow, still less that labourers in other plots are a "hindrance" rather than a help in cultivating the garden of the Lord. A fence of exclusiveness around our bed would destroy its distinctive shape and strip it of its chief beauty.

We are not of those of whom John Foster said, "Some people see religion not as a sphere, but as a line, and the identical line on which *they* are moving. They could not perceive a legion of angels or of devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or the other." For one of the features of Congregationalism is its catholicity. Some systems tend to isolation—this to universality. Our fundamental principle of self-government recognizes the same right in other congregations to place themselves under a Conference, a Presbytery, a Hierarchy, as in ourselves to retain our Independency. Some of our brethren are debarred by their exclusive ecclesiastical claims from exhibiting the charity they feel. System congeals the heart. A heavenly instinct prompts them to love all who love Christ;

a false theory separates them from those whom, because not of their own sect, they regard as schismatics. If they sometimes break through the trammels of party to embrace a brother, they say they do so *notwithstanding* their attachment to their own church. We do it *because* of ours. Others *may* be catholic, Congregationalists *must* be. Even those confederations of churches that cherish fraternity beyond their own borders are liable to refuse it to a congregation within those borders when it asserts its independence as against the central authority. But Congregationalism is exposed to no such temptation. It cannot be hurt by disobedience where authority is not claimed: it cannot be displeased by diversity when uniformity is not enjoined.

This is a day of earnest thought on every subject. It was to be expected, it should have been desired, that theology would not escape the crucible of criticism. Hence have resulted modifications of opinion and statement. The Bible is unchanged, but our interpretations should improve. Religion is the same,—this is God's; but theology, which is the science of religion, and is man's, is capable of development and progress. With such progress Congregationalism is in harmony. Neither on entering office nor afterwards are our clergy required to declare assent to the terms in which men of other times expressed their religious opinions. Nor are we bound to use formulæ in worship, which, in the most solemn of all methods, practically pledge us to such agreement. Such fetters might either impede free inquiry by the fear of its leading us away from those fallible standards; or might tempt us to employ language in a sense it was never framed to convey, and thus of injuring our own moral nature and setting an example of prevarication. Thus our system secures as much freedom as is consistent with conjoint action on fundamental principles; enabling us to throw off what may be proved to be the encumbrances of human opinion, to adopt new interpretations of old truths, and with the pioneers of theological progress to level and prepare the ground so that the army of the faithful, their banner and Commander unchanged, may alter their front to meet the changing assaults of the foe.

Rev. W. Landels on "Christian Philanthropy:"—

[The author of "Woman's Sphere and Woman's Work," of "Lessons for Maidens, Wives, and Mothers," and Minister of Regent's Park Chapel, is one of the most popular and influential preachers in the Christian denomination to which he is attached. Of the facts of his life we are ignorant, but his fame as a servant of Christ is in all the churches. The observations quoted were made at the twenty-second anniversary of the Ragged School Union, held under the presidency of Lord Shaftesbury.]

One of the most pleasing features in our national condition is to see the good results continually presenting themselves in every direction, of the refuge movement. He could not speak sneeringly of so great and good a work; it would be unphilosophical and unjust to do so; for it was a work which added not a little to the glory and lustre of England's name. Works such as these assured us of her stability, even when we heard so much said of her national decay, of the likelihood of her losing her coal, her iron, and other materials, which had for so many years constituted the great elements of her national wealth; because these works told us that no amount of coal, iron, mineral wealth, or commercial prosperity, could add so much honour to England's name as her deeds of philanthropy, which had always ranked her first among the nations of the earth. These were enough to make any patriot proud of his country, not because they overlooked its evils, but because efforts had been put forth to remedy these evils, and those efforts had been productive of a very great amount of good. Let them look at the commercial prosperity of England, and the great fame of her arms, and they would find that these

had not added half so much to her honour as the services she had rendered in the cause of Christian charity. And what a glorious work was this in which they were now engaged! Day after day they persevered in their great work, considering and consulting as to the best method of doing good, and endeavouring to the utmost of their ability to ameliorate the condition of poor suffering humanity. This work marked the philanthropic progress of the land. It was a blessed thing to know that by means of these various agencies British charity was extending itself on all hands. They were working on throughout the whole land, going through the streets and lanes, through the courts and alleys of our densely populated cities, and, with silent and benignant countenance, throwing a halo of light into the homesteads of the poor and wretched, anointing their hearts with the oil of joy, gathering in the homeless and outcast, instructing them in the ways of God, and opening up their hearts to the reception of the blessed truths of the gospel. These were our best national defences; works such as these constitute the true glory of a nation; and so long as England continues these deeds of Christian philanthropy, so long will her glory be untarnished, and she will remain—

“First flower of the earth, brightest gem of the sea.”

And if the day should come when England, as a commercial nation, would suffer a material decay, in her decadence she would still be honoured, and her name would still be glorified throughout the world, for the efforts that in the days of her brightest prosperity she had put forth to mitigate human want and woe. But did not this great wealth, this increasing prosperity, teach England to be selfish and proud? Did it not teach her to neglect all higher works, and to make her wealth a pedestal for her own elevation? Had it not a tendency to bring about a state of society, which some men seemed to long for, where charity should have no place? Their commercial wealth might materially decay; great cities might fall; but the remembrance of great and glorious deeds done in works of charity and benevolence would survive all time, and would cause England to be honoured and respected to the end of the world. On this ground he claimed their notice on behalf of this refuge union. The great amount of good that had been done since these refuges had been in existence, the great number of poor children who had been rescued from sin, want, and misery, was so striking, that the work was one which could not fail to recommend itself most strongly to the sympathies of the patriot, of the philanthropist, and of the Christian. Even the young criminal often evoked their compassion. They felt that the poor helpless lad had been made what he was through the indolence and neglect of society. They felt that they were often what they were because of the circumstances under which they were placed. Even when they found the poor lad guilty of some great crime, they could not withhold their compassion from him, they could not altogether blame him, because they felt that society was often more at fault than he was. They felt that. They knew that the circumstances under which these poor lads were brought up were horrible and distressing in the extreme. They would remember the incident when a poor lad had just saved a farmer's son from drowning. The farmer said to the lad, “What shall I do for you?” and the poor lad looked up to his master with tears in his eyes, and said, “Speak a kind word to me sometimes, sir; I ain't got a mother like the rest.” And so many of these poor lads “hadn't a mother like the rest;” theirs was often a most unhappy life of sin and misery. Many of these lads had not experienced the happy influences of a comfortable home; they had never had a mother to smile upon and caress them, like many other boys. The smile had been turned into a frown, and the mother's caress into a sharp, snappish, angry word. These had supplanted the soothing influences of home and maternal affection. And so these poor children were brought up; they had yearned so often

for kindness, that they had been led to expect; it no longer; and when this was so, how could society look with other than compassion upon these unfortunate ones? When they were old enough, they were cast upon the world, and they got deeper and deeper into crime and wretchedness,—the result of surrounding circumstances,—until, by means of a ragged school, these little prodigals were brought home. A very large amount of good had been effected, but a very large amount still remained to be done. All honour to the friends of this Union, honour to every one engaged in this great work. I exhort all present to put forth fresh energies in this great cause; let them come forward and support it even more liberally than they had hitherto done, and theirs would then be the blessing which God had promised unto them, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these My little ones, ye have done it unto Me. Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

The Rev. Richard Roberts on "Christian Effort."

[Of the growing repute of the Rev. Richard Roberts, we have through report "by parols something heard, but not intuitively." If our information and memory are correct, he was bred to business in Manchester, and took to the clerical career through ardent zeal to affect men's souls. He is essentially, we understand, a self-helped scholar and divine, and bears a high place in the esteem of his denomination. The speech here quoted was delivered at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society.]

The great law of diffusion is manifest everywhere. The sun is diffusive; the dew is diffusive—they shed influence upon all. If I wave my hand I diffuse an influence through the whole of this hall. If this air were visible to us, we should see it in broken wavelets strike against the opposite wall, and the waves roll back, until every atom of the atmosphere in this place was influenced and moved as the result of the waving of that solitary hand. You take the acorn, plant it, and it grows into a tree, and it yields, in the course of years, thousands and millions of other acorns; plant them, and you have a forest waving in the breeze. So is it also with the sea. It looks a very selfish thing, as though it took in all the waters of earth and yielded nothing; but look at that pillar rising from the ocean, it is filling the cloud which hangs overhead with a plentiful shower. Ask that cloud whence it obtained its refreshing power, and it will tell you that it was sucked up by a process of nature from the ocean, and though it was briny in its drops when it started on its upward way, it has now become a refreshing shower; and that cloud being wafted by the breeze, bears its contents away till it touches the summit of some distant mountain, and then it bursts and pours forth its contents to fructify and enrich the far-off valley. If you go to the mountain-top you see the gurgling stream gushing up pure and perennial, and if you ask it, "Whence comest thou, little stream?" if it had a voice and intelligence it would say, "I came all the way from the ocean, but I pushed and filtered my way through crevices and openings, till I made my outlet up here, and now I am going to run a career of benevolence. I shall be widened and deepened by tributary streams, and I shall enrich the vales through which I flow until I reach my old home. I shall not rest there, but shall push my way through some other mountain side, and again run on another career of benevolence, and carry in my bosom the image of that God whose love is diffusive, in all I do and in all my endless career. We are now in the possession of the light of God's truth; shall we cover that light with the bushel of our world's covetousness? We have the stream of the water of life; shall we by the accumulations of our incredulity construct embankments and floodgates to dam up the mighty stream of gospel truth and gospel blessing? No; down with your embankments and up with

your floodgates, and let the pent-up waters of life flow and flood the world with blessing and fruitfulness. I have no question whatsoever as to the result of this great enterprise. I believe that truth is mightier than fire; stronger than chains, and more enduring than time, and that it will survive error. There is an immortality in it; it cannot die. Though men may assail it in various forms; and there is not a form of its truth but what has been assailed—its etymology, its geology, its astronomy, its history, its prophecy, its miracles, and its morals, everything,—it has survived them all, and sheds light and blessing on all around. And its existence at the present moment is one of the strongest proofs that it cannot die, that it is linked to the throne, overshadowed by the power, and sustained by the arm of God; and as we look at the triumphs it has already achieved, these are but a pledge of its final and universal victory. There is a picture frontispiece in Wycliffe's Bible which, to my mind, is very significant, very prophetic. There is a fire burning and spreading rather rapidly, representing Christianity, and around the spreading fire are congregated a considerable number of significant and most important individuals, all endeavouring to devise methods whereby they can put the fire out. Among the number, there is one I suppose representing Satan, and another is the Pope of Rome, with a few red-coated cardinals; Mahomet, I believe, has a representative there too, and there is another representative of infidelity; they are all devising some means, suggesting some method, whereby to extinguish the fire, and after considerable cogitation one of them suggests that they should all make a desperate effort to blow on the fire till they blow it out. The resolution is adopted, and there they are, with swollen cheeks and extended lips, blowing upon the fire with all their might; but, instead of blowing it out, they are blowing it up, and they blow themselves out of breath; but cannot blow the fire out. It is an unquenchable flame, and no human power can extinguish it. It will spread, and glow, and blow until the world shall be illumined with its glory, and then the enemies of Christianity, rallying round the spreading flame, will in deep mortification say, "Our bellows have burst, and we have spent our strength for nought;" but the friends of truth will rally round the spreading flame and cry,—

"See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!
Jesus's love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze."

Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., on "Christian Culture":—

[The Rev. J. G. Rogers, B.A., of Clapham, is author of an admirable "Life of Christ," and a popular treatise on "Christianity and its Evidences." He is a man of mark, and has successively done good work as a preacher in Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Ashton-under-Lyne, and in the suburban quarter of the all-absorbing metropolis, where "the Clapham street" arose and dwelt and laboured. Mr. Rogers spoke at the annual breakfast of the Young Men's Christian Association in the following terms.]

A danger to which young men were exposed was that of letting the cares of this world so occupy the thoughts, the affections, the time, and the energies, that there was neither disposition nor opportunity for the cultivation either of intellect or of heart. He did not know what the hours of labour were in the City, but he had no doubt that in many establishments the strain both upon brain and heart, on mind and body, was a great deal too great, and the difficulty of separating the soul from the all-absorbing duties of the world was very considerable. But, be this as it might, there was a possibility even in the midst of all this pressure of preserving some small area of life sacred from the intrusion of worldly thoughts, anxieties, and cares. Men want time to cultivate their intellect; for they must

not suppose that religion prohibited their thinking of anything but emotions. They had to cultivate their minds.

"If good you plant not, ill will fill the space,
And rankest weeds the richest soul deface."

Men require their intellect nourished, but they did not want it sustained on sensation novels, light magazines, and other ephemeral productions. They needed it to be fed on good, sound, thoughtful books, and, above all, they wanted it nourished upon what was often too much neglected for religious magazines, newspapers, and a thousand things besides—namely, the word of God,—that wondrous Book which had stirred so deeply the activities of the human intellect and the sympathies of the human heart; which had a word for every age and a lesson for every circumstance; which, amid all the changes that have passed over science, and literature, and art, preserves still the freshness of its eternal youth, on whose unclouded brow time writes no wrinkles; from which history still borrows its most beauteous stories, philosophy its most effective and teaching illustrations; and from which poesy weaves its choicest garlands, gathering its flowers on the slopes of sacred Sinai or by the side of cross-crowned Calvary. This wondrous Book would strengthen men's intellect while it warmed their heart, and they should be sure, amidst all the difficulties of their daily life, to find time to read and meditate upon it. They did not need, in order that their secular life might be endued with a spiritual principle, that there should be two divisions of their life—one given to the world, and the other to God, and that the extreme sanctity of the one should somehow compensate for the extreme indifference, worldliness, and carelessness of the other; but they needed that their life should be one grand whole, with religion running through it all; not as one thread distinct from all the other threads of life, but as a thread that intermingled with every other, which gave beauty, and consistency, and strength to the whole. In order to accomplish this, they must have seasons of devout and spiritual communion with God, praying in their closets with each other, at their social gatherings, in the house of God, and praying that the grace of heaven may lighten up their souls, so that they may not, under the fierce heat of the world, become dry, parched, and withered, but that they may be like gardens of the Lord, well tilled and richly watered; praying that the grace of God may rest both upon themselves and upon their companions, that they may be strengthened to bear testimony for Christ, that they may have moral courage never to be ashamed of the Lord nor of His word, that they may "quit themselves like men" in the great battle of life; and then from the closet where they had found power with God in prayer they would go out into the world to do the ordinary business of life, to live above its petty and trifling anxieties and cares; and in the great struggle in which every one of them would be tested, they would, in the power of prayer, find themselves able to be heroes in the heavenly fight.

The Rev. Aubrey C. Price on "Personal Christianity:"—

[The Rev. A. C. Price, of Clapham, is known to us only by report, as an enthusiastic labourer in the cause of holiness, and we find in the succeeding extract from his speech at the Young Men's Christian Association breakfast, matter which enables us to close our specimens of religious eloquence—as clergymen ought to conclude their sermons—with "a word of personal application."]

Personal holiness and personal service are linked together in the life of every Christian man. If they did not belie their name as Christians, it was their earnest, all-absorbing desire to be useful for God in their day and generation. Usefulness for God is utterly impossible if we are not personally holy, holy as imitators of Jesus Christ. Holiness, in the abstract, meant conformity to moral

right; and inasmuch as God was their highest ideal of moral right, so holiness was conformity to God. But Christ was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and Christ Himself declared that He and His Father were one; therefore holiness is conformity to Christ. This conformity extends to the whole man, to the outer as well as the inner life, to the acts as well as the heart, to their dealings with others, and to their private and social transactions. In all these things they must be imitators of Christ. As earnestly as he could he would exhort them to watch jealously their own hearts, out of which were the issues of life. He begged them to see to it that their hearts were ever going up to God, and that their one earnest cry was,—

“Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
Even though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Yet all my cry shall be,—
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.”

He would have them see to it, again, that their private and secret communion with God was constant, close, filial, and fervent. He was quite certain that they all needed a warning here. In these days in which they were privileged to live, of unexampled activity both of good and of evil, there was great danger lest in their work for God in the world they should neglect their own souls. The noisiest activity was not always the most useful. It had been truly said that one Niagara was enough for the world, but the same world needed hundreds of thousands of gentle flowing streams and silver rivulets to fertilize the earth. In mountainous districts, in the early part of the year, they might see many a stream made by the melting snows, swollen and turbid, rushing down into the valleys; but as soon as the summer came that stream would be dried up, just because it was fed from no fountain. The fountain of all Christian action and strength was above, in Jesus, in whom the fulness of God was made to dwell for their strength and for their joy. If they neglected prayer and secret communion with God, however earnest they might have been for God in days gone by, that earnestness would most assuredly decline; and, however warm might have been their love, it would most assuredly grow cold, and their whole life would be shorn of all its power. But if they loved a constant communion with God, they would become likeminded with God; and wherever they went, or whatever they did, they would carry about with them a sweet savour of Jesus Christ, and would be a blessing to themselves and others. God had work for them all to do. An idle Christian was a contradiction in terms. Idleness was utterly unknown in that heaven to which they professed to be journeying, for there they served God day and night in His temple. Idleness was utterly unknown to the Lord Jesus Christ when He was upon earth. His meat and His drink were to do His Father's will; and in this He had left them an ensample, that they should follow His steps. God had work for them all to do. There was, first of all, their ordinary every-day work of life in that position to which it had pleased God to call them. There were duties which every one of them had to perform in their every-day life, and if they neglected those they might be quite certain that they had no right whatever to expect a blessing. Men are God's witnesses in the world, and their business was to recommend God's cause to the world; but what could and what would the world think and say of their religion if they were habitually neglectful of their common every-day duties? Besides this, it was in their power to make even their secular duties spiritual if they would do them as to the Lord and not as to man. The apostle told them that, whether they ate or drank, they were to do all to the glory of God. If their religion was real, if it was the work of God the Holy Ghost in their hearts,

it would make them diligent and faithful in the discharge of their duties in the position which they filled. But, having discharged all these duties faithfully as to the Lord and not as to man, God had other work for them as Christians to do. There were the poor to be relieved; there were mourners to be comforted; there were weak ones to be strengthened; there were sinners to be saved; and all these works God had entrusted to them. Other work He did by Himself alone, but this work He entrusted to man and did by man. Many of them had seen or read of Staffa's wondrous cave or the Giant's Causeway. Those who had seen them could bring before their mind the mighty pillars and arches, the long passages, and the dark recesses, through which the wild waves went sounding out their great Creator's praise. Over them stretched the deep blue sky, or floated the storm-drifted clouds, the solitary sea-bird made her discordant wail, and the sea-urchins nursed and nestled their young. The traveller, lost in wonder, stood gazing upon the architecture of creation in one of its sublimest forms. There they had God's temples spoken into being by the word of the Almighty's power, when He laid the foundations of the earth. But there were other and more glorious temples far to be built,—temples in which the Holy Ghost was to dwell, and in which Christ was to reign for ever, and in the building of those temples God graciously condescended to use human instruments. He had no need to do it, but still He did condescend to use human instruments, and in the building up of His temples He stamped His own broad seal upon all man's consecrated work for Him. Speaking as a Christian young man to Christian young men, he would exhort them to love Christ always, to speak out boldly, earnestly, heartily, and lovingly for the Lord Jesus Christ, wherever and whenever they had the opportunity,—in their houses of business, in their families, amongst their neighbours, and amongst their friends; and they might rest assured that God would own and bless their feeble endeavours to glorify Himself and to gather sinners to Christ. They might not see the result of their work here, but they might rest assured that there would be a result, that God would be faithful to His promise, that His word would not return unto Him void, and that on the great day of account they would see it all in the ignorant souls whom they had enlightened, the hard hearts to which their words had been blessed, the pious characters they had helped to develop, the backsliders whom they had been instrumental in bringing back again to the Lord from whom they had wandered, the mourners from whose eyes they had wiped the tear, the desponding ones whom they had tried to soothe. As they saw all these standing before the throne of God, clothed in white robes, and with palms of victory in their hands, sorrow and sighing all fled away, and as they heard them singing the song of triumph, with which heaven and earth would ring for ever and ever, they would be more than rewarded for all the work which they had done for God. It was their duty to seek out opportunities, and then to work prayerfully, faithfully, and earnestly, and to expect the blessing which God had promised to all those who worked for Him,—“They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.”

The foregoing should form excellent brief readings for members of mutual improvement societies, and may, we hope, be profitably perused either in public or in private. On the whole, they form favourable evidences that the days of eloquence are not yet gone. Though we have not chosen the most rhetorical passages from the contents of the mass of reported orations in our hands, we yet believe that for worth of sentiment and elegance of expression, for earnestness and good sense, they will commend themselves to the approval of our readers as just and able specimens of religious oratory.

The Reviewer.

The Workman and the Franchise. By F. D. MAURICE, M.A.
London: Strahan.

Buy and read, ay, study these "chapters from English history on the representation and education of the people," and they will do good to your heart, mind, life, and social, as well as civic and political influence. We care not of what party the reader may be, he will find in this work matter of moment beyond his expectations. It is truly a philosophy of British history and progress. It is deep, earnest and suggestive, as well as sound, thorough and informing. It is impossible for Maurice to write anything except in a sympathetic mood, and here his sympathies are all aglow, ardent and quick-pulsing. He has seen down into the depths of English life, and he reads the secret of well-being in the facts of well-doing. He sees in our history growth, and healthy growth is only possible in regulated freedom. He sees conviction as the great arbiter and protector of genuine, vital freedom. He finds God educating Englishmen—"educating them to be in the highest sense free Englishmen, and free men." And he says, "I have been endeavouring in these chapters to trace the footsteps of His education." The book was originally produced as lectures, delivered to gain effective help in the building of new rooms for the Working Men's College, of which the author is Principal. Two editions are to be had—a people's one, at eighteenpence, and a library one at five times the cost. The thoughts it contains are priceless—they are minted in a Christian scholar's mind, and that mind is the fecund one of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, the Coleridge of the Broad Church and the Gibbon of Philosophy.

Scholasticism. By WALTER WADDINGTON SHIRLEY, D.D.

FIFTEEN years ago Walter W. Shirley (now D.D.) was a foundation scholar in Wadham College; he is now a Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford, in a chair founded in 1842. On Saturday, 27th January, this lecture was delivered, and it is published, we suppose, as a token and evidence of what the reverend professor is capable of accomplishing. The subject on which it treats is one much more nearly akin to philosophy than to history, as the whole interest of scholasticism arises not from the deeds, but from the thoughts of the men who held the largest place in the transactions of those days. The lecture does not supply the outlines of a history of scholasticism, but is rather a critique on its growth, purpose, end, and results. It is

destitute of the living interest of personality, and is not much animated by vigour of thought. Perhaps Dr. Shirley remembered the terrible tempest raised around the thoughtful and philosophic Bishop Hampden for his attempt to explain scholastic thought in the "Encyclopædia Metropolitana," and chose to avoid originality for the sake of peace. It is much to be wished that a dispassionate view of mediæval thought were possible without exciting the *odium theologicum*; and if that is not possible, that learned doctors would let the subject alone.

The Inquirer.

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

619. Harvard College, U.S., many years since, passed into the hands of the Unitarians. Is it now under Unitarian influence?—S. S.

620. What is the origin of the expression, "bell the cat"?—S. S.

621. What is the origin of the phrase, "cock and bull stories"?—S. S.

622. Which is the best English grammar for private use that I could purchase?—W. W. S.

623. Is the "Memoir of the Duke of Wellington" from the *Times*, issued by Messrs. Longman, written by Macaulay?—A NEW SUBSCRIBER.

624. Are there any other works published on criticism, beside those written by Lord Kames and Pope? If so, who are the publishers?—T. G.

625. Are there any useful works published on wit and satire? If so, who are the authors or publishers?—T. G.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

586. I clip the following extract from the *London Correspondence of the Caledonian Mercury*, and forward it as a reply to this query:—

THE AUGUSTER THING.

"Let not your King and Parliament in one,
Much less apart, mistake themselves
for that

Which is most worthy to be thought
upon,
Nor think they are essentially the State.
But let them know there is a deeper
life

Which they but represent;
*That there's on earth a yet auguster
thing,
Veiled though it be, than Parliament and
King.'*

This is the whole of the passage from which Bright, in his speech at Birmingham, quoted only two lines. It is from a poem by George Wither, an old Puritan poet, and if your readers have not seen it, they will be thankful to me for giving it to them here; for here is the true, grand old gospel, older than Christianity itself, if you date Christianity only so far back as 2,000 years. I, though, date the spirit of it as far back as the time when man first stepped upon the world's surface with the light of heaven, 'the auguster thing' in his soul. Mr. Bright never did his age a greater service than he did at Birmingham when he reminded us of this auguster thing, and claimed our allegiance to it before all priests, kings, and parliaments. It is precisely here that we are in danger. The sin of the age is infidelity to this auguster thing. It besets us on every hand. In our social intercourse, or on the mart, and

in Parliament, the sneering Mephistophiles is always by our side. He guides the pen of our political writers, and, unless I mistake, I have discovered him grinning and sneering in churches and chapels. But what is the auguster thing? perhaps somebody may ask. Well, it is simply what we call, for want of a better term, conscience. And pray what is conscience? sneeringly inquires the Mephistophilean philosopher, whom we all so well know: is it anything more than a reasoning power, which can with rapid logic prove to us what it is prudent and useful for us to do? What, then, the soul of man—that soul of man which Chrysostom said is the only true Shekinah of God—is, after all, a mere mechanical logic-chopping apparatus? Well, I for my part do not believe this; on the contrary, I do most cordially hold to the old belief that this conscience is that inspiration which God has given to all men—in short, the voice of God; and I take my hat off and bow to Mr. Bright, and earnestly thank him for so opportunely proclaiming from his lofty elevation, and sending abroad on the wings of the wind, as it were, the grand old truth—

‘That there’s on earth a yet auguster thing,
Veiled though it be, than Parliament and King.’

This is indeed to be a light in a dark place; and shall such a light be put out under the Downing Street bushel? Heaven forbid.”—C. A. J.

594. The reason why the Council of Trent is so frequently alluded to in religious (Romish) controversies is to be gathered from the fact that its decrees concerning doctrines, morals, and discipline, are held sacred by every Roman Catholic in every country. It was convened during the Reformation for the avowed purposes of ascertaining the doctrines, restoring the discipline, and correcting the manners of the church, and its sittings lasted from A.D. 1545 to 1645. Its real object, however, was

to impede and destroy the course and efficacy of the Reformation, and to rivet upon the minds of men the grossest of errors, and the most fatal and unscriptural of false doctrines. We will enumerate the chief items embodied in the acts, decrees, and canons of the last of the so-called eighteen œcumenical and infallible councils:—Papal supremacy, apocryphal traditions, the virtue of masses, the worship of the Virgin Mary, the fires of Purgatory, the infallibility of the Romish Church, the worship of saints and images, auricular confession and priestly absolution, Latin prayers, the adoration of the host, blind and unquestioning submission to the Popedom and the church, adoration of the cross, the merit of works, beads, and rosaries, the celibacy of the clergy, monastic and conventual life, an abject servitude of the mind and conscience to the arrogant and usurped authority of a fallible priest. These doctrines, which were the growth of previous centuries, are concisely and accurately enumerated in the creed of Pope Pius IV. bearing date November, 1564, immediately after the rising of the Council of Trent.—CAP. SEC.

607. “*Essays on the History of Mankind in Rude and Cultivated Ages*,” by James Dunbar, LL.D., 1782, is a singular and able book. Several of Hume’s “*Essays*,” Rev. Robert Wallace’s treatise on “*The Numbers of Mankind*,” Montesquieu’s “*Spirit of Laws*,” Volney’s “*Lectures on History*,” Fichte’s “*Destination of Man*,” of which there is an excellent translation by Mrs. Sainett, published by Chapman; Thomas Hope’s “*Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man*,” 1831, with Thomas Carlyle’s critical paper in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 108, founded on it issued in “*Miscellanies*,” Vol. II.; Buckle’s volumes on “*Civilization*,” Lecky on “*Rationalism*,” are, as far as we know, the best works bearing on the Moral History of Man procurable in our English tongue.—S. N.

615. Mrs. Mary Cowden Clarke

(*see Novello*) has provided the only "Complete Concordance to the Dramatic works of Shakspeare" in the world. The preparation of the book employed twelve years, and it occupied four years in passing through the press. It contains nearly 2,600

columns, and about 310,000 lines. It was a most laborious undertaking, and is generally regarded as a most perfect and precise guide through the wilderness of words which Shakspeare employs with such beauty and power.—R. M. A.

Our Collegiate Course;

OR, AIDS TO SELF-CULTURE.

STUDIES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE.—POPE'S "ESSAY ON CRITICISM."

As a justification of our choice of this poem as a specimen and example of studies in English literature, we may be permitted to subjoin the following excerpts, giving the character of the poem from sources recognized as standards in criticism:—

"The earliest of these [Pope's poems] was the 'Essay on Criticism,' proving a precocity precisely on that field of intellect where it was least to be expected; for though written at the age of one-and-twenty, it is distinguished by solidity of judgment, a correct and cultivated taste, and a chastened fancy. In this poem was first exhibited that marvellous compression of thought into terse language and melodious versification, so admirably adapted to didactic poetry, but which it had never before attained, and has never since exceeded. The 'Art Poétique' of Boileau is well entitled 'Art Poétique en Vers,' for its verse is nearly the only pretension by which it can aspire to please more than an essay in prose might have done; whilst our countryman's illustrations of wit and beauty are so thickly scattered, yet so judiciously arranged, that his rules of art and sentences of wisdom appear always as 'il frutto senil sul giovenil fiore,'—the old fruit under a young blossom."—*Quarterly Review*; No. 32, p. 297.

"'Essay on Criticism'! What does one expect? Criticism, be it noted, has two phases. This is the first. In its origin it follows now afar, now close, upon the works out of which it has arisen. It describes the methods which genius has half instinctively, half thoughtfully followed. It brings out into clear statement certain movements and felt workings of genius; and it defines formal imitation to workings that shall come. It appears, therefore, as an embodying of rules. This is, in the main, the shape in which criticism appears in classical antiquity. This was the meaning of the name with Pope and his contemporaries. And so in Pope and his contemporaries we read of nothing but rules—rules—rules! At this day the word, then, in honour grates, albeit a smooth one, upon one's ear. It seems to depress and to tame, to shut up and imprison thought, which would range and soar, and asks breath, and vigour, and liberty from true criticism. The truth is, that since that day the world has turned round, and we are turned philosophers. Thus the second phasis has arisen. We want no longer the rules, but the principles—the facts or the laws in our nature, and the nature of things about us, which have given out the rules. . . . Without doubt criticism, founded as an art empirical, tends continually to its second phasis, of a science grounded on art. . . . The praise that is uppermost in one's mind of the 'Essay on Criticism' is its rectitude of legislation. Pope is an orthodox doctor—

a champion of the good old cause. Hence, after almost [now more than] a century and a half, this poem of a minor carries in our literature the reputé and weight of an authority and a standard. It is of the right good *English* temper—thoughtful and ardent, discreet and generous, firm with sensibility, bold and sedate, manly and polished. He establishes himself in well-chosen positions of natural strength, commanding the field; and he occupies them in a style of an experienced leader, with forces judiciously disposed, and showing the resolute front every way of defence and offence. You do not curiously inquire into the novelty of his doctrines. He has done well if, in small compass, he has brought together, and vigorously compacted and expressed with animation, poignancy, and effect, the best precepts. Such writing is beneficial, not simply by the truths which it newly propounds, or more luminously than heretofore unfolds, but by the authority which it vindicates to true art; by the rallying-point which it affords to the loyal adherents of the high and pure Muses; by the sympathy which it wins, or confirms, to good letters; by its influence in dispersing pestilent vapours, and rendering the atmosphere wholesome. In perusing the *Essay on Criticism*, the reader is occasionally tempted to ask himself, whether he has under his eyes an art of criticism or an art of poetry. It is no wonder, since, in some sort, the two arts are one and the same. They coincide largely; criticism being nothing else than the reasoned intelligence of poetry. Just the same spirit; power, precision, delicacy, and accomplishment of understanding, which reign in the soul of the great poet creating, rule in that of the good critic judging. The poet creating criticizes his own work; he is poet and critic both. The critic is a poet without the creation. As Apelles is eye and hand both, the critic of Apelles is eye only.

There are, in the soul of the poet, two great distinct powers. There is the primary creative power, which, strong in love, and passion, and imagination, converses with nature, draws thence its heaped intellectual wealth, and transmutes it all into poetical substance. Then there is the great presiding power of criticism, which sits in sovereignty, ruling the work of the poet engaged in his art. . . . O critic that will be! Humble thine understanding in reverence! Open thy soul to beliefs! Yield up thy heart, dissolving and overcome, to love! Cultivate self-suspicion! and learn! learn!! learn!!! The bountiful years that lift up the oak to maturity shall rear, and strengthen, and ripen thee! Knowledge of books, knowledge of men, knowledge of nature,—and solicited, and roused, and sharpened, in the manifold and studious conversation, with books, and with men, and with nature,—last and greatest—the knowledge of thyself—shall bring thee out a large-hearted, high-minded, sensitive, apprehensive, comprehensive, informed and original, clear and profound, genial and exact, scrutinizing and pardoning, candid and generous, and just—in a word, a *finished CRITIC*.—*John Wilson (Christopher North)*, in "*Blackwood's Magazine*," March, 1845, pp. 391—398.

I add a descriptive passage which fell aside by mischance when the early notes were printed. It refers to lines 25—32 in Part Second of the "*Essay on Criticism*," on p. 77, vol. ii., 1865, and is as follows:—

"Ah! as a pilgrim who the Alps doth passe,
Or Atlas' temples crowned with winter glasse,
The airy Caucasus, the Apennine,
Pyrenees' cliffs, where sun doth never shine,
When he some craggy hills hath overwent,
Begins to think on rest, his journey spent,
Till mounting some tall mountains he doth find
More heights before him than he left behind;
With halting pace so while I would me raise
To the unbounded limits of thy praise,

Some part of the way I thought to have o'arrun.
 But now I see how scarce I have begunn;
 With wonders new my spirits range possest,
 And wandering waylesse in a maze them rest."

Wm. Drummond's "*An Hymne on the Fairest Faire*," "*Poems*," p. 131.

We exhort our readers to study again—not piecemeal, but as a whole—this noble poem, "unquestionably the finest piece of argumentative and reasoning poetry in the English language;" and let the student, after the re-perusal recommended, determine on the study in a similar manner some of the poems most congenial to his own taste, and he will find his advantage in the effort and its results.

S. N.

Literary Notes.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, the Manchester cotton-working poet, many of whose melodies of labour are genuine poetic Hippocrene, died 5th May.

Walter Bagehot, editor of the *Economist*, has been elected M.P. for Bridge-water.

M. Michelet has issued a volume of his "History of France" on the reign of Louis XV.

Wm. Elterton Hart, of St. John's, Cambridge, is the "Chancellor's English Medallist" for English poetry this year. Subject, "Westminster Abbey."

Some unpublished fragments of the works of Aristotle, of Diodorus, and of the early fathers, have been discovered in the library of Edeimiadzin, near Mount Ararat. They are being copied for publication.

A volume on the nature of the Platonic philosophy has been issued at Rotterdam by A. H. Raab.

Gildemeister has translated Byron's "Don Juan" most exquisitely into German.

Rev. H. Parry Liddon, M.A., has delivered the Bampton Lectures this year on "The Divinity of Christ." There can be little doubt that Baur, Strauss, Rénan, &c., will find notice in the Notes to some effect. The Rev. Edw. Garbett, M.A., of Pembroke College, has been appointed Bampton Lecturer for 1867.

Dr. Hupfeld, the celebrated Hebraist of Halle, successor of Gesenius, author of a "Commentary on the Psalms," &c., died 24th April, aged 70.

J. P. Collier has recently issued in his specimens of "Old English Literature," Hubbard's unique poem, "Ceyx and Alcione," and the earliest piece of prose autobiography in our language, Venard's "Apology for his Life," and for his early dramatic entertainment (produced in 1602), called "England's Joy." Mr. Collier intends to reprint our fourth poetical miscellany, "The Phoenix Nest," published in 1593. "The History of Sir Plasidus," the early Christian martyr, written in verse by John Partridge in 1566, is now in the press.

P. S. Worsley, translator of Homer's "Odyssey" into Spenserian metres, died 8th May. His translation of the "Iliad," of which Books I.—XII. are published, has been left incomplete. But Prof. Connington has undertaken to finish the remainder, and to revise the whole for early issue.

A new edition of Dr. J. Bosworth's "Anglo-Saxon Dictionary" (issued in 1838) is to be published by the Delegates of the Oxford press.

Two vols. of Froude's "History of England"—*Elizabeth*—are in the press, and will bring down the annals of our country to the close of the reign of "Good Queen Bess."

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OUR COLLEGIATE COURSE; OR,
AIDS TO SELF-CULTURE:—

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